

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



Hope Essays 570.



John Thomas Hope .





Hope Ellays 570.



John Thomas Hope.





THE

LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

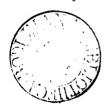
WEEKLY REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIKTA JOCIS."

VOL. I.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY PURVIS AND CO.

Successors to W. Tait.

1822.



CONTENTS.

| Prospectus, | 1 | Convent of St. Bernard, . | 154 |
|----------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Biographical Sketch of Mr. Kean, | 2 | | 158 |
| Paris—A Sketch, | 6 | Camera Obscura. No. 1, . | 161 |
| Diffusion, of Learning, . | | Looking for Lodgings, | 166 |
| The Pretender, | | Perambulatory Literature, . | 169 |
| Varieties, | | Prospective Newspaper, Ann. 4796, | |
| Parliamentary Eloquence, | 17 | | 175 |
| Dublin, in 1822, | 21 | | 177 |
| Visit to Madame de Genlis, . | 28 | | 180 |
| General Epochs | 32 | | 186 |
| Sketches. No. 1, | | Review—Napoleon, | 189 |
| Soplios—A Character, . | 34 | | 193 |
| Parliamentary Eloquence, . | | Paris, | 199 |
| The Top of a Stage, | | Fatal Prayer, | 203 |
| Navy Lieutenant, | | Review—The Scrinium, | 207 |
| Vulgarity of Slang, . | 45 | | 209 |
| Sketches. No. 2. | 49 | i = - 5: | 211 |
| Review-Halidon Hill, | 50 | | 213 |
| Bracebridge Hall, . | 54 | | 218 |
| Fine Arts, | 61 | | 220 |
| Varieties, | 63 | | 222 |
| Youth of Genius, | 65 | | 225 |
| People of one Idea, | 69 | | 230 |
| Traveller. No. 1, | 71 | | 233 |
| Georgia Gazette, , . | 73 | | 238 241 |
| Review-Napoleon, | 74 | | . 244 |
| Varieties, | 80 | , | |
| Sketches. No. 3, | 81 | | 248 |
| Country Life, | 83 | | 251 |
| Review—Napoleon, . | 89 | | 251 252 |
| The Ring, | 92 97 | | 253 |
| Sketches. No. 4, | 99 | | 256 |
| Modes of Living, | 103 | | 257 |
| Bashful Man, | 106 | | 259 |
| Georgia Gazzette, | 108 | | 263 |
| Review-Napoleon, | 113 | | 264 264 |
| Stout Gentleman, | 114 | | 266 |
| Love of Home, | | Review—Lollards, . | 268 |
| Review—Napoleon, | 194 | Roslin and its Scenery, | 273 |
| Varietics, | 127 | The Misanthrope, | 278 |
| Poetic Genius, | 129 | | 280 |
| Annette Delarbre, | 131 | The Falls of Ohiopyle, | 281 |
| Sir John Moore, | 138 | | 285 |
| Letter to the Editor, | 140 | | 289 |
| Review—Young Artist, &c. | 141 | Rambles in Cumberland. No. 1, | 292 |
| Sketch of a Tour, | 145 | Marriage, | 294 |
| Annette Delarbro | 110 | | 407 |

| Misery, upon Misery, | | 296 | Review-Abridgment of Paradise | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|------|-------------------------------------|------|
| The Funeral, | | 298 | Lôst, | 41:3 |
| Varieties, . | • | 303 | Varieties, . | 416 |
| To the Public, | • | 304 | DOETRY | |
| The Parricide, . | • | 305 | POETRY. | |
| Austin; a Tale, . | • | 307 | To my Daughter,—Bridal Song, | 14 |
| James VI. | • | 311 | Evening, | 30 |
| Uncalled Avenger, . | • | 311 | War Song,—Woman, | 31 |
| Haunted House, . | • | 313 | To a Pimple, | 3- |
| Varieties, . | | 320 | Woman and the Moon, . | 47 |
| Gibraltar, | • | 321 | Spring, | 48 |
| Rambles in Cumberland. N | No. 2. | 323 | To Scandal, Manalaughter, . | 62 |
| Patriotic Smuggler, . | | 326 | The Orplians, | 78 |
| To Miss A- | • | 327 | Waltzing, | 95 |
| Haunted House, . | | 328 | Soldier, | 96 |
| Theatrical Notices, | | 333 | Butterfly, | 111 |
| Language and Poetry of S | cotland. | 337 | True Affection, | 112 |
| Cape of Good Hope, | | 340 | Hermit's Death, Parting, On | |
| Kean and Talina, | | 343 | seeing a Beautiful Gifl, . | 126 |
| Letters to the Editor, | 34. | 5-48 | Welcome, | 144 |
| Tom, Jerry, Logic, | | 349 | Song of Welcome, | 160 |
| On the Ancient Theatre, | | 353 | Friendship's Parting, | 175 |
| Cape of Good Hope, | . • | 355 | Moonlight Vigil,-Impromptu, . | 192 |
| The Greeks, | • | 359 | Childhood, | 208 |
| From Miss A | • | 361 | The Beacon, | 224 |
| <u> </u> | • | 362 | Stanzas,—To a Rose, | 240 |
| Lord Lovat, To the Editor, | • | 364 | Country Wedding, | 255 |
| Fisher Boy of Naples, . | • | 364 | To Childhood, -Young Lady, -Song, | |
| | • | 366 | -The Kiss, | 272 |
| Rhymster's Oracle, | • . | 368 | Parody, | 287 |
| Varieties, On the Ancient Theatre, | • | 369 | Storm,—Farewell,—A Book, | 288 |
| | • | 371 | Song,—Evening, | 301 |
| Bridal of Death, | • | 374 | ToDisappointment, . | 302 |
| To the Editor, | . • | 375 | Reasons for writing no more Poetry, | 318 |
| One-Handed Flute Player, | , . | 377 | Mid-Day in the Trongate, -Sonnet, | • |
| Pres and Porter, | • | 378 | —Rebus, | 319 |
| lection, | • | 379 | December, | 335 |
| Smor's Journal, | • | 380 | Laliaby,—Song,—Lines on a Young | ••• |
| Paradise Lost, | • | 382 | Woman, | 336 |
| Earthquakes, | • | 384 | On the Death of a Young Lady,— | 000 |
| Varieties, | • | 385 | Wallace,—Answer to Rebus, . | 352 |
| Origin of Paper Money, | | 388 | Power of Woman,—To Jeanie, | 367 |
| Rambles in Cumberland. | No. 3. | | Power of Wine, | 368 |
| Raid of Cillechrist, | • | 391 | Song,—To Poverty,—The Maniac, | 000 |
| Fingalian Song, • | • | 395 | | 383 |
| To the Editor, | • | 396 | —Song, · · · | 384 |
| Warehouse of Hits, | • | 397 | Song, | 899 |
| One Day's Ramble, | • | 401 | Song,—On Solitude, | 400 |
| Hints to Young Authors, | • | 404 | Evil Destiny,—The Laundresses, | 414 |
| Sir Walter Rawleigh, | • | 407 | Song for Christmas, | 414 |
| Highland Superstition . | • | 410 | To the Editor,—To ———, | 415 |
| Bears, Silver Mine, | • | 411 | Song,—On a Portrait, | 410 |

THE LITERARY

MELANGE

OR

WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

Price 31d. No. 1. WEDNESDAY, 19th JUNE, 1822.

Prospectus.

It has frequently been the subject of much complaint, that Glasgow, the second City in Great Britain, notwithstanding its vast wealth and extensive population, produces no Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to taste and general literature; to whatever cause this may be owing, it is impossible to dispute the truth of the observation or the justice of the complaint. With ' the exception of a single attempt solely undertaken for religious purposes, no Magazine, Review or Journal, of a .. literary description, has been conducted here for many years; and of course no channel whatever has been opened to the reading or lettered portion of the community, for the publication of their sentiments on topics of general literature, except through the medium of the Newspapers. Such a Work therefore, appearing to the Publishers to be n desideratum, if not from general, at least from local circumstances, they have been induced to undertake the LITERARY MELANGE, OF WEEKLY REGISTER of LITERATURE and the ARTS.

The title which has been adopted for this Work, will at once suggest to

miscellaneous description. Without pretending to the distinctive characteristics of a Magazine or a Review, it will contain the most prominent and useful qualities of both, with this exception, that Political and Religious controversy will be totally excluded; its chief object will afford to the reader

1st.—A succinct but early account of every Publication, of any moment, that issues from the Press.

-Interesting Extracts from such larger and more valuable Works as, from their expensive nature, ordinary readers may not have access to.

Occasional Memoirs of eminent and extraordinary characters.

4th—Original Essays, Letters and Anecdotes relative to Literature and the Arts.

Original Communications relative to the Drama, and Criticisms on Dramatic Performers.

The earliest notices of new, Discoveries in Philosophy.

-Notices of the Fine Arts, with Criticisms on individual productions.

8th.—Poetry, original and selected.

A Title Page and copious Table the reader that its' contents are in- of Contents will be published yearly, puded to be of a very mixed and and given gratis to the Subscribers.

Mr. KEAN.

The following account of this meritorious Performer is taken from a very elegant work cazitled the British Theatrical Gullery, containing Portraits with Memoirs of eminent Performers; it is edited by Mr. D. Terry, a Gentleman who not only ranks very high as an actor, but is distinguished for his love of Literature and the Arts.

From the memoirs which have been published at various times of Mr. Kean, numerous as they are, it is nevertheless rather a difficult and a delicate task to extract a very satisfactory sketch of his biography. According to one account, which indeed avows the obscurity as well as scantiness of its information, Edmund Kean was born in Gray's-inn, in the year 1789; while another which assumes a more voluminous minutness of detail, dates his birth two years earlier and states it to have taken place in Castle-street, Leicester-square, on the 4th November 1787; it also asserts that his father Aaron Kean was brother to the well known Moses Kean, a ventriloquist and mimic of considerable notoriety, and that his mother was a daughter of Saville Carey, who if it be the same person with George Saville Carey, was like his father Henry Carey, a dramatic author of some celebrity, and also for one season an actor at Covent-garden Theatre.

Thus it appears, that he was by birth connected with the stage, and indeed it seems tolerably certain that his infant powers were applied to it as soon as they could be serviceable; among other anecdotes of his early life, it is related that, at the time when Mr. J. P. Kemble first produced the Tragedy of 'Macbeth' at the Drurylane Theatre, and attempted to give additional effect to the cauldron scene by introducing "the black spirits and white, red spirits and grey" to mingle in the incantations of the witches, the disapprobation the midience bestowed upon this innovation was heightened to excess by an accidental stumble of little Kean in the dance that prostrated

the whole circle of his tiny fellow goblins.

Soon after this misfortune he was removed from the Theatre and placed at his first school, and was already remarked for the expressive beauty of his countenance, contrasted with a weakly and unpromising growth of his A subsequent period of his childhood is said to have passed under the care of Miss Tidswell an actress lately belonging to the Drury-lane company, from whom he received a truly maternal attention. During the time he was with this lady, he kept. his theatrical talents in practice by several obscure trials, and went at last by her recommendation, to some small theatre in Yorkshire, and though not yet fourteen years old is reported to have played with success some of the most leading characters in tragedy; very shortly after he went to Windsor, where by the ability he displayed insome declamatory recitations, he attracted the notice of Dr. Drury, through whose friendly means he obtained some opportunities of a more regular edu! cation, after which he launched fairly and finally into all the wild and adventurous vicissitudes of a strolling actor's life.

Changing from company to company he now traversed nearly the whole of the kingdom, and his ardent mind and good spirits seem to have born him lightly and manfully through many of those chequered scenes of distress and difficulty, mortification and despondency to which such a life is exposed. His talents embraced every department of the drama, and he performed tragic, comic, vocal and panto mimical parts, with a combination of vigour and carlessness, an ease and eccentricity that always made him the mark of notice and gained him the favour of the audience.

Birmingham, Sheerness, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge-wells, Swansca, and Waterford, Weymouth, Exeter, and Guernsey, were successively the scene

of his labours; and it is a singular fact that this extraordinary man whose genius within a few years, was des-Tto be sure the public, if they are pertined to form a new era in the history of the stage, and to give a new feature to the theatrical taste of the nation, passed the whole summer of the year 1806 in London, unknown and unnoticed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, performing the most trifling and subordinate parts of the drama, adding thereby another instance to many of the low and apparently hopeless obscurities to which the finest talents are liable for a time to be condemned, and shewing how necessary even to such talents, is patience both The stage as to endure and labour. much as any other art, demands, before skill and excellence can be acquired in it, a long and laborious apprenticeship, a fact which though proved by the history of all who have attained to any settled eminence, (it may not altogether be out of the way here to remark) appears seldom to be adverted to, a scarcely indeed to be believed, by many who witnessing only its effects in public, unfortunately imbibe a desire to embrace and pursue it. No youth of tolerable understanding ever believed in the most enthusiastic moments of admiration produced by music, that he could take up a fiddle and at his first attempt command the strings, as. it were by intuition, " to an utterance of harmony;" nor ever fancied he. might snatch the pencil and the palette and at one effort rival the painter's performances on the canvas; yet such is the singular infituation respecting. the actor's art, that managers are perpetually applied to, by young people of good education, and good sense too in other matters, who never having once trod upon a stage, and having merely committed to memory a few of the principal and most difficult characters, apply in perfect confidence Glenfell, Esq. By the active influence of their competency for a regular engagement to lead the business, nothing doubting their complete success, and

that the wreath of fame is waiting their brows at the hands of the public; mitted to come before it generally convinces them of their mistake, but, as generally indeed only to verify the distich of Butler, that

" A man convinced against his will " Is of the same opinion still."

While Mr. Kean was at Guernsey, the critics of that island either could not, or would not perceive in him any promises of that superiority which the whole kingdom was shortly to acknowledge, and are reported to have treated his performance of Richard the Third with such gross severity as to call forth a retort from the actor, which convinced his audience of his spirit, whatever doubts they may have had of his talents; the consequence of which was, a riot in the theatre and the event ual loss to Mr. Kean, who by this time was a husband and a father, of his situation in the company.

He left Guernsey soon after this. unlucky event and arrived at Weymouth, where his companions from. whom he had been so harshly separated. were performing: rejecting the offer of a re-engagement in it, he enlisted under Mr. Lee, manager of the Taunton Theatre, in which town he met with great encouragement, and at the close of the season repaired to Dorchester; it was here while sustaining the whole range of heroes from those of the sock and buskin to him of the motley vest and wooden sword, (in. which he is said to have been excellent) that he was visited by Mr. Arnold, ,, then the acting manager at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane; his old friend Dr. Drury, it appears had not forgotten him, and having lately witnessed his professional improvement at Exeter had written in strong terms of recommendation concerning him, to Pascoe of this gentleman, the attention of the Drury-Lane Committee of Management was turned towards him, and an

Digitized by GOOGLE

engagement for three years concluded through the agency of Mr. Arnold.

Upon Mr. Kean's arrival in town a misunderstanding seems to have arisen between the committee and Mr. Elliston, who was then conducting one of his minor theatrical speculations, called the Olympic, and who claimed a prior right of engagement to the services of Mr. Kean; after some small delay however this mistake was adjusted in favour of the committee, and on the 26th of January, 1814, Mr. Kean made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane in the character of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' His success was decided and the applause tumultous, and he repeated the character six times, but it was not till his first performance of Richard the Third, on the 12th of February following, that his talents can be said to have blazed in full splendor upon the town; after which both the extent and the duration of his popularity may almost be said to be unparallelled in "the annals of the stage.

Perhaps no actor ever reached so rapid an altitude in public favour and maintained it more vigorously for such a length of time; the obbing of popularity is proverbially as quick and extensive as its flood, and that the latter has continued, with so little varistion to follow Mr. Kean, may fairly be adduced as an indication of the genuine as well as powerful nature of

his attraction. Like all bold and original innovators Mr. Kean has given rise to the most violent factions of criticism, which may be regarded as a proof that Mr. Kean was no common man.-Many who had long slumbered in a settled belief of the unassailable superiority of their favourite school of tragic acting, the school, certainly of much erudite labour, majestic dignity, and grace, were awakened and alarmed; for the stability of their critical code;

least, the ascendancy over public opinion with the noble and accomplished tragedian who had hitherto borne " solely sovereign sway and masterdoin," but they were compelled nevertheless to acknowledge the daringness, originality, and vigour of his attacks.

Without therefore presuming to decide (which were it possible, would in the present instance be indelicate) between the relative merits of the old and new school, as they have been termed; merits peculiar to each, and both great, it may be remarked butho way, that it is the lot of actors, more especially perhaps than of any other class of persons, to be subjected to the torture of that taste which Gray has distinguished as the only taste of ordinary minds, the " gout de comparaison," such minds, incapable of perceiving and understanding the specific excellence either of an actor, an author, or a composition, can easily select a standard of decision from known and acknowledged excellence, by which the merits or demorits of every new aspirer to fame, must be compared and tried and judged, as caprice, passion or prejudice may dictate. The standard of comparison too, as it is the instrument of weakness becomes consequently often the instrument of cruelty and injustice; for if the miscrable claimants to popular applause who are measured by it, chance to approach its dimensions, they are condemned as having only the talent of imitation, and if its proportions vary they are condemned as having no talent; and are thus reduced to a dilemma about as equitable as that of the poor wretches formerly accused of witchcraft, who were cast into the water, where if drowned they were pronounced innocent, but were hanged as guilty if they unluckily swam. why need this be? why should we so circumscribe our own enjoyment, as to poetical refinement, grandeur, elegance shut our eyes to the peculiar and proper glory which belongs to each particular star, and in which it differs from they denied the legitimacy of the new another? why, when speaking of invader, who threatened to divide at eminent persons in any art, should we

Digitized by GOOGIC

consider the praise bestowed upon one as a deduction from the ample measure of another's reputation? why should the laurels placed upon the brows of a new actor be regarded as a plunder from the wreath with which those of a mighty rival have so long and so desexyedly been encircled?

The prejudice which exalts a favourite into faultlessness is scarcely less injurious and surely not less absurd than that which allows no merit to an object of dislike; through the dangers of both these popular tributes to extraordinary talents it must be admitted that Mr. Kean has borne himself gallantly; and is well entitled to be recorded (whatever the intrinsic value of such a fame may be) as one of the most successful in the list of eminent English tragedians.

The person of Mr. Kean is considerably below the ordinary height, but muscular and actively formed-His countenance is handsome, intelligent, and capable of strong expression, long and oval with an Italian cast of character in the features, the complexion pale, the forehead clear and broad, the eyes large, dark and particularly brilliant, quick in their motion and intense in their power, and his physiognomy has been remarked as altoscribable interest about it, which never fails to attract and fascinate the attention of the spectator. His voice has been generally noticed as the qualification in which he is most defective, but this is only true as far as regards its power and its compass, pushed beyond its limits, it becomes harsh, hoarse, and totally madequate to the great demands of loud and impassioned utterance, but within its compass its quality of tone is sweet and pleasing, modulating through the level discourse of affection, tenderness and melancholy with much beauty and clearness of enunciation. And so skilful is Mr.

turn its very defects, its broken and rugged dissonance to advantage, more especially in those turbulent and tumultous convulsions of the soul which may be supposed to pass the boundaries of speech and absorb its powers in the violence of conflicting emotions.

Mr. Kean is said to possess an intellect, acute and dextrous, with a prompt and ardent imagination. Minds of this class are often accompanied with an indolence which disposes them rather to await the necessity of immediate and occasional exertions, than voluntarily to employ themselves in the mental labour that requires the perseverance of connected prosecution; and thus the energies of Mr. Kean's intellect will perhaps be found to develope themselves more frequently by sudden flashes and sparkling points in parts of a performance than by a consistent and steadily sustained delineation of the whole. His feelings, too, appear of that deep and sensitive nature which may still further conduce to give this character to his performaances, for such feelings readily indulge in the calms of inaction, and are chiefly alive to the mortal agitations of those elementary passions only which confound and swallow up the minor distinctions of individual character, and gether possessing that kind of inde- reduce all human beings to one great and general similitude. If other performances, therefore may have exhibited from beginning to end the preservation of a more consonant and unbroken propriety, a more perfect and continued distinctness of identity, none perhaps ever equalled those of Mr. Kean, in the beauty and the grandeur of isolated passages. momentary & incontrollable influences of strong feeling, in the sudden and sweeping explosions, "the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind," of our master passions, the collective voice of public opinion seems to acknowledge his unrivalled superiority, so that if Kean's management of this defective other tragedians may surpass him in organ, that he frequently contrives to what may be termed the epic character

of his art, it may be allowed that no one was ever a more tremendous actor in the epigrammatic power of his effects.

The late Mr. Whitbread whose abilities, character and station in the country gave no ordinary value to his praise, after paying some just compliments to the merits of Mr. Kemble and to the memory of Mr. Garrick, said-" In judging of Mr. Kean we must look to him as he is not the copyist of any other-not the pupil of a school—but an actor who found all his resourses in nature—who delineated his passions only from the expressions that the soul gives to the voice and features of man-not from the images that have before him been represented on the stage.—It is from the wonderful truth, energy and force with which he strikes out and presents to the eye this natural working of the human frame, that he excites the emotions and engages the sympathy of his spectators and auditors. It is to him, that after a hundred and thirty-Five nights of continued loss and disappointment, the subscribers are indebted for the success of the season, and that the public are indebted for the high treat which they received by the variety of characters which he represented."

PARIS—A SKETCH *

Thou wonderful city! shrine of luxury, emporium of amusement, tem- ly thought of. The new street in colours of the Rainbow would vainly new Babylon. attempt to sketch thy ever-shifting enough for the commerce of the world, Invalides-

and a river not deep enough to drown a rat; in bronzed pillars, and faces of bronze; in Sunday finery, and Saturday filth; in grim mustachios a la militaire, and gay ear-rings a la femme in shoe-blacks as polished as they are polishing, and fish-women as funciful as a fine lady, and fat as a porpoise.

What a contrast does Paris offer to London !--show seems to have presided in the building of one, comfort in that of the other. The houses of the Parisians are much loftier and statelier than ours; but then "every man's house is not his castle," and there is a tenant for every floor, nay, perhaps for every room. In London the comfort of private society was never before equalled in any stage of the social progress; in Paris the French escape from their comfortless brick floors, naked walls, and fireless hearths, to seek enjoyment without. The Boulevards, in point of momentary amusement, are unrivalled; but Paris, as far as regards continued gratification, posesses nothing that is capable of vying with our squares. You may walk in London for miles on an excellent pavement, equal to the floor of a Frenchman's drawing-room; but there is nothing ostentatious in all this. The wonders of London are concealed almost entirely from the eye; the countless means by which water and light, the two greatest wants in a populous city, are circulated through all the veins of the metropolis, are unseen, and scarceple of pleasure, and microcosm of the London is indeed a magnificent dance world! how and where shall I begin of architectural beauties; but this is thy picture? how describe the indes- an exception; while Paris in every. cribable?—A Pencil dipped in the quarter presents the coup-de-ceil of a

We can conceive nothing grander complexion, and mercurial humours; in the most far-famed cities of ancient thy unfixable caprices, and intermina- times, than the view from the Pont ble contrarieties; in splandid houses and de Louis Quinze; particularly when dirty lanes; in a toe-torturing pave- looking accross the river to the Chamment beneath, and a hat-spoiling bre des Deputes, backed by the water-spout above; in quays capacious gorgeous dome of the Hospital des

The golden palace, temple, grave of war. Nor can we readily believe that Rome, "in her most high and palmy state," in comparison with our Kensington face divine" into monstrosities of ugthat they are laid out in very bad taste. before him, and farther on, a female The trees seem as if they were ranged professor, who engages to perform any relation, and "half the terrace just, reflects the other." The bronzes are crowded upon a wall, as if it were a broker's shop; the ground is patched with diamonds, quadrants, circles, and ovals, like a lady's inlaid work box; and the fountains struggle and spirt in all manner of antic dribblings. However, it cannot be denied that ingenuity has done its utmost, in a small compass, to amuse and accommodate the people. The same objection, as to bad taste, does not apply to the stately avenues of the Boulevards. Nothing in London is calculated to vie with its - triple arcade, broad as Portland Place, shaded during a course of seven miles by lofty and luxuriant elms, and flanked by an unintermitted succession of palaces, flower gardens, fountains, and theatres. The only bad taste discernable, is not in the scene, but in the dramatis personæ. Indeed the spec-"tators themselves are a part of the spectacle, and none more so than the beaux, who, with determined anxiety · for the repose of their legs and arms, contrive to ocupy three chairs at a All besides is in restless motions the tension of excitement is place are more available. In Paris kept up almost to torture, and while there no sulphurous clouds of smoke to

resolving to run the gauntlet of the Boulevards, and see all that is to be seen, one thinks of the speech of poor possesed a condensed assemblage of Damien, when first fastened to the more magnificent objects than are to rack-" Ce sera une journee forte!" be met with in a walk from the Bonde- One is fairly thumb-screwed, picketed, vards Italiens, down the Rue de la and pressed to death, by the eagerness Paix, through the Place Vendome, to of the Parisian desire to please. 'A the Place Louis Quinze, and so on to Savoyard torments with his eternal the river, proceeding along the Quai to thrumming, or a fizeur twists the the Tuilleries and the Louvre. The most wry hair into pliant corkscrews, Tuilleries gardens, it is true, are small or a grimacier tortures "the human gardens; but there they have the sur liness, which would have petrified the perior advantage of being near at hand. Gorgons. Next stands a conjuror It must at the same time be allowed, with all his tools of trade spread out for a country dance or a cotillion.— given operation on your poodle. Here Each orange has a partner; every pop- a fruit-seller, with fruit which might har and lime tree shakes his head at a tempt Eve to a second perdition; and there the "brown marchande," with a ted handkerchief round her head, scarcely redder than her sun-burnt skin, arranges her gaudy tray of all the Circean mysteries that restore or create beauty, rouges and essences, false eyes, false teeth, false ringlets, false noses. The line of exhibitants seems "to stretch out to the crack of doom," and the intervals of the interminable series, are filled up with every species of "all monstrous and prodigious things:" beggar bards and beggar fortune-tellers, merry andrews, and tragic actors as merry, dancing children and dancing dogs, white mice, learned monkeys, and militant Canary birds.

> It is not surprising, therefore, that Paris, considered merely as a place of gaiety and recreation, should comma d the preference of strangers. All kinds of luxuries and sensual pleasures are not only in the highest state of refinement, but easily procurable. comparative smallness of Paris is attended with the same superiority as a small theatre has over a large one; the spectacle is compressed into a smaller compass, and the dulcia vitia of the

hide the "deep blue" beautiful sky, oppress the lungs, and sicken the appetite; and (important fact) a halfsovereign in Paris will go as far or farther than a whole sovereign in London. In this case the half is greater than the whole, as Cicero said of a colossal bust of his diminutive son in-law. 'With 'rare felicity of comhination, the physical and moral taste may be gratified at the same time. Sensual pleasure even condescends so far as to woo economy. The gastro. nome of miserly habits or deficient purse finds himself attacked on his weak side, and the enjoyments of gourmandize, though at the highest nome of scientific refinement, may be cheaply as well as extravagantly gratified. You may dine (par exemple) in a superb salon of the Palais Royal, equal to the Clarendon, and beserved off plate, with soup, three dishes an choix, bread a discretion, a pint of claret, and dessert for 2 shillings English money. * * *

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Among the members of the republic of literature there is a class to whom may be appropriately assigned the title of MEN of LETTERS.

The man of letters, whose habits and whose whole life so closely resembles those of an author, can only be distinguished by the simple circumstance, that the man of letters is not an author.

Yet he whose sole occupation through life is literature, who is always acquiring and never producing, appears as ridiculous as the architect who never raised an edifice, or the statuary who refrains from sculpture. His pursuits are reproached with terminating in an epicurean selfishness, and amidst his incessant avocations he himself is considered as a particular sort of idler.

This race of literary characters, as they now exist, could not have appeared till the press had poured its influence; in the degree that the nations of Europe became literary, was that philosophical curiosity kindled, which induced some to devote their fortunes and their days, and to experience some of the purest of human enjoyments, in preserving and familiarising themselves with "the monuments of variabled winds" that indestructible history.

of the genius of every people, through ulf its eras—and whatever men have thought and whatever men have done, were at length discovered to be found in Books.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers; with more curiosity of knowledge and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections which they are forming during their lives, more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

The studies of an author are usually restricted to particular subjects; his tastes are tinctured by their colouring, and his mind is always shaping itself to them.—

An author's works form his solitary pride, and often mark the boundaries of his empire; while half his life wears away in the slow maturity of composition; and still the ambition of authorship torments its victim alike in disappointment or in possession.

But the solitude of the man of letters is soothed by the surrounding objects of his passion; he possesses them, and they posess him. His volumes in triple rows on their shelves; his portfolios, those moveable galleries of pictures and sketches; his rich medaillier of coins and gems, that library without books; some favourite sculptures and paintings, on which his eye lingers as they catch a magical light; and some antiquities of all nations, here and there, about his house; these are his furniture! Every thing about him is so endeared tohim by habit, and many higher associations, that even to quit his collections for a short time becomes a real suffering. He lives where he will die; often his library and his chamber are contiguous, and this "Parva, sed apta," this contracted space, has often marked the boundary of the existence of the opulent owner.

His invisible days flow on in this visionary world of literature and art; all the knowledge, and all the tastes, which genius has ever created are transplanted into his cabinet; there they flourish together in an atmosphere of their own. But tranquility is essential to his existence; for though his occupations are interrupted without inconvenience, and resumed without effort, yet if the realities of life, with all their unquiet thoughts are suffered to enter into his ideal world, they will be felt as if something were flung with violence among the trees where the birds are singing,—all would instantly disperse!

rience some of the purest of human enjoyments, in preserving and familiarising man of letters, for which so many have vothemselves with "the monuments of vanushed minda," that indestructible history

tune and health. Of the plansures of the man of letters it may be said, they combine those opposite sources of enjoyment observed in the hunter and the angler. a great hunter it was said, that he did not live but hunted; and the man of letters, in his perpetual researches, feels the like heat, and the joy of discovery, in his own chase; while in the deep chlin of his spirits, such is the sweetness of his uninterrupted hours, like those of the angler, that one may say of him what Colonel Venables, an enthusiastic angler, declared of his favourite pursuit, " many have cast off other recrea-· tions and embraced this; but I never knew any angler wholly cast off, though occasions might interrupt, their affections to their beloved recreation."

But "men of the world," as they are so emphatically distinguished, imagine that a : man so lifeless in " the world" must be one of the dead in it, and, with mistaken wit, would inscribe over the sepulchre of his library, " here lies the body of our friend." If the man of letters has voluntarily quitted their " world," at least he has past into another, where he enjoys a sense of existence through a long succession of ages, and where Time, who destroys all things for others, for him only preserves and discovers. This world is hest described by one who has lingered among its inspirations. "We are wafted into other times and strange lands, connecting us by a sad but exalting relationship with the great events and great minds which have passed Our studies at once cherish and controul the imagination, by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius."

If the man of letters is less dependent on others for the very perception of his own existence, his solitude is not that of a desert, but of the most cultivated humanity; for all there tends to keep alive those concentrated feelings which cannot be indulged with security, or even without ridicule, in general society. Like the Lucullus of of Plutarch, he would not only live among the votaries of literature, but would live for them; he throws open his library, his gailery, and his cabinet, to all the Grecians. Such are the men who father neglected genius, or awaken its infancy by the perpetual legacy of the " Prizes" of Literature and Science; who project those benevolent institutions, where they have poured out the philanthropy of their hearts in that world which they appear to have forsaken. If Europe is literary, to whom does she owe this, more than to these men of letters? To their noble passion of amass-

3 4 4.

ing through life those magnificent collections which often bear the names of their founders from the gratitude of a following age; Venice, Florence, and Copenhagen, Oxford and London, attest the existence of their labours. Our Bodleys and our Harleys, our Cottons and our Sloanes, our Cracherodes and our Townleys, were (our Spencers our Staffords and our Roscoes are) of this race! In the perpetuity of their own studies, they felt as if they were extending human longevity, by throwing an unbroken light of knowledge into the next age. Each of these public works, for such they become, was the project and the execution of a solitary man of letters during helf a century; the generous enthusiasm which inspired their intrepid labours; the difficulties overcome; the voluntary privations of what the world calls its pleasures and its honours, would form an interesting history not yet written; their due, yet undischarged.

Living more with books than with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than they are among themselves, nor are his views of human affairs contracted to the day, as those who in the heat and hurry of life can act only on expedients. and not on principles; who doem themselves politicians because they are not moralists; to whom the centuries behind have conveyed no results, and who cannot see how the present time is always full of the future; as Leibnitz has expressed a profound reflection. "Every thing," says the lively Burnet, " must be brought to the nature of tinder or gunpowder, ready for a spark to set it on fire," before they discover it. The man of letters is accused of a cold indifference to the interests which divide society. In truth, he knows their miserable beginnings and their certain torminations; he is therefore rarely observed as the head, or the rump, of a party.

Antiquity presents such a man of letters in Atticus, who retreated from a political to a literary life; had his letters accompanied those of Cicero they would have illustrated the ideal character of a man of letters. But the sage Atticus rejected a popular celebrity for a passion not less powerful, yielding up his whole soul to study. cero, with all his devotion to literature, was still agitated by another kind of glory, and the most perfect author in Rome imagined that he was enlarging his honours by the intrigues of the consulship. He has distinctly marked the character of the man of letters in the person of his friend Atticus, and has expressed his respect, although he could not content himself with its imitation. " I know the greatness and ingenuousness

of your soul, nor have I found any differ-- ence between us, but in a different choice of life; a certain sort of ambition has led me earnestly after bonour, while other motives, by no means blameable, induced you to adopt an honourable leisure; honestrun otium." These motives appear in the inter-· esting memoirs of this man of letters-a contempt of political intrigues with a desire to escape from the bustle and splendor of Rome to the learned leisure of Athens: to dismiss a pompous train of slaves for the delight of assembling under his roof a lite-· rary society of readers and transcribers; - and there having collected the portraits or busts of the illustrious men of his country, . he canglit their spirit, and was influenced . by their virtues or their genius, as he inscribed under them, in concise verses, the · characters of their mind. Valuing wealth only for its use, a dignified economy enabled him to be profuse, and a moderate expenditure allowed him to be generous.

The result of this literary life was the , strong effections of the Athenians; at the first opportunity, the absence of the man of · letters offered, they raised a statue to him, conferring on our Pomponius the fond surname of Atticus. To have received a name from the voice of the city they inhabited, has happened to more than one man of letters.

Such are these men of letters! but the last touches of their picture, given with all · the delicacy and warmth of a self-painter, may come from the Count de Caylus, celebrated for his collections and for his generous petronage of artists.

" His glory is confined to the mere power which he has of being one day useful to letters and to the arts; for his whole life is employed in collecting materials of which learned men and artists make no use till after the death of him who amassed It affords him a very sensible pleasure to labour in hopes of being useful to those who pursue the same course of stuadles, while there are so great a number who die without discharging the debt which they vincur so society.

THE PRESENT GENERAL DIF-FUSION OF LEARNING AMONG ALL RANKS OF PERSONS.

From Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq.

The circumstance which most distinguishes the present era of Erhish Literature frem all others, is the general diffusion both of useful and ornamental knowledge among every rank of society, in a manner unknown to fermer times, and yetunknown

imputable to newspapers and other periode. ical effusions of the press, how much useful information is conveyed by them, to evern rank of Society? The author of an excellent article in the Edinburgh Review. for October, 1809, shews, that in a given time, an Englishman reads about seventyfive times as much of the newspapers of his country, as a Frenchman does of his:-What a spread of information !- It may be said, that the reading might be more useful and edifying; but what an exercise of the mental powers! What an excitement to better reading, to further attainment. But, while the dissemination of useful and ornamental knowledge among persons of every rank in this country, is, thus generally mentioned, it would be wrong not to take particular notice of its extensive diffusion emong the purest and gentlest portion of the community .-" Women," says Fencion, in his Treatise on Female Education, "were designed, by " their native elegance and softness, to en-" dear domestic life to man, to make virtue " lovely to children, to spread around them " order and grace, and to give to society "its highest polish. No attainment can " be above beings, whose end and aim it " is to accomplish purposes at once so ele-" gant and so salutary: every means should "be used to invigorate, by principle ar-" culture, such native excellence and grace." How generally, and in what a high degre these attainments are possessed by the daughters of Albion, all persons must have observed, to whom opportunities of observing it have been given, and who have avoiled themselves of them. Even in the learned languages, and the abstruse sciences, several are respectably informed; those, to whom the best writers of their own country, and the best in the French and Itulian languages are familiar, are numerous; few are so scantily instructed as not to listen with pleasure and advantage to the conversation of men of learning and taste, or who do not view with taste the productions of the painter or statuary :--It is rare to find among them one, who does not express herself both in conversation and upon paper, with correctness and grace. The Letters of the late lady Hervey are deservedly admired.-Are there not many English ladies capable of writing letters, which, if compared with hers, would not suffer on the comparison?

Their mild, retiring and unpretending manners add to the charm of their accomplishments. Nost Gallic elegentes have something of that spirit of exhibition; which we see displayed by the Corinne of Madame to e ry other nation. With all the faults do Sued: nothing of that is discovereble, in our countrywomen. With all their ac-

" Hule me from day's garish eye,"

MUITON.

Freuchman once triumpliantly asked the Ateminiscent, whether any English lady could have written the Considerations surface Principaus Eccaeneus de l'Europe of Madanie de Stael, a work certainly of extraordinary merit. The writer believes there are many; but that there are none who would have written the pages of egotism with which it abounds.—We must add that Madanie de Stael, the writer protegee of the duches de Maine, would have written hetter and more interesting Considerations.

Pope says, .

" Most women have no character at all,"

and intended to be satirical: but this line, in one application of it, may be considered to express a very high degree of praise.-Women are never so perfect as when they possess an assemblage of excellences, each of them suited to the rest, but no one outshining the others, and thus making it her Such are the women by whom character. Shakespeare attracts the favour of the spectators; his Desdemona, Imogen, Mirahda and Ophelia. Such too, is the Amelia of Fielding, the Rebecca of Sir Walter Scott. Each is the perfection of female excellence; each attracts love and reverence; each excites interest; in all there is an union of charms, but no one charm predominates; none shines with surpassing glory.

Whether ladies, even with the greatest dispositions for literary acquirement, should study the learned languages, may be thought The contrary was once suga question. gested by the Reminiscent to a lady of great mental ardour: she observed that, the inferiority of the female capacity for acquiring the dead languages, should not be taken for granted :- "I'll engage," she , said, " that if we were sent to Eton or Harrow, we should become as good clas-" sical scholars a. boys." " True,"-it was replied, "but you are not sent to Eton 4 or Harrow: this makes the difference." The fact is that the structure of the Greek and Latin differs so much from that of modern languages; their grammars are so complex and obscure, their prosody so abstruse, and, for several years the acquisition of it is, in a great measure, so much a mere act of memory, and without a perfect knowledge of it, the real beauty of the diction is so little felt, that any thing like a competent

knowledge of them can scarcely be obtained, except at a public school, where the boys acquire it much more by bearing their school-fellows repeat over and ever again their daily tasks, than by learning their own. Of this advantage Sung ladies are necessarily deprived.

It is observable, that, at a certain time of life even gentlemen, who are most ardent in literary pursuits, relax in their zeal for the prosecution of them, if their studies Le not directed to a particular object; and that, from the want of such an object, they generally fall into a course of desultory listless reading, which leads to nothing .-This was remarked by Mr. Burke to the Remissioent; and he acknowledged that, in one period of his life, he himself, with all his literary enthusiasm, experienced something of this paralysis. To prevent it would it not be advisable for ladies of cultivated minds, when they begin to feel its approach, to employ their minds on seme literary or historical enquiry, which will fix their attention, and, while it confines, will animate their daily application?

A course for female reading should embrace "Anquetil's Abridgment of Ancient & Modern History," attending particularity to its geography, and minuting down its chronology:—Or, if modern history only be the object, to peruse,—but with particular attention, and with a proper map always in view, the "Tableau des Revolutions de l'Europe, par M. Koch," now in 4 vols. 8vo.

Here, the Reminescent presumes to mention an observation made to him by a learned and intelligent friend, on the subject of pursuing the study of the learned languages too far. For some time after the Reminiscent quitted college, he continued smitten with the love of Greek and Roman lore. His friend remarked to him that it was a vain pursuit: "You and I," he said, " are willing to think that we un-" derstand the French language, as well as " we do our own: most gentlemen, who " have received a liberal education, do the Yet, how little do any of us feel "the beauties of French poetry? How " little are we sensible of that indescribable " charm of Racine, of which every French-" man talks to us with so much rapture? " Now, if this be the case, in respect to a " language, which we hear spoken every " day, and the writers in which are count-" less, how much more must it be the case " in respect to a dead language, where the "writers, whom we possess, are so few? "The utmost knowledge, which, by the " most persevering application, we can obe " tain of the literary merit of their compo-" sitions, so far, at least, as respects the "beauties of their style, must be very "limited." In this observation, there segins to be good sense: one, of an import concewhat similar, and leading to a similar conclusion, was made to the Reminescent by Mr. Porson :- " The number of ancient writers," said that gentleman, "which "have reached us, is so small, that we " cannot be judges of the expressions, cr "even of the words appropriated to any "particular style. Many, suited to the " general style of Livy, would not be suited " to that of Tacitus: of this, we necessarily " are, in a great measure, insensible; and " use them indiscriminately. This must " be wrong; when therefore we write in "the Latin language, our style should be " most unambitious; we should carefully " avoid all fine words and expressions, we " should use the most obvious and most " simple diction; beyond this, we should " not aspire: if we cannot present a re-" semblance, let us not exhibit a carica-" ture."

[To be continued.]

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF PRETENDER, PROM THE POLITI-CAL AND LITERARY ANECDOTES OF JHIS OWN TIMES, BY DR. WIL-LIAM KING.

This is a curious and amusing book. It contains many curious anecdotes of the Jacobite party, to which the author was strongly attached, and with the leaders of which he was intimately It 'may be necessary to acquainted. add, that the writer was born in 1685, in the county of Middlesex, and that the present work was written in his 76th year.

" Sept. 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediatly. As soon as I waited on her, she let me into her dressing-room, and presented me to

although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any ready to carry it into execution. was convinced that he was deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. his person, he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes; (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen) (2) but in a polite company he would not pass. for a gentleman. He had a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and English, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the helles-letters or any of the finer arts his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have alwavs had in that nursery of all the elerant and liberal arts and sciences. But I was still more astonished, when I found him imacquainted with the history and constitution of England, in which he ought to have been very early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of the character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our If I was surprised to historian to any of his ancestors, and find him there I was still more asto- is the certain index of a base and little nished when he acquainted me with mind. I know it may be urged in his the motives which had induced him to vindication, that a Prince in exile ought hazard a journey to England at this to be an economist. And so be ought; The impatience of his but nevertheless his purse should be friends who were in exile had formed always open, as long as there is any a scheme which was impracticable; but thing in it, to relieve the necossities

of his friends and adherents. King Charles the second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his family. But I have known this gentleman, with two thousand louis d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded.—To this spirit of avarice may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependents, very unbecoming a great Prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he had obtained sovereign power. Sir J. Harrington and Colonel Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprison-'ed with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour. But there is one part of his character, which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland, he had a mistress, whose name is . Walkinshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all persons of distinction, who were attached to him, were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English Ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they despatched a gentlemen to Paris, where the prince

then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkinshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand, and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural. eloguence, and an excellent understand ing, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to . induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful. friends in England, and in short that the ruin of his interest, now was daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal: yet he continued inflexible, and all Mr. M'Namara's remonstrances were inoffectual. Mr. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper: but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer. he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, ' what has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages." It is worthy of remark, that in the conference which Mr. M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, (3) which attached him to Mrs. Walkinshaw, and that he could see her removed from him' without any concern; but he would: not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."

^{(1) &}quot;The Pretender,
(2) "He came one evening to my lodgoings and drank tea with me: my servant,
after he was gone, said to me, 'that he
thought my visitor very like Prince
Charles: 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever
seen Prince Charles?' 'No, Sir,' replied
the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever
he may be, exactly resembles the busts'
which are sold in Red Lion-street, and are
said to be the busts of Prince Charles.'—

Poetry.

A TO MY DAUGHTER, ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY. (By Lord Byron.)

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife-Hail, lovely ministure of life! Pilgrim of many cares untold! Lamb of the world's extended fold! Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears! Sweet promise of ecstatic years! How fainly would I bend the knee, And turn idolater to thee! 'Tis nature's worship—felt—confessed Far as the life which warms the breast: The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan The rudest pertraiture of man, In trackless woods, and boundless plains, Where everlasting wildness reigns, Owns the still throb-the secret start-The hidden impulse of the heart. Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years The soil of human vice appears-Ere passion hath disturbed thy cheek, And prompted what thou darest not speak; Ere that pale lip is blanched with care, Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair, Would I could meet thine untuned ear And gust it with a father's prayer? But Little reck'st theu, oh invicified! Of transiling life's thermy wild, Of all, the dangers, all the woes Each loitering footstep which enclose Ah! hitle rock at thou of the scene So darkly wrought, that spreads between The Hule all we here can find; And-the derk mystic sphere behind! Little reck'st thou, my earliest born! Of clouds that gather round, thy morn, Of arts to lure thy soul astray, Of snares that intersect thy way Of secret foes, of friends untrue, Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo Little thou neck at of this sad store ! Would thou might never ruck them more!

The trith it their letter were taken in places of Paris Breit his face.

(3) If I policy he spoke truth, when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, slighting he had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of mamers; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they apposed themselves very frequently, not only to show own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought; they were some of these drunken ucomes which, probably, occanioned the report of his madgess.

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep. And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep-The tenant of a frail abode, Thy tears must flow, as mine have flowed-Beguiled by follies, every day. Sorrow must wash the faults away: And thou may'st wake perchance to prove The pang of unrequited love. Unconscious babe! though on that brow No half-fledg'd misery nestles now-Scarce round those placed lips a smile Maternal fondness shall beguile, Fre the moist footsteps of a tear Shall plant their dewy traces there, And prematurely pave the way For sorrows of a riper day. Oh! could a father's prayer repel The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell! Or could a father hope to bear A darling child's allotted care-Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still, Exempted from all human ill; A parent's love thy peace should free, And ask its wounds again for thoe. Sleep on, my child, the slumber brief Too soon shall melt away to grief-Too soon the dawn of woe shall break, And briny rills bedew thy clicek-Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes-That breast be agonised with sighs; And anguish o'er the beams of noon Lead clouds of care—sh! much too soom Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown, Of wants and sorrows all their own, Of many a pang, and many a woe, That thy dear sex alone can know-Of many an ill, untold, unsung, That will not, may not find a tongue; But kept concealed without control, Spread the fell cancers of the soul! Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest-May joy still animate thy breast! Still 'midst thy least propitious days, Shedding its rich inspiring rays! A father's heart shall daily bear Thy name upon its secret prayer; And as he seeks his last repost, Thine image ease with a parting throes. Then hail, sweet ministure of life ! ... Hail to this teeming stage of strife! Pilgrim of many cares untold! Lamb of the world's extended fold! Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and feats? Sweet promise of ecitatie years !!!! How fainly could I bend the knew And turn idolater to thee; 1, it was to it the

BRIDAL SONG

In Genoa's streets gay steeds are prancing,
Through Genoa's streets thick crowd.

M. M.

Sounds of merriment are mingling: Coursers' golden trappings jingling; All the bridal pomp to swell Of young Francesco's Isabel ;-Lord and lady, squire and knight, All await thee, lady bright. Through the high cathedral scaling, Hark! the choral hymn is pealing; Hark! the merry bells are ringing; White-robed boys are censers swinging; Hiding in a fragrant cloud Stoled priest and altar proud; The mitred abbot waits thee there, To bless thy bridal, lady fair. See! where plumes and scarfs are gleaming; See! the bridsl ribbands streaming; See! the nuptial wreath is twining, Myrtle, bay, and laurel shining; The bridal mailiens wait thee now, To place it on thy drooping brow; The joyful bridegroom waits thee here; Hasten, hasten, lady dear.

Parieties.

FRENCH POLITENESS & FRENCH PROPRIETY-The French are goversed, in their personal conduct, by an artificial and exaggerated sense of politeness; the English by a natural sense of propriety. If a Freuchman were to enter a room of laughers with tears of anguish in his eyes, in a minute he would take pains to show that he could laugh as loud as the merriest, from politeness; but if an Englishman were in the same circumstances, he would perhaps weep the more, that he tould not laugh with his friends; but he would not do this obstrusively, but secretly; his sorrow would be dumb. if it could not afford to laugh; he would feel that his somew ought not to interrupt their mirth-their mirth, his sorrow :—the grief of the first is sentiment, which is artificial and conequently without feeling; of the other, netural feeling, which is not so early made to forget itself, and yet is never! so selfish (from that sense of propriety which is far superior to the nonsense of others.

men raising monuments to the memories of the dead; if they could only raise memories to the monuments. how useful and instructive might these soon-forgotien remembrances of the dead become to the living. But some one has said that a rich man's memory does not live quite so long as his monument.

LIFE-1st. The paths of life are very much like the paths in Kensington Gardens: there are a few flowers planted about the doors which open into them, but when you get further. in you meet with no more.

2d. What libertines and men of the world call ' seeing life,' should rather

be called seeing death.

3d. In sickness and in misfortune we flatter and quiet ourselves under the intolerable sense of the present, with hopes of the future r the rapid future approaches, and, in a short time," stands present; the present, in an hour, is the past, and we are still as far from happiness and our desires as ever !--And thus we hope and are deceived. and are deceived and hope-and pass from the present to the future, and from the future to the present—and stand over our graves at last, which in the next hour may spread over us, still sighing at the past, and hoping for that which is to come. And thus we ripe and ripe, and rot; and thereby hangs a tale.

The character of the Miser has never been so forcibly drawn for the the stage (even in the Euclion Plant --tus, M'Avare of Moliere, or the Miser of Shadwell) but that it has been ex-. ceeded in real life. In cluddating this topic, we are told of the Duke of Marle borough walking from the public rooms to his lodgings in Bath, in a cold dark night, in order to save sixpence in chair hire, though he died worth more than a million and a half-sterling. Another example is recorded in "Bis of politeness) as to forget the feelings James Lowther (who) after exclininging a piece of silver in George's Coffee-MONUMENTS.—We hear much of house, and paying two-pence for his ____ dish of coffee, was helped into his that all the servants, one after another, . chariot (for he was then very old and infirm) and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir." Other instances are adduced of this odious passion: one of a Commissioner Collay of the Victualling Office, worth £200,000 who fell a sacrifice to his anxiety to save a bottle of wine from the dishonesty of his servants; and another, Sir W. Smyth, who agreed with Tavlor, the well-known oculist of that day, to couch him for 60 guineas; but, though the operation was perfectly successful, chested the operator into a compromise for 20, by pretending that he had only a glimmering and uncertain vision.

A young gentleman from one of the universities, on paying a visit to a lady, a relation of his, in the country, found her in great affliction for the loss of a ring of considerable value.— She was certain that some of the servants must have got it, but she knew not against whom the accusation should be directed. The young gentleman on hearing the circumstance, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the stratagem he proposed to make use of; she readily consented. At dinner, therefore, the conversation turning upon the loss, the scholar boasted so much of his skill in the black art, that she, as they had previously agreed, desired him to exert it for the detection of the person who had stolen her ring. He promised to make the best exertion of his powers, and, after dinner, proceeded to busi-He ordered a white cock to be procured (no other colour would do) and a kettle to be placed on a table in the hall; the cock, he told them, was to be put under the kettle; adding;

L.

were to touch it, and that as soon as the guilty person laid his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greatest solemnity, the young gentleman opened the scene. The hall was darkened, and the procession began. As soon as they had each of. them declared that they had fulfilled the directions given, and touched the cock, the light was restored, and the gentleman examined the hands of them all; he found all smutted except those of one servant, who had taken care not . to touch the kettle, and was beginning. to hug himself for having outwittedthe conjuror; who, fixing upon this: circumstance, charged him closely with the robbery; as he could not deny it,he fell down upon his knees, and asked pardon, which she granted upon the restoration of her ring. RULES for RIDING & WALKING.

The following excellent rules, which are rigidly observed in London and some other towns, ought to be generally attended to:

RIDING.

The rule of the road is paradox quite. As the carriages jog it along; If you go to the left you are sure to be right? It you go to the right you are wrong;

WALKING.

But the rule of the foot, is as clear as the

And none can its reason withstand, On each side of the way you must keep to the right.

And give those you meet the left hand.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD. Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co. Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffiti, Public Library! Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow; also at Mr. Hunter's, Bookseller, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; and at Mr. Wales' Printing Office, Castle Street Liverpool, for raudy money only:

THE LITERARY MELANGE,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

WEDNESDAY, 26th JUNE, 1822. No. 2. PRICE 31d.

LORD CHATHAM-MR. FOX-MR. PITT-MR. BURKE

From Reminiscences of Charles Butlen, Esq.

The administration of lord North was certainly an era in the history of British eloquence: what in respect to the orators of Rome, is observed by Velleius Paterculus of Cicero, will probably be said of lord North, that " no member of cither house of the " British parliament will be ranked among the orators of this country. " whom lord North did not see, or " who did not see lord North.

Lord Chatham

Of those by whom lord North was preceded, none probably except lord Chatham, will be remembered by posterity. It was frequently given to the writer of these pages to hear the speeches, both in the house of commons and the house of lords, of this extraordinary man. No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the "terrors of his wonderful as was his eloquence, it was beak, the lightning of his eye," were attended with the most important effinsufferable. and clear; his lowest whisper was a conviction that there was something distinctly heard, his middle tones were in him, finer even than his words;

sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely. filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except where he wished to cheer or animate; and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care; he mentioned to a friend of the Reminiscent, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, Bailey's Dictionary; and that he had perused some of Dr. Barrow's Sermons so often, as to know them: by heart.

His sentiments, too, were apparently simple; but sentiments were never better adopted or uttered with greater skill; he was often familiar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension: the lion that dandled with the kid. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole house sunk before him.—Still he was dignified; and His voice was both full ect, that it impressed every hearer with that the man was infinitely greater than the orator: no impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist.

But,—with this great man,—for great he certainly was,-manner did much. One of the inirest specimens which we possess of his lordship's oratory, is his speech in 1766, for the

repeal of the stamp act.

Most, perhaps, who read the report of this speech, in Almon's Register, will wonder at the effect which it is known to have produced upon the hearers; yet the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading features. But they should have seen the look of ineffable contempt with which he surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look "As to the late ministry,—every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong." They should also have beheld him, when addressing himself to Mr. Grenville's successors, he said,—" As to the present gentlemen,—those at least whom I have in my eye,"—(looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sate,)—" I have no objection: I have " never been made a sacrifice by any " of them.—Some of them have done " me the honour to ask my poor opin-"ion, before they would engage to " repeal the act :- they will do me "the justice to own, I did advise them "to engage to do it,-but notwith-"standing,—(for I love to be explicit) " I cannot give them my confidence. " Pardon me gentlemen,"-(bowing " to them)-" confidence is a plant " of slow growth." Those, who remember the air of condescending protection with which the bow was made and the look given, when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves at the moment were both delighted and awed, and what I "fied these words by five or six

what they themselves conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every other human being that surrounded him.-In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said; it was the manner, and the manner only, which produced the ef-

An interesting and accurate account of Mr. Pitt's style of oratory, and its prodigious effect on his audience, may be found in a letter of lord Holland, his distinguished contemporary, published in the appendix to lord Wal-. degráve's Melmoirs.

" Mr. Wilkes, a friend it seems of " Pitt's, petitioned against the young-" er Delaval, chosen at Berwick, on "account of bribery only. "vounger Delaval made a speech on " his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour and buffoonery, which kept "the house in a continual roar of " laughter. Mr. Pitt came downfrom " the gallery, and took it up in his " highest tone of Dignity. " astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth... " Was the dignity of the house of " commons on so sure foundations, " that they might venture themselves "to shake it?—Had it not, on the " contrary, by gradations been dimi-" nishing for years, till now we were " brought to the very brink of the " precipice, where, if ever, a stand "must be made?'-High compli-"ments to the speaker,-eloquent " exhortation to whigs of all condi-"tions, to defend their attacked and " expiring liberty, &c. 'Unless you " will degenerate into a little assem-" bly, serving no other purpose than " to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject,' (laying on "the words one and subject the most " remarkable emphasis.) I have vere-

" different people, so that your lord-" ship may be assured they were his " very words. When I came in, he " was recapitulating, and ended with " our being designed or likely," " (I cannot tell you what he said,) " to be an appendix to-I know not " what -I have no name for it.'-' Displeased, as well as pleased, allow " it to be the finest speech that ever " was made; and it was observed, that "by his first two periods, he brought "the house to a silence and attention, "that you might have heard a pin " drop. Except the words marked, " observe that I do not pretend to give " your lordship his words, but only the " purport of his speech, of which a " good deal was on bribery, I suppose, " and the manner of treating it, which " so much tended to lower, what was " already too low, the authority of the "house of commons. The speaker "shook him by the hand, ready to " shake it off; which, I hear, gave " almost as great offence as the speech. " I just now hear the duke of New-" castle was in the utmost fidget, and "that it spoiled his stomach yester-" day.

In another letter, in the appendix to the same correspondence, ford Holland describes in one line the effect of Mr. Pitt's oratory, when he intended to be severe, on the object of his severities. In both Mr. Pitt's speeches, every word fell on Murray, (lord Mansfield) yet so managed, that neither he nor any body else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who suffered for an hour

The whole speech on the repeal of the stamp act, is very fine: "I sought for merit," said lord Chatham, "wherever it was to be found. "It is my "boast, that I was the first minister "who looked for it; and I found it in the mountains of the north. I

called it forth, and drew it into your " service,—a hardy and intrepid race " of men. Men, who when left by " your jealousy, became a prey to the " artifices of your enemies, and had "gone nigh to have overturned the " state, in the war before the last.— "These men, in the last war, were "brought to combat on your side; "they served with fidelity, as they "fought with valour, and conquered " for you in every part of the world. "Detested be the national prejudices " against them! they are unjust, "groundless, illiberal, ummanly. "When I ceased to serve his majes-" ty as minister, it was not the country " of the man (lord Bute) by which I " was moved: - but the man of that " country wanted wisdom, and held " principles incompatible with free-" dom.

His celebrated reply to Horace Walpole has been immortalized by the report given of it by Dr. Johnson.— On one occasion, Mr. Moreton, the chief justice of Chester, a gentleman of some eminence at the bar, happened to say, "King, lords and commons, or;" (directing his eyes towards lord Chatham)-"as that right honourable mem-" ber would call them, commons, lords "and king." The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt arose,—as he ever did,—with great deliberation, and called to order: "I " have, he said, frequently heard in this "house, doctrines, which have sur-" prised me; but now, my blood runs " cold! I desire the words of the "honourable member may be taken "down." The clerks of the house wrote the words. "Bring them to "me," said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time, Mr. Moreton was frightened from his senses. he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given Il "any offence to the right honourable

' member, or to the house: I meant ' nothing; King, lords and commons, 'lords, king and commons,-com-"mons, lords and king; -tria juncta ' in uno. I meant nothing! indeed 'I meant nothing."—" I don't wish ' to push the matter further," said ord Chatham, in a voice a little above a whisper: -then, in a higher tone, -" the moment a man acknowledges his " error, he ceases to be guilty.-I " have a great regard for the honour-" able member, and as an instance of " that regard, I give him this advice:" a pause of some moments ensued,then, assuming a look of unspeakable derision,-he said in a kind of coiloquial tone,-"Whenever that member " means nothing, I recommend him to -" say nothing."

On one occasion,—while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out, "question, question!"—lord Chatham paused,—then fixing on Sir-William a look of inexpressible disgust, exclaimed,—"pardon me Mr. Speaker, my agration:—when that member calls for the question, I tear I hear the knell of my country's ruin.

When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the house of commons, lord Chatham justified it with infinite address: insensibly, he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house.—Availing himself of the moment, his lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone,—"Is there an Austrian among you?" Let him stand forward and reveal "himself."

On another occasion, immediately after he had finished a speech, in the house of commons, he walked out of it; and as usual, with a very slow step. A silence ensued, till the door was opened to let him into the lobby.

A member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the right honour-"able member."—Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator,—who instantly sat down dumb: then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

"Ast Danaum progenes Agamemnoni-

"Ut videre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,

"Ingenti trepidare metu,—pars vertere retro,

" Seu quondam petiere rates,—pars tollere vocem

"Exiguam,—inceptus clamor frustratur

But Argive chicls, and Agammemnon's train, When his refulgest arms flash'd through the shady plain.

plain, Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear, As when his thund ring sword and pointed spear Drove headlong to their ships, and gican'd the rooted rear.

They raised a feedle cry, with trembling notes: But the weak voice deceived their gamping throats. Then placing brimself in his seat,—he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what "the honourable member has to say "to me?" On the writer's asking the gentleman, from whom he heard this anecdote,—if the house did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member?—"No sir," he replied, "we "were all too much awed to laugh."

But the most extraordinary instance of his command of the house, is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville, the appellation of "the gentle shepherd." At this time, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, " gentle shepherd tell me where,"-and in which each stanza ended with that line,—was in every mouth. On some occasion, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "where is our " money? where are our means? I " say again, where are our means? " where is our money?" he then sat down,—and lord Chatham paced slowly out of the house, humming the line "Gentle Shepherd tell me where."-The effect was irresistible, and settled on Mr. Grenville the appellation of i " the gentle shepherd."

A gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed, that they were proofs of his father's ascendancy in the house; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence, by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended to him to read slowly his father's speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and, while he repeated them, to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speech thus delivered.

In private intercourse, lord Chatham though always lofty, was very insinuating. The prince of Wales, the grandfather of our present sovereign, and Mr. Pitt, were once walking in the garden at Stow, apart from the general company, who followed them They seemed to be at some distance. engaged in earnest conversation; lord Cobham expressed to Mr. Belson, from whom the writer received this anecdote, an apprehension of Mr. Pitt's drawing the Prince into some measures which his lordship disapproved. Belson observed to his lordship, that the tete-a-tete could not be of long duration. "Sir," said his lordship with eagerness, " you don't know Mr. " Pitt's talent of insinuation; in a very " short quarter of an hour he can persuade any one of any thing.'

As a companion in festive moments Mr. Wil-Mr. Pitt was enchanting. kes closed a humorous comparison, after Plutarch's manner, of Mr. Pitt, with Mr. Rigby, by the following words:--" In there more private "characters both Mr. Pitt and Mr. "Righy have generosity and spirit: " is abstemious, temperate and regular. " Mr. Rigby indulges more in convi-" vial pleasure, is an excellent bon " vivant. amiable and engaging. Mr. " Pitt, by the most manly sense, and " fine sallies of a warm and sportive "imagination, can charm the whole " day, and, as the Greek said, his en-" tertainments please even the day " after they are given. Mr. Rigby " has all the gybes and gambols, and " flashes of merriment, which set the " table in a roar; but—the day after. "a cruel headach at least frequently "succeeds,-In short, I wish to spend " all my days with Mr. Pitt, but I " am afraid that at night, I should " often skulk to Mr. Rigby and his " friends."

Mr. Pitt's acceptance of a pecrage would have been defensible, if it had not had the fatal effect of lessening the belief of public virtue, already shaken by the apostacy of Mr. Pultenev.— His insisting on the retention of Canada,—which might have proved an effectual check on the rebellious projects of the American colonists,—in preference to the islands, which France was willing to cede to us, was, at the time, a matter of surprise to many: M. de Vergennes used to mention it, as one of the greatest political errors that had ever been committed.

DUBLIN IN 1822.

(I'rom the New Monthly Magazine.).

Dublin is a miniature of London: it is built like, a metropolis, and has its squares and great streets. It is not like any of the great provincial towns which are places of trade, and only inhabited by persons more or less directly connected with trade; nor is it, like Bath, a great theatre of amuse-It exhibits the same variety of ment. ranks as London. It has its little court, its viceroy, with all the attendants upon his reflected royalty; it has its little aristocracy and its leaders of bon ton; it has its corpo-" in other things they differ; Mr. Pitt | ration; it has its Lord Mayor, and all the

pageantry of city grandeur; it has its slang arose, and very generally prevailed manufacturing, its mercantile, and its monied interests: it is the Westminster of . Ireland, and is accordingly the locus in quo most every thing we find in London may be found also in Dublin. The difference Is but in degree, and the similitude may be traced in the minutest details. Dublin has · its club-rooms, just as we have ours in St. . James's-street; there are also balls on the same aristocratic plan as ours at Almack's; and the gardens attached to the Rotunda are, during the season, lighted up in humble and distant imitation of Vauxball.-Dublin too resembles the English capital in its ebbs and flows. At the commencement of the long vacation the gentlemen of moveable population disembogues itself into the cottages, villas, and mansions offenders as Larry are often found. Our which line the Bay. Before the Union . the resemblance was, no doubt, more complete: and the state of society then existing must have been exceedingly worthy of observation, and the varieties it presented The recollections of highly entertaining. this period cherished by the elder inhabitants of Dublin are very lively, and their representations of the great excitement and festivity which prevailed are probably cor-While the rich nobles and gentry were attending in their places in the parliament, all was gaiety and animation.-The wealth which was necessarily diffused, increased the shrewdness and enlivened the humour of the most quickwitted people of Europe. The very chairmen, porters, and shoe-blacks (a fraternity now, alas! nearly extinct) partook the general hilarity, and cracked such jokes and said such excellent things as they are now seldom heard to ut, The mob, perhaps to the extinction of the Irish parliament, took a warm interest in the subject of its debates, which were of a popular nature; and several choice spirits arose, whose feats and prowess are recorded in many a ballad and ditty. Parties ran high, and one quarter of the city was sometimes arrayed against the other. The coal-porters were at one time at variance with the weavers of the Liberty; the burden of their war-cry ran thus:-" We'll not leave a weaver alive in the Combe, We'll cut their west, and we'll break their loom." But the feuds of the coal-porters and weavers are now nearly forgotten. Had they not had a bard, we should not now,

amongst the lower orders, which was of a most curious character, and which gave additional zest to their farcical sayings and of judges, barristers, attorneys, &c. Al- jests. The dialogue between two shoeblacks playing pitch and toss, which appeared in Edgeworth's Irish Bulls, is exquisite in its kind. What dandy of the highest water could make a proposition to a brother fop in a finer spirit of enjouement than that conveyed in the phrase." Tim, will you sky a copper?" and the glorious conclusion spoken in a tone of such proffigate valour, and " So I gives it him, plaise your honour, into the bread-basket with my bread-winner (knife) up to the Lampsey (maker's name)!" Even better than this we deem " The night before Larry was the long robe take wing, and the whole stretched," one of the best slang songs ever made. In the records of Irish crime such Old Bailey culprits are dark, gloomy knaves; but the Irish rogues are all Machenths and Don Juans in their way, " gay, bold. dashing villains." An Irishman was asked by an acquaintance one day why he looked " Ah!" was his reply, " I have just taken leave for ever of one of the pleasantest fellows, a friend of mine, whom the world ever saw."-" How, for ever?" -" Yes, for ever; he's to be hanged today for a burglary!" It was a fact that this gentleman, now enjoying name and station, used to frequent the Dublin Newgate, and found his boon companions among some of its inmates; and certainly those who have a stomach strong enough for coarse low humour, could not make a better selection.

While Dublin was the seat of legislature, there was a great commixture of the Ban with the members of the House of Commons: almost every lawyer of any eminence had a seat in parliament; the scene was a strange one. Not merely all interests, but all the varieties of human character had their suitable representations. In the British House of Commons the active men are all endowed with much the same qualities: there is some small distinction between the great orators and the men of business: every man is expected, however, to exhibit good sense and information. In the Irish parliament it was not so. Business was carried on there in every possible diversity of means. There were the fighting members, ready to take off an obnoxious man if he did but "bite his thumb;" there were have mentioned them. At this period a the jokers, who prostrated a foc with a bon

mot, or a sneer at his expense; there were the vehement declaimers, whose weapon was invective, and who levelled abuse at him whose views and reasonings they could not impugn. Let any one look to the Irish debutes, and he will find ample fund The entire city used to for astonishment. be pervaded with anxiety upon the subject under discussion in the house. Multitudes used to throng its avenues and cheer the popular members. All this is now past, and the scene is comparatively dull; but there is much yet in Dublin to repay enquiry skilfully directed, and to excite interest. The great proprietors no longer residing in Dublin, the first place in society has naturally devolved to the Ber, which, generally speaking, is held in higher estimation in Ireland than in this country. The profession is by no means so much detachedashere, and a counsillor, as he is termed, is expected to be not merely acquainted with law, but to be well-informed on every subject, and he is accordingly regarded as an authority upon all points. Au English practitioner would be much surprised at the course of an Irish barrister's life. The courts do not sit till near eleven o'clock. and no business is done after dinner .-There are no inns of court, and each individual lives in that part of the city he chooses. The judges lead an easy life; there is seldom any press of business, and in Chancery we believe there is not (when will the same be said of the English court?) a single case in arrear. Not is this strange, when it is considered that, for a country so greatly inferior in wealth and size, the same number of courts and judges is constituted. Strictly, this is not the case as to Chancery, there being in Ireland no vicechancellor; but when the business of appeals in the House of Lords, and the duty of the Chancellor there as speaker, are considered, the position may be made with The courts are all held in the same building, to which also are attached the various law offices. - It is a very headsome edifice. In the centre stands a fine circular hall with a dome, and the passages to the courts open around. It is the custom for all barristers, whether having any business or not, to attend each day during term a few hours in this hall, around which they walk, intermixed with attorneys and suitors. Here circulate, speaking without a metaphor, all the tattle and news of the city. There can be no more agreeable lounge. The late Mr. Curran was in the habit of But there is another distinction, and that

passing some time in the hall of the Four Courts, as it is called, each day; and here, after playing off his puns and saying his good things, he used to make up his occasional dinner-parties, to which he invited the eleverest of the young men he met, and among whom, till his latest hour he was the youngest of all. To them he gave abundance of wine, in the use of which he was himself sparing. Kind and benevolent to each, every guest felt at ease, and the incomparable host himself, without ceremony abandoned and resumed his seat, walked about discoursing deticious eloquence, or took up his violence lle as he telt inclined. In the habits of the profession there is, perhaps, nothing to remark to de id their general character, which partakes more of pleasure and (may we say so?) gentcel life than does that of our denizens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

The traders of Dublin are divided into three descriptions, which are strongly distinguished. There is the Corporation class, which is perhaps, the least reputable; the great Catholic body, and the Presbyterian, which last is objetly engaged in the linen It is among the and American trade. second that the stranger will find most matter for observation. Their religion has raised a line of demarcation between them and other classes of the community, and in consequence they retain more traces of the old Irish customs and mode of life. institution of fasting two, and often three days each week, as well as in Lent, is a great prevention of social intercourse between Catholies and Protestants. rules of the Church are observed in Dublin with the utmost strictness,—a strictness unknown elsewhere. Among themselves they live in a style of great hospitality and luxurv. Indeed the same may be observed of the mode of life of all classes in Dub-The market is very fine; the supply of fish, that prime article in an epicure's catalogue of the goods of life, ample and regular in all its species, shell, white, red, &c. The common beverage, that most used, and though cheapest, most prized, is whisky-punch. Though called punch it would, however, as most frequently drunk, be more properly denominated toddy; the essential difference being, as we apprehend, that punch contains lemon and that toddy does not. Whisky is of two kinds-malt, and corn, that is made from barley or from oats, the first of which is most esteemed. is between parliament whisky, and poteen, or whisky made in defiance of parliament and all its ordinances, in a small still or This last acquires, from the use of turf or peat in the process, a smoked taste, as to the agreeableness of which there is a great diversity of sentiment, the strong preponderance of authorities being in favour of the smoke. The spirit is an excellent spirit, " a dainty spirit," as Shakespeare says. It is not very palatable to one who has revelled on claret and hock and burgundy, but it is sweet and delicious to those and tated to drink it, and it is extremely innocent. It may be safely said, that an excess in quantity of alcohol can be taken in no shape less injurious; and assuredly the potency of its malignity is well tried. The good old days are gone when the door was used to be locked, and the guests kept in durance till they became quite drunk: but a great deal of hard drinking yet pre-The middle classes are vails in Dublin. very much disposed to the enjoyments of the table; nor are they without a tendency to another modish vice. They play cards for sums small and trivial indeed in the apprehension of a dowager at Bath, or a man of mettle in town, but yet considerable when the circumstances of the parties are taken into account. The wife of a man not worth, root and branch, as the saying is, 10,000% perhaps not half that sum, will lose on occasion six or eight or ten pounds at loo; and her husband will be guilty of a more masculine indiscretion, and perhaps double that amount. is, in Dublin, a meal of great enjoyment. At supper, it was that often during the latter years of the last century, the whole company used to stand up, join hands, and sing altogether the bold national anthem The effect of this was of Erin go bragh. wonderful. It was enough to have animated the veriest slave and coward. and young, the aged sire, and the youthful beauty, all united their voices and hands. we apprehend that many a democrat must thus have been created. Stubborn, indeed, must have been the heart that could thus resist the example of age and the influence of enthusiastic beauty. This meal continues to be the chosen one. During the course of the previous evening, the members of the party have become acquainted with each other; restraint has worn offlittle friendships have grown up-people have attached themselves to each otherthe belles have selected their admirers, and | People retire from trade in Ireland with

all sit down with fresh zest for enjoyments and with the anticipation of separating to impart its sweet inclancholy. To dinner belong your discussions of politics, and sombre dissertations on the weather. More jocund themes attend supper. There is mirth and song and laughter; and the maid, who has been cov and reserved during the preceding hours, at length smiles favour.

It may perhaps, be affirmed that literature has made less pangress among the Catholic centry of Dublin than any description of individuals in these countries.-They are, however, in their manners easy and chearful, and endowed with that natural courtesy which is the great characteristic of the Irish people. In England we are too much a people of business-a " nation of shopkeepers," as we are somewhat severely called. Our gravity does tend to produce somewhat of more eness. In Ireland every man seems to be more or less a man of pleasure. We see few persons wedded to and delighting in one occupa-tion as with us at home. There is a large body, the Presbyterian settlers in the north, to whom these observations apply with less force; but there is no question that the original Scottish character has been much mellowed by transplanting into the Irish soil. We are apt to confound the various descriptions of Irish, but the distinctions are worth remarking. In Dublin a judicious cicerone may point out the dissipated and refined southern, the primitive Milesian of the west, and the more sober and stern inhabitant of the north, all strongly contrasted to an observing eye, and the brogue of each varying in character and richness. In England many a wealthy manufacturer or factor would prefer to hear himself termed tradesman to gentleman; but on the other side of the water it is not so. Every man is there a gentleman. we cannot better illustrate this fact than by mentioning that the term esquire is almost universally applied. There is no middle class in Ireland; there are no individuals who can be content with being well fed and clothed, remaining in their original grade in society. As soon as an Irish trader makes a little money, he extends his domestic, not his mercantile establishment. He applies the surplus not to augmentation of his capital, but to increase of his plea-There is a great want of proper pride, and a great prevalence of vanity.-

such means as in England they would be- enlarged and improved. gin upon.

people, if not respectable, at least pleasant, that the trade of the city has declined. which the Islan may be said emphatically and reserve and heigenr than in England, 'capital; and minor sea-ports now corre-Let us here be understood to speak of the spend directly with London and Liverpool, middle classes; among which, in every and the foreign ports, with all of which harines are most visible. The upper ranks but to get commodities from the Dublin in Ireland, the great proprietors and nobles. mescatch the same as individuals holding Union, but of the progress of trade, and the same station amongst us. On enter- general advancement of the country. ing society in Dublin, a stranger will be There are in Dublin no houses vacantmuch struck by the animation of the party; none of the mansions of the nobility have made to commit themselves, as it is termed; the freedom with which every man gives his sentiment; and, to speak the truth, the had abiling and powers of elecution with which he defends and explains them.

The politics of the inhabitants of Dublin are very much provincial; indeed questions immediately affecting the country are sufficiently numerous and important to occupy attention. But what may be called imperial policy is as little heeded or thought of as the approximation of two planets; an event probably affecting us, but in a degree ! so minute, and so remotely, as to occasion us scarce a passing thought. There does not prevail in Dublin that general acquaintance with the characters of public men, or with the state of parties, which we find in this city. The press of Dublin is a subject too delicate and too much open to controversy, for us to enlarge upon; but we will remark, that the sweeping, slapdash, discursive, colloquial style common in the newspapers, is very characteristic. writing is, in point of literary merit, greatly inferior to that of the London journals. -Though newspapers are cheaper in Ireland than here, they have small circulation among the lower classes in Dublin; nor have we remarked in any of the alchouses any newspaper 'taken in here,' cs is frequent in London. These people have certainly, as their superiors seem to think they too have, lost all political weight and consideration. The mechanics and tradesmen all unite, however else they may differ, in bewailing the Union, which they deem to have been fatal to Ireland, because injurious to them immediately, and to their city. It is certain, however, that since that measure, Dublin has been most considerably

It is not easy to explain the cause of this enlargement This, however, all tends to make the and improvement; there is no question Belfast and Cork have possessed themselves In society there is less coldness of a part of what did once belong to the country, the national character and posts, they used fermerly to have nothing to de. merchant. This is not a consequence of the the absence of—we were going to write, gone to ruin; some have fallen into the mayoris-honte; the haste which individuals pilchian hands of opulent lawyers and merchants; many are converted into public institutions and schools, and a great proportion into hotels. By this transition the inhabitants of Dublin are naturally much affected, and with many a bitter expression of serrow they point out to the stranger the former residences of the various noble families. The Irish are a vain people, and impressed with a reverence for lords and ladies of high degree, very different from honest blunt John Bull's sentiments off that score; and it may be fairly presumed . that the loss of so much good company is felt as a considerable aggravation of the solid and substantial injury which the Union occasioned the citizens of the Irish metropolia.

The number of hotels in Dublin is pub-All the members of parliament, digious. going and returning, pass a few days in Dublin: it was formerly a great capital, the seat of legislation; it is now a great place of passage. Dublin is now as great as it was at the Union; not as great had that The aversion to Union not taken place. the Union, as a measure of policy, has augmented and maintained that dislike of England, which was once so strong in Ireland, but which is rapidly vanishing. highest sense of the value and merit of English sobriety, prudence, industry, and exactness, is general; but the coldness and reserve of the character is objected to .-There is no doubt that the Irish are emulous of our virtues; and it would be well did we resolve to adopt the excellencies of their temper and good nature. one article, the improvement in respect of which we may condescend to notice, as (see Lord Londonderry's speech on the State of the Nation) one of his Majesty's

ministers youchsafed to make it the subject of grave congratulation to the legislature. With such an authority, we run no risk of derogating from our dignity by adverting to it. We have the happiness of stating, that within the last fifty years the habits of the Irish people have improved, in point of cleanliness, in a degree almost inconceivable. They are still far from that martinet purity which we boast; but except in minor and trivial particulars, the inhabitants of Dublin are little less cleanly than those of London. Most of the hotels are kept in very excellent order. It is true we do not see the outer steps and window-stones of that dazzling and Creton whiteness they exhibit in England; but it will be found, that wherever comfort demands that the brush and the scrubbing-block should be. hey have been. In the north of Ireland, strange as it will sound to English ears, may be found a perfect pattern of cleanliness: the houses of the people engaged in the linen manufacture, are many of them as scrupulously and fastidiously neat and pure as possible. These remarks, however, must be confined to the more comfortable and happy classes of the community. will not speak of the peasantry; but directing ourselves alone to the population of Dublin, we must say, that it contains a large mass of human beings in the most squalid and wretched condition. An establishment for the relief and reception of mendicants does exist in Dublin: it is maintained by voluntary subscriptions, there being, as our readers are aware, no poor-laws in Ireland. But we mean to refer to a description of individuals who do not fall properly under the description of paupers, or constitute a fit object for alms, we speak of the inferior orders of tradespeople and mechanics. There is a part of Dublin called the Liberty, almost wholly inhabited by these persons. St. Giles's, or the most wretched lane of London, is splendid compared with it. We are informed that the Earl of Meath, whose property it is, actually gets no rent; and that the old law dopfrine of General Occupancy The houses are most of them ruinous, but having been originally well built and of good materials, they hold together. The languishing state of the woolen and silk trades in Ireland has had its effect, but the evil is mainly attributable to the great mischief under which that country suffers, the smallness of the recompence of labour. In London, tou there

is much squalid misery, but it is more out of sight and out of the way than in Dublin, Keeping to the west end of the town here, nothing but opulence presents itself; penury hides itself in remote retreats. But in Dublin he must step warily who desires to avoid the view of wretchedness. It is not possible to walk in any direction half an hour without getting among the loathsome habitations of the poor. In traversing Dublin, the stranger will feel with peculiar force the poet's emotion, when, contrasting a rural retreat with the city, he says of the former—

"Here was not mindled in the city's pomp, Of life's extremes, the grandeur and the gloom!"

The first view of Dublin is prepossessing; Sackville-street, by which the traveller from Howth enters, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and as he passes through it, and over Carlisle-bridge, the Post-office and the Custom-house are seen, a glimpse of the Courts is obtained, and the Bank and College lie immediately in the way. But these are almost all that are to be seen; and the consequence is, that the first emotion of a stranger arriving in Dublin. is admiration; and that disappointment The Bank was formerly the succeeds. House of Parliament. It is of Grecian architecture, and for purity and clegance. stands, we believe, unrivalled in these isles. Its beauty has been somewhat impaired since it fell into the hands of the monied. It was surrounded by a series of porticoes, the apt resort of Eloquence and the Muses; but the worthy Directors have erected in the interstices between the columns, a stout rampart of stone and mortar, thus adding to the security of their coffers and the spaciousness of the building, however they may have detracted from the beauty of the architecture. 'The Exchange is a handsome building, but unhappily stands at the head of a street of which it does not occupy the centre. A precisely similar fault in the site, it may be remarked, injures the effect of the Exchange at Liverpool. Dublin Castle, the town residence of the Viceroy, is situated upon a hill: it is well built, chiefly of stone, and has a very lordly and imposing appearance.— The servant is better lodged than his master at St. James's. There are two large and handsome quadrangles, in the upper of which a stand of colours is always displayed. The entire of the building is not appropriatted to the use of the Lord Lieutenant;

much of it is occupied by the Public Offi- | Ireland, a comfort which does not belong to ces, the Treasury, the Ordinance Office, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Council Chamber, &c. &c. The apartments are introduced into use in England. handsome, and the audience and presence well suited to a great town; but for the chambers sufficiently spacious. The whole is surrounded by a wall of great height and Some parts of the edifice are strength. The Birmingham Tower, where the records are kept, derives its name frem Sir William de Birmingham, one of the early settlers and deputies.

The neighbourhood of Dublin is very delightful. Both sides of the Bay are trowded with handsome villas. mountains of Wicklow occupy the south: the Phœnix Park lies to the west, and beyoud it opens the rich county of Kildare. The Glen of the Downs, the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the vale of Obrea, Luggelaw, all the most charming scenery of Wicklow, is within a morning's drive of Dublin: on the other side, beyond the park, only a few miles from town, lies Lucan and Celbridge. Their vicinity to all these places leads the inhabitants of Dublin to make frequent country excursions; and each Sunday, every jaded citizen who can muster a horse and car has his wife and children apparelled in their gayest attire, and sallies forth to enjoy the pure fresh air, and cheer his sight with the view of the delicious country around him. Every house is deserted immediately after breakfast-The service of the Catholic Church is brief; it stays the eager citizen but a short time, and the roads about the metropolis present early on the Sunday morning, a concourse of all sexes, ages, and conditions, hurrying to enjoy themselves. The Irish are particularly fortunate in the possession of their jaunting-car, as it is called. It is a vehicle drawn by one horse; the carriage of it is like that of a gig; the driver sits on a small raised seat behind the horse, and on each side, their feet supported by footboards covering the wheels, sit two, or sometimes three persons, those on one sidehaving their backs to those on the other. Thus may five, or six, or seven people be carried with little more inconvenience to a horse than a gig would occasion. This sort of vehicle is cheap; it enables people of humble fortune to move about; it places them nearly on a level with the wealthy, in respect of that sole remaining article in which the latter enjoy a real and substantial superiority in the goods of life; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the middle class possess, in

the same class in England. We are surprised that the jaunting-car has not been It is not country it is admirably adapted.

In regard to the travelling between Dublin and London, the Holyhead road is a perfect pattern; and the great bridge now creeting over the Menai at Bangor, must not be passed by without a word. work of the most magnificent description. The span of the arch is 360 feet! It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that the passage will be safe: and we cannot answer for what might not have been our vulgar scepticism on that point, had we not been, in a most piteous voice, assured by our host, whose little inn at the Ferry will be deserted when the avenue to the bridge shall be opened, that there is not the remotest fear (hope we would have said) of a failure in the project. Camden, in his Britannia, takes notice of an attempt made by Edward the First to throw a bridge over the straits, that his army might pass by it into Auglesey. The monarch was unsuccessful. How would he wonder at the feats of Mr. Wyatt, the engineer! Not certainly, more however, than would the mariner of his day at a voyage of six hours and a half from Holyhead to Howth.-What a contrast does the expedition and celerity of the passage of the steam-boat present to the doubt and difficulty of the seamen of early times, anxiously straining his eyes to discover, in the dark horison, the summit of some headland, by which to conjecture his course!-If the homeliness and common-sense nature of these remarks on the route to Holyhead through North Wales, should give umbrage to any sentimental reader, who expected to hear of peaks lost in the clouds, of horrific precipices, of eternal snows, of sequestered vales, of goats perched on fearful crags, of the screaming of eagles, or the flight of wild grese, with all the addenda of torrents, and caves, we can only recommend, that he visit the place in his proper person, and content ourselves with referring him to the narrative of a journey to Brundusium, given by the first lyric poet of the Augustian age. He will find, that strong as is the precedent afforded by Horace's notice of the "gritty bread" and bad water, we have not condescended to drop a single hint, that even in Wales, small mutton is not necessarily delicious.

in as much as it is often young: and that a Welsh rabbit, even in Wales, is sometimes made of bad cheese.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO MADAME DE GENLIS.

At length the day dawned that was to light me to the boudoir of the farfamed Madame de Genlis, the most accomplished woman of her age, the friend of Egalite, the benefactress of wouth, the preceptress of Pamela, and the adulatress of the powers that be. I happened to be exceedingly unwell, from a heavy cold caught among the marbles of the Salle de Sculpture of the Louvre, where I had spent five hours, shivering, admiring, sneezing & drawing, the day before, when the weather was so intensely hot, that every body foretold a thunderstorm, though I got to there was not a cloud visible. the Rue de Pigalle, about three o'clock, and was directed to the entre-sol, where I found Madame de Genlis sitting on a littered sofa, in great deshabille, and a young lady of pleasing appearance, writing at a little table opposite, which with her chair, the only one in the room, filled up the whole width of the apartment, long, narrow, and lighted by one window at the end, in face of the door by which I entered. young lady rose, gave me her chair, and disappeared; Madame de Genlis also rose, seemed very much disconme a thousand apologies for receiving I replied, "three." She assured me,

The expediency of an yearly trip to Normandy or Brittany in summer, in order to recover from the fatigues of a London winter, better than among the dews and damps of an English campagne.—At last three common-place topics (which I should have cut very short, had it not behoved me to follow, in all humility, the lead of mv elders and betters) gave way to matter of more interest—the occupations of Madame de Genlis. She mentioned having completed the painted herbal, of all the plants mentioned in the Bible, which had been her pursuit for nearly five years. I expressed a wish to see the collection :-- " Je ne l'ai plus ; c'est le Roi qui l'a." I observed, perhaps foolishly enough, "Sa Majeste a du etre bien flattee d'un pareil hommage." _, Il n'a pas ete question d'hommage; je le lui ai vendu. Je l'aurais pu vendre plus cher, si j'avois voulu l'envoyer chez l'etranger; mais j'ai mieux aime en etre moins bien payee, et le savoir dans la possession du Roi de France; il me l'a paye mille francs." This appeared to me a very trifling sum for a series of original paintings, by so celebrated a hand. I observed, that the British Museum possessed the Insects of Surinam, painted by Madame Merian, for which three thousand guineas had been paid. Madame de Genlis observed, that it was not difficult to paint as well as Madame Merian, and certed at being taken by surprise, made that she had been offered 15,000 francs for the work in question. me in her study, instead of her salon, told me she had just completed a boand asked me "what o'clock it was?" tanical work, on rather a fanciful plans La Managerie de Flore, a collection she had thought it was only one. We of portraits of all the flowers that bear Eoon got into conversation, but the the names of animals—fox-glove, orsubjects were not very interesting. eille d'ours, patte de grue, &c. &c. The advantages of the climate of France | She is now engaged in a work of Emover that of England.—The insalubri- blems; (her great talent seems to lie ousness of coal fires.—The subject of in elegant and funciful associations of fuel treated a fond.—The facility of sentiment with material objects;) each communication between the two coun- page contains the portrait of a flower,

possessing some property which makes! the subject of the motto, or ame de la devise; puns on the names of the flowers, such as les soucis, les pensees, les immortelles, are not admissible. A great acquaintance with botany has enabled Madame de Gonlis to discover more than 300 specimens of plants, each possessing a peculiarity which may be likened to a thought or a sentiment. I fear I do not explain clearly what I do but half understand. I did not say to Madame de Genlis what Napoleon said to the Persian ambassador, when his Eastern Excellency began to compliment him in the oriental style, with a long string of floral similes-"tenez:-parlons d'affaires, je n'aime pas beaucoup les I do love flowers very much, but I do not know how to talk scientifically about them, and am aware how easily a practised eve distinguishes the silence of ignorance from the silence of modesty, and how unsatisfactory it is for those who talk well, to speak on any subject to an uninitiated audience.

We entered the republic of letters via Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants. I mentioned some peculiarities of the author's character and habits, which seemed to amuse Madame de Genlis; and had occasion to name Mr. Day, whom I characterised as a man who had devoted great talents to the improvement of youth—" un de vos confreres, Madame." Madame de Genlis was as little gratified as Louis the Fifteenth, when Voltaire ventured to say to him, in his box at the Theatre Français, "Trajan est-il content?" With much vivacity of manner, not unmixed with asperity, she demanded, "Comment cela?—je ne le connais pas, qu'a-t-il donc ecrit?"-and seemed as much surprised at being brought into a parallel with Mr. Day, as Roland le Furieux, when he hears that Angelique has fallen in love with

Medor, un homme de rien, whom nobody knows.

Je n'ai point encor
Entendu parler de Medor."

I had made un meckant pas, mais il n'y avait pas moyen de reculer, so I went on talking about Mr. Day and Dr. Darwin with steady composure. though I felt myself color a little. which never happens to me a propos of nothing. We spoke of Madame de Genlis' own works :-- I never praise an author, except by showing, by brief quotations from the least prominent parts of his book, how attentively I have read him, remembering Dr. Johnson's speech to a lady: "Madam, consider what your praise is worth, before you cram me with it." I said that I had adopted from the Souvenir de Felicie the practice of committing to paper the account of whatever conversations and events interested me, without keeping a regular journal. Madame de Genlis observed, that such a habit was laudable and useful, if people kept to truth, not if they write like Lady — who has filled her book with ridiculous and improbable falsehoods, concerning all the people she mentions :-- " For instance, she has made me say a number of things which I never ustered, and for the sake of antithesis; and in order tomake a piquant melange of chegance, fuxury, and devotion, she has given an account of the room in which I received her, all according to her own livels imagination; she speaks of the clegance of my bed-allow meto describe. it to you. There are no curtains, for since my childhood I have never slept with any, nor allowed any of my pupils to do so; the bedstead is of very ordinary mahogany, without any ornaments; the counterpane is of blue silk, very old and shabby, not torn indeed, but extremely faded, my room

was in a very great litter, as it always | accumulated—among others I noticed is, stuffed up with the things necessary a little instrument, a sort of miniature to my employments. I am always harp, not intended to render any sound, busy; when I am not writing or paint- but merely to have always within reach, ing, I amuse myself with a thousand to practise the movements of the hand, little ornamental works, in hair, in pa- so as to keep it active and pliant; this per, or in wicker-work. These re- is of Madame de Genlis invention. sources are of the greatest use to a wo- Round the room were hung a few man, and are never to be despised, drawings framed; I noticed a waterwhatever her capacity or talents may colored view of the Duke of Orleans' friends I have made, by giving away tion piece, representing the family of trifles of my own work: I am extreme- that prince. ly handy, and in three or four lessons, from the people who make these things Genlis did not request me to repeat to sell, can arrive at a facility of imi- my visit, nor did she, during our visit, tating whatever I see done." I men- once allude to the play which I pretioned that Ladydame de Genlis told her she knew of vanity! With this sacrifice of selftwenty-one trades, by either of which bove at the shrine of truth, I conclude she could earn her bread. " I do not recollect to have said that, but I to Madame de Genlis, an event that am sure I know many more than twenty-one."-Madame de Genlis' looked much younger than I expected; I have heard it said that she is near eighty, but she does not look more than sixty. She seems full of health and vivacity, paints miniatures and does fine work without spectacles, and does not seem at all bent by age, though she lounges very much; her carriage is not graceful, or her manner, for a French-woman, particularly gracious. I should not think she had ever been handsome or pretty; her complexion is dark, her eyes have a very keen express sion, her cheek bones are prominent, and her nose rather large. She had on an ordinary cap of worked muslin, with a border of the same, a wrappinggown of black silk, carelessly put on, and an old shawl of crimson merino. She sat on her sofa ensconced in letters, her guitar peeped from under a heap of books, papers, boxes, &c.; the little table before mentioned groaned under a miscellaneous pile of all corts of things, most uncomfortably While on the stream of queet blist.

You cannot imagine how many villa at Twickenham, and a conversa-

When I rose to depart, Madame de says that Ma- sented to her. Thus end the illusions the narrative of my first and only visit has left impressed on my mind the truth of an observation of the sage of Litchfield, when he says, " generally speaking, the best part of an author is to befound in his book. "

Poetry.

EVENING.

'Midst a rich show of clouds, the day Sets slowly, like some honor'd friend, or Whom, as he parts upon his way, A faithful farewell train attend.

The night comes on with silent pace, The sounds of busy life decay; Like ocean waves, that cbb opace, The mingled murmurs melt away.

The first few stars begin to peep, The birds have ceas'd their melody, And slumber settles, soft and deep, On childhood's quickly closing eye.

At this dear hour to rove alone, Beside the brooks the lanes along, When slowly creeps the infant moon The many-woven clouds among;

The passive spirit floats supine,
Dreaming of love, and joy, and peace—
Enchanting eve, the gift is thine!
This is the hour—the hour of rest.

By sages lov'd, by poets sung,

When 'midst the stillness of the breast,

The gates of thought are open flung; When grief, and wrong, and worldly ills,

Touch'd by the magic hour, are flown, As some meek-hearted mother stills,

With gentle voice, her infant's moan :

When cares and pleasures unrefined, Day's motely scenes of toil and glee, Retire, and leave th' exorcis'd mind,

One still and dim vacuity.

And clearer through the silent void

Is heard the voice of truth supreme,

And brighter, 'mid the gloom descried, The torch of wisdom sheds its beam.

Then the strong soul, unfetter'd, wings, Where'er she lists, her flight sublime, Through earthly or eternal things,

Through good and ill, through space and time.

O'er early errors heaves the sigh, Looks downward, through unfolding years,

And broods on coming grief and joy, With tranquil hopes, and chasten'd fears.

Then the great Spirit of the Past, Comes, with his rainbow flag unfurl'd, Whose folds, far spread, round all things

A light, " that is not of this world;"

And the rapt soul, in vision views, Her early friends, and joys, and fears, Trick'd in his nameless, glorious hues,

Like visitants from other spheres. Then too, the heart is at its play,

The strings of love draw closer then, And thoughts, dear thoughts, that slept by day.

Come to the lonely heart again!

This is the hour, the peaceful hour, By sages and by bards approv'd, When Hope and Memory blend their pow'r

And they who love us, most are lov'd.

A TYROLESE WAR SONG.

From the German.

Come, Sons of the Hill! leave the chamois and roe,

For the harvest lies thick on the valley below;

Bavaria and Coult that have branded their might;

The slave and the tyrant are harnass'd for fight.

Then, gather ye here in the mist and the snow.

On the the tower of your strength, o'er the heads of the foe-

Should the flash of your bright arms be seen from your shroud.

It will seem only lightning that breaks from the cloud.

Should the sound of your watchword be heard in the night,

They will think it the echo of winds from the height:

And the clash of your feet, as you rush to the plain,

Will be heard as a winter brook, swell'd with the rain.

And gather, ye eagles, ye wolves of the

The banquet is set you shall revel your fill;

Come down like the whirlwind, come down like the flood,

For the reapers are gone to the harvest of blood.

LOVELY WOMAN.

I've rock'd me on the quivering mast
Through seas all chafed and foamin;
I've braved the toiling of the storm
From dawning day till gloamin;

I've girdled round the good green earth, In search of pleasure roamin— And scorn'd the world to smile with thee, Loved, loving, lovely woman.

The farmer ploughs the pleasant land;
The merchant ploughs the ocean;
The soldiers' steeds gore-footed snort,

Through warfare's wild commotion; And princes plot, and peasants moil,

From morn, till dewy gloamin,
To win thee—heaven's divinest gift—
Sweet, willing, witty women.

The savage in the desart drear The lion's lair exploring;

The king who rules, the sage who charms.
The nation's round adoring;

The bard, who 'neath the bright moon meets'
The dew-hair'd muses roamin;

| THE ENTERED | 12.13.12.11(3.13) |
|---|--|
| All seek to win thee to their will | Bonaparte crowned Emperor, 1804 |
| Wise, witty, levely woman. ; | Battle of Austerlitz, - 1805 |
| Col | Battle of Trafalgar, - 1865 |
| | |
| TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE. | Battle of Jona, - 1806 |
| · | Battle of Freidland, - 1807 |
| | Peace of Tilsit, 1607 |
| THRICE red that blossom is alas! | Copenhagen and Danish Fleet |
| And thrice red has it been: | surrender, 1807 |
| Red in the grape, red to the glass, | Napoleon seizes Ferdinand |
| Red on thy nose 'vis seen | at Bayonne, 1808 |
| • | Battle of Coruma, - 1868 |
| Ah Tom, at that red, red, red blot | The Jubilee on account of his |
| Thy well-wishers bewail, | Majesty King George 3d |
| They say the redness of that spet, | enturing the Fittieth year |
| r. Tis makes thy poor wife pale. | |
| Thomas the Ithymer. | |
| | Battle of Wagram - 1809 |
| • | Marriage of Napoleon with |
| CENERAL PROGUE | the Arch Duchess |
| GENERAL EPOCHS, | Maria Louisa, - 1910 |
| WITHIN THE LAST | Moseow burnt, and the |
| FIFTY YEARS. | French Armies des |
| Year. | troved, - 1812 |
| Partition of Poland, - 1772 | Entile of Salamanca, - 1812 |
| Commencement of the Amer- | Battle of Vittoria, -: 1813 |
| ican War, 1775 | Battle of Leipsic, - 1813 |
| Declaration of American | Paris surrendered to the |
| | Allies 1814 |
| Independance, - 1776 | Treaty of Fontainbleau, 1814 |
| Meeting of Deputies at | Treaty of Vienna, - 1814 |
| London, for Parlia- | Napoleon returns from Elba. 1815 |
| mentary Reform, - 1780 | |
| Recognition of American | Battle of Waterloo, - 1815 |
| Independance, - 1782 | Napoleon surrenders to the |
| Call of the States-general | Bellerophon, - 1815 |
| of France, 1788 | Treaty of Gheut, between |
| Taking of the Bastile, - 1789 | England and America, 1815 |
| French Republic proclaimed 1792 | Death of George III 1820 |
| Louis XVI. guillotined - 1793 | Anadar Walland Andrews Control of the Control of th |
| French Declaration of War | PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD |
| against England and | Every. Wednesday, by |
| Holland, 1793 | WILLIAM TAIT, & Co. |
| Robespierre guillotined - 1794 | \•• |
| The Bank of England sus- | Lyceum Court, Nelson Street, |
| | Where Communications, post paid, may |
| pended its payments in | be addressed to the Editor: |
| Cash, - 1797 | Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library |
| Bonaparte made Consul - 1799 | Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Frinci- pal Booksellers, Glasgow; also at Mr. Hun- |
| Battle of Marengo, - 1800 | ter's, Bookseller, 23, South Hanover Street, |
| Peace of Amiens, - 1802 | Edinburgh; and at Mr. Wales, Printing |
| War renewed betwen Eng- | |
| land and France, - 1803 | Office, Castle Street Liverpool, for ready money only. |

THE LITERARY MELANCE.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 3.

WEDNESDAY, 3d JULY, 1822.

PRICE 31d.

SKETCHES.

No. 1.

There is probably no ambition more! generally diffused in the bosom of man, than the wish to become at one time or other an orator. He who has no immediate prospect of his talents for eloquence being called into requisition, is still often indulging some day dream of its future powers, and in his imagination conjures up a scene, where the fate of a community hangs on his eloquent lip, or the acts of a corporation are guided by his periods. Common sense it is true, generally represses the expression of such ideas, but in everyday life, there appears no weed so luxuriant, as every-day oratory.

When we call together a select party of friends, it is ten to one, but before the second bottle is circulated, a bumper is demanded by one of the guests, and although at first the words are few a favourite toest or sentiment.

sooner a man exhibits his intentions the better: and we will venture to say that there never was a great name exalted, or a low one raised, by all that on such occasions was ever uttered. It is not then the Book, but the preface we object to, not the mansion but the avenue which leads to it, not to the green and sunny island, but the threatening sea which surrounds it.—Every body knows how dull every party is before a toast is proposed. Until then the Punch is severely criticised, the lemons are pronounced sweet, the water warm, the mixture too strongbut at the name of a favourite nymph or the expression of a favourite sentiment, all these deteriorations are no longer heard of, the "once lov'd name" sweetens the beverage, and all is good humour, sociality and peace. Then the modest man attempts to be agreeable, the intelligent man now exerts his finest powers. and the marvellous and it may be well chosen, yet in ge- man leans back on his chair, coughs neral this is the signal for speeches of twice, and begins " That puts me in that description which "neither Gods mind of a story." The spirit of good nor men are said to permit." Let it fellowship hovers o'er the festive board. not be thought we disapprove of toasts, For weeks would our ancestors thus or of the kindly pledge which is offer- enjoy themselves, but now the sedeed during the meal; the grievance of runt is shortened.—If there is less which we complain, is the long round drinking there is more waste of words, about, disjointed words, which precede and frequently that one man may have The an opportunity of exhibiting, the conversation of a delightful party is interrupted. If it is from such a school
our oratory is to be recruited alas! for
our oratory, its desciples probably
think, that because Curran first spoke
in public when half cut, it is only necessary to be half-cut to speak like
Curran, forgetful, that without the
ardent genius, the unbounded patriotism, and the splendid abilities of that
orator, the incident which first gave
him courage, would have blasted him
for ever.

But it sometimes occurs, that those who indulge in speech-making, familiarly obtrude their talents in the company of men of whom they know nothing, and who are not inclined to hear them with that indulgence, or to make the allowances which they always meet with at home. The following occurrence which took place a few years since is a specimen of what the orator on such an occasion may be doomed to suffer:

My friend Richards was universally allowed to manifest considerable ability in proposing a bumper, and at times he would rise to a degree of energy in his declamation, which before the close of the evening attracted the admiration of the whole company. He was notwithstanding, deficient in every requisite which constitutes an accomplished and elegant speaker, altho' it would have required more strength of mind than he possessed, not to give credit to the compliments which more than once in his native city had been awarded him. While on a tour through France wish an esteemed friend who was well acquainted with the affairs of the - regiment, they were both introduced at the mess, and received with the kindness, elegance and attention which only those who have been bred in a camp know how to throw into the common transactions of life.

flashed, and the hearts of the visitors rapidly expanded: but their gratitude was turned into joy, when the " prosperity of their native city" was called for in a bumper; this was too much. Richards arose, silence ensued, and " Unaccustomhe spoke as follows. " ed as I am to public speaking, the " honour you have conferred calls alike " for my professions and my praise;-" assurance of real feeling for the honour "done us, praise for the delicate manner "that honor was introduced. 'Tis to " you my friends, for I will call you." " so, our nation is indebted for all it " possesses, 'tis to you our city owes "her prosperity, 'tis to you we owe " all that is dear to us; and high as " we may estimate the glories of other " battles gained by British valour, to " the field of Waterloo, history shall " ever point as to the most glorious " of her records. On that day my " fellow citizens, remember with de-" light, that no men destinguished " themselves more than the gentlemen " before me, and they only feel an-" xious, that, to convince you of this " you would give them an opportu-" nity of repeating to you, that admi-" ration, which now I so imperfectly " repeat for them." Having thus concluded he sat down, impatiently anticipating a compliment from an officer who had risen at the other end of the table. This gentleman expressed his thanks for the speech he had just heard, but begged to inform the gentheman who spoke "that their regi-" ment did not join until SIX WEEKS " AFTER THE BATTLE!"

Sophos, A CHARACTER.

FELIX, QUI POTUIT RERUM COC-

Virg. Georg. J.L.

into the common transactions of life. A certain king once offered a re-The Champaine sperkled, the wit ward to him who should discover a

new pleasure; but I think my ingenious friend Sophos is more worthy of such a recompence who has invented a successful method of not only mitigating pain but of converting it into a source of enjoyment. this " vale of tears" the recurrence of painful objects is greatly more frequent than of occasions for enjoying any single pleasure whatever, especially a new one, so he that can teach us to disarm the former wholly of their power to annoy us, and even turn them to account of amusement is much more worthy of our gratitude than he who merely may have added another to the short list of our pleasures. The secret of my worthy friend's art is to prilosophize on all the evils which befal him; or, in other words, when any thing unfortunate happens to him, instead of fixing his attention on the irritating or painful qualities of the accident and yielding his mind passively to the fretful sensations which would be produced in other men, be looks upon it as an experiment in the matter with which it is connected, and gathers from it, not a lesson of patience, for he endeavours to feel no uneasiness, but an addition to his knowledge of things and of men.—Unlike all other great discoveries this one was effected by design and not by accident; but it has this character which is common to them all, that men wonder after it is announced how a thing so much needed and seemingly so very obvious should never have been thought of before. Some indeed may pretend that it is not new and may bring forward examples of its having been used several thousand years ago; but this is no more than what may be said of all the discoveries of modern science, some obscure glimmerings of which being here and there perceptible in the milky way of scientific record which the learned can trace upon the dark to himself after his experiment he did

expanse of antiquity. It is he who recognises in a fact the importance of a general principle and makes it the centre of a system to enlighten all ohjects within its range, who is rightfully its discoverer not he who may have seen and used it once or twice for a particular purpose, and then thrown it aside as a thing of no farther or more general interest or utility. In this way is my friend the discoverer of this great charm for quenching all the evils of Pandora's box :--but I must now unfold to you the history of its discovery: and this I do with the more readiness because along with it you will likewise have the manner in which he makes use of it.

When a mere boy, you must know, my friend was extremely inquisitive and wished to understand the reason of every thing which fell ander So far indeed did his observations he indulge this turn of his mind that he has often voluntarily submitted to a good deal of danger and pain to acquire an experimental and personal knowledge of any thing which interested his fancy as curious. Once, having witnessed the execution of a malefactor, he became exceedingly desirous to feel in his own person the sensations of strangulation. ingly he procured one of his companions, an urchin not older than himself. who volunteered to cut him down as soon as he was told to do so by the subject of the experiment. But poor Sophos unfortunately not being able to speak, was permitted by his companion to hang until his astonished Father unwittingly came upon them, who undid the noose just intime to save the young philosopher's life, and by doing so, to perform a signal service to the most important brauch of all philosophy, that which instructs us in the art of easy living. When he came

not say that his feelings had been painfid but very curious, and immediately committed a minute detail of them to the pages of his common-place book.

In his riper years he fell in love, more for the purpose, as he truly said, of analysing the passion in his own mind, and discovering how far it agreed with the many descriptions of it to be found in the writings of the poets and movelists than for gratifying his animality; though this too, being an experiment on human frames, he had in view as the ultimate part of his design. He found the traits of it, however, so very sagacious and so difficult fo catch and analyse, that much time was occupied in making up his mind as to its real nature; so that his mistress who was more desirous of the thing than of the mode, and being wearied of tantalizing delays, set off one fine morning with Dennis O'Grady, a Captain in an Irish marching regiment, and left our philosopher to conclude his experiment upon the fair person of some other less impatient inamorata. This misfortune, however, was not permitted to ruffle his temper in the He now philosophized on the fickleness and warmth of the female constitution, and even felicitated himself on what had happened, inasmuch as he now had an opportunity of observing the phenomena of the decline and fall, as he formerly had of the rise and progress, of this passion; without which, as he wisely remarked, his knowledge of the matter would not have been complete. And from all he experienced on this occasion our philosopher thinks himself warranted among other things to maintain that the description of the symptoms of love as given by Sappho, viz. " the faultering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; and at length the I passion overcoming the spirits, a de-

liquium and mortal paleness," was not realized in his person, and is much disposed to think that it does not apply to many of the cases which occur in this cold climate and commercial country.

Advancing still farther in life and being rather sedentary in his habits as most philosophers are, and likewise (but this is under the rose) indulging pretty freely in wine, purely however for the laudable purpose of ascertaining distinctly the phenomena of intoxicasion, he became on one occasion a great martyrto gout. Unlike Franklin under similar circumstances (which by the bye shews the great superiority of our philosopher over him) the first visit of this distemper was very acceptable to Scohoe. He had just read Sydenham's admirable description of this disease and ventured to entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of certain parts of it. In his account of it, which was taken from his own feelings, Sydenham says that the pain is sometimes similar to what you would experience if the joint of your great toe were suddenly and forcibly wrenched open and a boiling concentrated acid poured upon the lacerated parts at the very moment of their separation. Now Sophos had the hardihood to suspect that this picture was rather overcharged by our English Hippocrates; and wished, above all things, that Mrs. Gout, as Franklin facetiously calls her, would put it to the test of experiment in his own person. Accordingly one night about 12 o'clock she visited him in her sternest mood, and (oh the triumphs of philosophy!) while experiencing to the fullest extent the truth of Sydenham's simile, he leapt out of bed, like another Archimedes, and exclaimed in an extacy of joy " I have " found it, I have found it, He is " right, He is right!"

As a neward, however, of his forti-

tude and philosophy he experienced at the same time the truth of another remark of this great physician, viz. that any sudden and highly excited passion, such as joy or fear, sometimes entirely removes this complaint; for, from that night to this, he has had no farther opportunity of philosophizing on this painful destemper.

Like all other men of this age So-

phos must needs be a politician.

taxes are the great national evil of which we are now complaining, and to them also has Sophos directed his But he pays them all attention. cheerfully because he regards their present magnitude and weight as a beautiful experiment on the durability and self-adjusting power of the British constitution. During the war while the debt and taxes were accumulating he witnessed with infinite delight the experiment made of how much a brave and generous people would do and suffer for the preservation of their liberties; and rejoiced, with a truly British heart, in those splendid successes of our arms which deprived our enemies of the power to annoy us, and gave Great Britain a name which all nations must reverence, and none but the brave can emulate, in the ages which are to fol-But at the peace he could not but be sensible that the debt and taxes

which were accumulated during the

war, gave an undue and dangerous

preponderancy to the crown over the

other branches of the constitution;

which, if long submitted to, might, in

the hands of a weak or profligate minister, from a means of preservation

during war, become a destroyer during peace, of our noblest privileges. But

he waits with an enlightened tran-

quility the result of the experiment .-

He saw the progress of self-adjustment

begin at the general peace, and just

now predicts the beautiful issue of it.

duce of land and stock falling every' From this he anticipates great things; and though he rents a small Sabine farm himself, he submits to his losses with the greatest cheerfulness. He foresees that the farmers will not long be able to pay their stipulated rents; and that the landlords of course cannot much longer both pay their taxes and support their present expensive establishments. He calculates that their selfishness is greater than their costliness and knows full well that as, by their votes in parliament, they have the power in their own hands, they will use it much more readily to reduce the former than to curtail the latter. Away go the taxes therefore; the undue influence of the crown arising therefrom, will be proportionally dininished; and the constitution now raised off its level by the unsafe elevation of one of its supports, will gradually and peaceably resume its ancient equipoise, affording as heretofore the blessings of peace and protection to a free and prosperous people.

Thus does my old friend live the quietest and easiest of men. As a tree derives 'its nourishment and strength not only from the mild dews of heaven but from the beating rains which are dashed against it by the tempest, so does he convert every accident which befals him, prosperous as well as adverse, to the advancement of his knowledge and the promotion of his happiness. And although if pushed too far, the system on which he has founded, and by which he has secured his happiness may sometimes expose him in ridiculous lights, yet there is much in it which we would do well among other things to avail ourselves of, if we would have an easy and comfortable passage through this chequered. and transitory scene.

w M

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE .-NORTH-MR. FOX-MR. PITT-MR. BURKE.

Lord North.

A very expressive word in our language, which describes an assemblage of many real virtues, of many qualities approaching nearly to virtue, and an union of manners st once pleasing and commanding respect, -the word "gentleman, " was never applied to any person in a higher degree, or more generally, than it was to lord North, and to all he said or did in the house of commons.

His lordship did not aspire to the higher eloquence, but the house never possessed a more powerful debater; nor could any one avail himself of the strong part of a cause with greater ability, or defend its weak, with greater skill; no speaker was ever so conciliating, or enjoyed a greater proportion of the esteem and love of the house. Among his political adversaries he had not a single enemy. With an unwieldy figure and a dull eye, the quickness of " I,"-lord his mind seemed intuition. Sandwich once said to the Reminiscent,-"must have pen and ink, and write down, " and ruminate: give lord North a bundle " of papers, and he'll turn them over,-" perhaps, while his hair is dressing; and " he instantly knows their contents and all " their bearings." His wit was never surpassed, and it was attended with this singular quality, that it never gave offence, and the object of it was sure to join with The assault of Mr. pleasure in the laugh. Adam on Mr. Fox, and of colonel Fullarton on lord Shelbourne, Rad once put the house into the worst possible humour, and there was more or less of savageness in every thing that was said:-Lord North deprecated the too great readiness to take offence which then seemed to possess the "One member," he said, "who house. " spoke of me, called me, ' that thing call-" ed a minister:'-to be sure,"-he said, patting his large form,-" I am a thing : " the member therefore, when he called me " a thing, said what was true; and I could " not be angry with him; but, when he " added, that thing called a minister, he " called me that thing, which of all things, he " himself wished most to be, and therefore, "said lord North, " I took it as a com-"pliment."—These good-natured sallies dropped from him-incessantly.-On his resignation, he should have retired: many what he had said; that it was easy and de-

things, which may be defended cannot be applauded: the coalition between his lordship, and Mr. Fox, was of this description.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

On his first separation from the ministry, Mr. Fox assumed the character of a whig, and from that time,—uniformly advocated the cause of civil and religious liberty,

on their broadest principles.

Almost the whole of his political life was spent in opposition to his majesty's minis-It may be said of him, as of lord North, that he had political adversaries, but no chemy. Good-nature, too casily carried to excess, was one of the distinctive marks of his character. In vehemence and power of argument he resembled Deniesthenes; but there, the resemblance ended. He possessed a strain of ridicule and wit, which nature denied to the Athenian, and it was the more powerful as it always appeared to be blended with argument, and identified in a manner with it. The monient of his grandeur was, when, -after he had stated the argument of his adversary, with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much greater strength than any of his hearers thought possible,—he seized it with the strength of a giant, and tore and trampled on it to destruction. If, at this moment, he had possessed the power of the Athenian over the passions or the imaginations of his hearers, he might have disposed of the house at his pleasure, -but this was denied to him : and, on this account, his speeches fell very short of the effect, which, otherwise, they must have produced.

It is difficult to decide on the compariitive merit of him and Mr. Pitt; the latter had not the vehement reasoning, or argumentative ridicule of Mr. Fox: but he had more splendour, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. In addition, hehad the command of bitter contemptuous sarcasm, which stung to madness. It was prettily said by Mr. Gibbon,—" Billy's " painted galley will soon sink under " Charles's black collier:"-but never did horoscope prove more false; -Mr. Fox said more truly,-" Pitt will do for us, if he does not do for himself."

Mr. Fox had a captivating earnestness of tone and manner; Mr. Pitt was more dignified than earnest: it was an observation of the reporters, in the gallery, that it required great exertion to follow Mr. Fox while he was speaking, none to remember

hightful to follow Mr. Pitt, not so easy to recollect what had delighted them. It may be added that, in all Mr. Fox's speeches, even when he was most violent, there was an unquestionable indication of good-humour, which attracted every heart. there was such a seeming equipoise of merit the two last circumstances might be thought to turn the scale: but Mr. Pitt's undeviating circumspection, -sometimes concealed, but sometimes ostentatiously displayed,-tended to obtain for him from the prudent and the grave, a confidence which they denied to his rival; besides Mr. Pitt had no coalition, no India bill to defend.

Both orators were verbose: Mr. Fox by his repetions,-Mr. Pitt by his amplifica-Mr. Grattan observed to the Reminiscent,-that no one heard Mr. Fox to advantage, who did not hear him before the coalition; or Mr. Pitt, who did not hear him before he quitted office. Each defended himself on these occasions, with surprising ability: but each felt he had done something that required defence :the talent remained, the mouth still spoke aloud, but the swell of soul was no more. The situation of these eminent men at this time, put the Reminiscent in mind of a remark of Bossuet on Fenelon,-" Fene-" lon," he said, "has great talents; much " greater than mine; it is his misfortune " to have brought himself into a situation, " in which all his talents are necessary for " his defence."

On two occasions, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox may be thought to have brought into the field, something like an equality of When the attack was made on the coalition, Mr. Pitt had the king, Mr. Fox a great majority of the members of the house of commons on his side: when the regency was in question, Mr. Pitt had the same majority in the house, Mr. Fox had the the beir-apparent :- the tug of war was great; but may it not be said, that, on each occasion. Mr. Fox facilitated by his own imprudence the victory of his adversary. " Give me," said the cardinal de Retz to a person who had tauntingly observed to him, cardinal Mazarin's superiority over him, - Give me the king but for one day

him, even for a day.

The most astonishing display of talent by
Mr. Pitt, witnessed by the Reminiscent
was, when the cath dis-vill was first agjitated

" and you'll see which has the real authori-

" ty."-Mr. Fox never had the king with

after his return to office. Narrow, and short, was the only plank on which he could stand: but there he placed himself; and he defended himself upon it with such case and adroitness, that he was seldom tunched by his adversaries, and had often the posture of a successful assailant.

Mr. Burke.

Greatly inferior to either of these extraordinary men, if we are to judge of him by his speeches, as he delivered them, -but greatly superior to both, if we are to judge of him by his speeches, as he published them,-Edmund Burke will always hold an eminent rank among the most distinguished characters of this country. Estimating him by his written speeches, we shall find nothing comparable to him, till we reach the Roman orator. Equal to that great man in dialect, in imagery, in occasional splendour, and in general information ;-exceeding him in political wisdom, and the application of history and philosophy to politics, he yields to him in grace. and taste, and even in that which was not the forte of Cicero, in discretion. A philesophical review of his speeches and writings, keeping his politics, as his inferior gift, in the back ground, might serve for the subject of a useful and interesting discussion,

What particularly distinguished Mr, Burke from the Greek and Roman orator, and from his contemporary rivals, was his frequent admixture of coarse and low expressions, even into his most splendid passages. The effect of it was sometimes great, and then redeemed them; but they sometimes deformed and disgusted. "The Venus of Phidias," Wilkes used to say, "was so love." ly, that the Athenians called her the Venus of roses: Lovely too, speaking gemerally, is the Venus of Burke, but she sometimes is the Venus of Whisky."

In familiar conversation, the three great men, whom we have mentioned, equally excelled: but even the most intimate frends of Mr. Fox complained of his too frequent ruminating silence. Mr. Pitt talked ;and his talk was fascinating. A good judge said of him, that he was the only person he had known, who possessed the talent of Yet his loftiness never forcondescension. sook him; still, one might be sooner seduced to take liberties with him, than with Mr. Burke's conversation was Mr. Fox. rambling, but splendid, rich and instructive beyond comparison.

THE TOP OF A STAGE.

An humorous actor in, I forget what piece, says, "I have seen a great deal of high life and of low life,-high life from the top of a stage coach when I was guard, and low life when I was waiter in a cellar." Without following this wag in these opposite scenes of life, or desending quite as low in search of adventures, we will take a view of life from the coach top; and, since " all the world's a stage," let us journey a little while in this conveyance. And hear, oh! my dear country, how superior art thou to any other place in the world, in thy horses, in thy conveyance, and in thy mode of travelling; for whilst cords and cart horses, wicker baskets or moving mountains, jack boots and wooden shoes are emblems of the slavery of France, light cattle, stylish carriages, swift conveyances, and buoyant hearts, cry, " vive l'Angleterre!" in every line of feature and appointments.

In France, you are eyed by a Douannier, enrolled in the police book, muni d'un passeport, and put under the command of the conducteur and hishuge dog; whereasin Old England, all is liberty and frolic, tight traces, and cattle flying over the ground, as though they were attached to freedom's car! Where is the Englishman, whose heart did not bound on seeing the British Stage Coach, with four sporting like horses, after sojourning long abroad? If there live such a man, he is no patriot, and the country can spare As for myself, I was ready to jump, from the exhibitation of spirits which the mail coach and the natale solum produced on my landing after even a short absence.—But to my story.

I threw myself into a light coach for Bath; but perceiving at the first stage a sickly soldier returned from India, who appeared to suffer from the cold,

the roof; being well provided with. bang-up coat, overalls, camel's hair gloves, a travelling cap, and a lighted

cigar in my mouth.

I took my seat immediately behind coachee; who said, on my mounting the roof, " That's your sort, your honor; you're a good gentleman to take;...: on that ere poor man; he seems as it ::: his work was done, as we say; the same's pretty nigh up with him: poor fellor. I made him drink a glass of rum and milk just now." (Speaking to his or leader) ,, Will you, Ginger? little devil! I'll take the shine out of you afore I've done with you. how mettlesome" (addressed to me,) "we be! you may travel many a mile. master, and not sit behind four better nags. Go along there, Rover; steady: old Darby; vy, you're all in high spirit ... no lack of corn, in spite of the cor Yep, yep, my merry ones."

" But I say, master, (giving me a knowing look,) you mustn't be harking in soft nonsence to my partners ear, (alluding to a pretty girl by the side of him,) it's a pleasure for a coachman to have such a bit of blood by the side of him; it makes the road so lightsome." (To the girl) " I hope you sit easy, Miss, and that 'ere coat of mine keeps you varm. Lots of coats we've got, and lots of fun, and all at your service. Law bless your roguish black eyes." (wagging his head, and double thonging the wheeler.) "Yep, yep; that's your sort; carry on, Nimrod. We don't go to sleep on the road, my pretty maid."-"Don't talk such nonsence," said the girl, pleased at the same time with " Norisence:" coachee's attentions repeated coachee; "why you're enough to make a bishop, or a judge talk nonsence. I know many a duke as would like to talk nonsense to you; ah! that they would; and you'd do I exchanged places with him, and took honour to any man." Well done, flattery.

"ant she a sty is one? The out to be turned off at a minute's notice. how I should like-(to the l. d r.) " Will you, Ginger?" " how I should like such a handsome iss for a wife! she should always have no reins " home, and I'd keep her it a a little (The Girl) " ... at a quizzer you are?" "Quizzer! whip me, if I wouldn't spoil the fellow's singing who'd quiz you; you know: that you are as nice a concern as any in England." The girl laughed, adding " Oh you coachmen are almost as bad as the soldiers; you are a pared of gay deceivers." "Not a bit replied coachee, " we are as true as the needle to the pole." Whether he meant the coach-pole & the North, I know not; doubtless the idea came from the compass of his imagination; but if he was limited as to habit, he was by no means so as to amatory nonsense.

He insinuated, in the course of his coach-box courtship, what a happy life that of a coachinan was, and told her in fact that it was next to that of a nobleman : " for," said he, " what can a Lord or Dule do more, than drive his four in hand all day, and carry on all night, boozing and singing merry songs, hunting songs for instance, and dublin tender, and joking and frolicking, and taking a touch at cards now and then, and never being without a pretty gal, (as he pronounced it) to sweeten life's journey. Then I keeps my bull dog and my pair of terriers; and once in a way takes a holiday, for bull baiting and badger baiting; and I can lay in bed, or gamble all Sunday, and care for nobody' I have always my pocket full of ready cash, and that's more than many a prince can say; and I does no work, and that's more than half the nobility can say; for some of 'em do some very dirty work.

course, thought our days show I to now to need to drilled or commanded if in a sold a mor to be led by "I say, master," turning to me, the nose like the tool of a minister, nor like your Parliamentary whips. a drive a Job in the state chariot, ner to go cap in hand canvassing for votes, or for a place or pension. No. I knows my work, and am master of it: and. if the passengers are generous to me, I thanks 'em ; if they ban't, they may," "Come up, old Wind. sor," (spoken to the wheeler.)

"Well, if I gets nothing by the regular passengers, I helps myself with the lifts; says nothing about items, no more than our married quality, and so we carry on. As for company, I have as the best in the land—Didn't vonng Wildairs, the Baronet's son, serve his app - the lim on this box, and them. me ille a brother? and when I drove the ! on coach, had'nt I Dukes and Lords, for my daily companions?"-"Yep, yep."-" And proud of driving, and of dressing, and of looking like myself (for my reader must know that coachee was a great swell, as he calls it.) And then the pretty gals as I've drove!" (To me) "Sir, I beg your pardon, take care of that 'ere bag as hangs hy your side; there's a game cock of mine in it; and I'm to match him next week for ten guineas; But I say, my dear, don't be cruel; you may do worse than take me."

Here he pulled up in prime style, and called about him like a ruffian lord. " I say, Jem Ostler, come, look sharp, do'nt go to sleep." (To me) " Now, Master, you shall see a pair of leaders, worth a cool hundred a piece, and the wheelers bought out of a ruined Baronet's stables. Many a buck have I seen done up, and brought to a standstill, whilst I carry on just the same." "I say, Mary: I dare say your name's Mary, you looks so mild." "No," said the girl on the box, "A's Sally." "that's prime; that was the name of my first love (a very pretty stale trick in love making this name fancying;) and you shall be "Sally of our alley."
"But, charmer, I say, what shall I treat you to? Will you have a doctor, or a glass of mulled wine, or some lamb's wool, or a comforter, or a drop of Jackey?" The girl took the mulled wine as being most gen—teel. "I say, continued he, "sarve my young lady here, old copper nose, and I'll pay for it, and I'll treat you to a yard of tape for yourself."

"Wo, ho, my fiery steeds; that's your sort!—All right, Joe? Off we goes again! Fresh as fire! That's your

life, Sally!"

Thus did he carry on courting Sally, until the end of his day's drive. I could not help laughing at his conceit in comparing his life with that of our dashing, sporting pobility; but when I was informed that he had spent a fortune before he came of age, and then took to what he was fittest for-the coach-box: that he was a married man and a gay deceiver, and that he was what the ostler called " up to any thing," I began to consider the likeness was greater than I at first was aware of; for, from high to low life, there is but one step, when their pleasures, their pursuits, and their dissipation so strongly resemble each other; and, in short, I discovered that à man who should take a moralizing frame of mind along with him, might find exercise for it every where; not more as a Hermit in London than as a HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

THE NAVY LIEUTENANT.

To the wealthy merchant who views hirstately vessel, calmly and undisturbed of vide over the world of waters, without fear, or uncertainty, as when arriving sately into a friendly port, the reign of peace must be welcome in-

deed. To the warrior reposing beneath his laurels, in ease sad affluence, and restored with an ample fortune to the bosom of his family and his paternal acres, the clive branch must bloom in full luxuriance.

Not so with the bold sons of the deep, or with the climate-struck, dishanded military heroes, who, depending on war for honour and existence, must now suspend the sword in gloom's uselessness, and retire to the shade, to ruminate on past deeds of peril and hardihood, poorly requitted, flitting in remembrance on the wing of time, and chronicled only by a quarterly half pay list, which is to provide for the once gay naval or military man, unfit for, yet reduced to the rank of an humble citizen, and bound perhaps by love and Hymen, to a fair bride, and an increasing brood of children.

These truths never struck me so forcibly as at the conclusion of the last war, when our streets, our parks, and our public places of rendezvous, were so crowded with the metamorphosed defenders of their country, that I could scarcely put my head out of my door, without meeting some of my many acquaintances in the land and see service, wandering about in altered

circumstances and garbs.

Here, the darling of the ball-room, who once shone and fluttered in rich furs and plumage, bearded and whiskered, embreidered, armed and perfumed, accounted from head to foot as a splendid hussar, and followed to the field of fight by ladies' sighs and patriots' prayers, scauntered solitarily in the half worn timic, with hoots and spurs which no longer crossed the war-horse's flanks, whistling with empty pocket and vacant mind.

There, at the door of a coffee-house, was posted the hold dragoon, whom I had fled from, but a few months before, to preserve my bones entire, so

cariously was he impelling his curricle along the streets, and training his prancing steeds, the unconquered at the bottle as in the plains of glory. There takes he now his stand, or lounges on the bench with a ten-times-read newspaper, a circumscribed income, and his time heavily hanging on his hands, denuded of all the trappings of his profession, and of all the importance attached to them.

On the same bench in St. James's Park. I beheld there duced tactician, who, but a short time before, would lecture you for hours on the extended column, the movement in echelon and the flank surprised, seated by a son of Neptune, bearing his honored sears and disappointments with the same equirimity; the one discussing the cheapness of obscure eating-houses, the other musing on the past dream of life: a grey great-coat supplying the embroidered uniform of the former; an author-like, faded suit of mourning replacing the sword, enaulette, and rakish hat of the latter.

Hundreds of these characters did I meet with in my morning walks; but we must now come from the exterior garb to the interior habit, and pass from the occupation and pastime of retired valour to his home and his altered life.

Not to mention the din and strife of war, nor the gay mess-room roar, the sparkling glass, the tar's tavern hanquet, foaming with friendship, and hospitality, and willingly paid for, with dear earned services—with prize money, the price of the bravest blood, the barrack scenes of mirth and conviviality, the ball, parade, the fets on board ship, manned yards, &c. I shall come to a scene in private life, as it occurred to myself: and as far as it serves to illustrate the truth that peace enrichath not all, though it still has its characteristic sweets.

"You don't know me, my worthy friend," said Lieutenaut Crosstree to me, as he rose with a sigh from a seat in Kensington Gardens. "When I saw you last, it was at an entertainment given on board our ship after our return from the taking of Genoa; and you did me the favour to dine with me the next day at the Fountain."

I immediately remembered his features, his hospitality, his wounds, his services, and his former situation. and squeezing his hand warmly and cordially betwixt both of mine, I was about to speak, when he prevented me by adding, "Times, my dear are altered; but our hearts are always. the same: if vou'll condescend— " Fie," interrupted I; " the term is inadmissible: I shall be proud and happy to follow you any where." " If you'll condescend," repeated he, " to come to my humble birth, we'll yet see if there is not one shot in the locker to treat a friend; and if we pass from claret and Madeira to malt liquor and grog, our cup will still foam with a hearty welcome and sparkle with kindness; we will share it with a proud spirit, and a contented heart; looking down on the ambitious man and the miser from our poor cabin."

"I'm married too, my friend," continued he: " one scrape was never enough for me; but you'll see a good woman in my Elizabeth, aye and a poor man's friend. I mean no allusion to you, but only that I love that quality in her. Bless her heart! she's as generous as a Jack Tar just receiving his pay after a long cruise; yet, she always minds her own weatherhelm, and looks to the main chance. She is brave and steady, and has no pride and nonsense about her. But come," concluded he, taking me by the arm, " you shall do me the pleasure to see my birth, and to share in what half-pay can provide."

So saling, he took one off from the gathlese, and brought me perspiring, after an hour's sharp walk, to a retreat In the vicinity of the Kent road.— "Here," said he, we may bring up. I dare say you are tired; but you shall have some refreshment in the twinkling of a handspike."

I now beheld a lovely woman dressed in a black silk yown, one chubby babe in a craille, and another tottering with an uncertain step, to embaces its father's knees. The room was remarkably reat and clean; the infile was covered with linen making into ships: and none corner of the apartment set a vidow in fell weeds, hemming and marking some bandkerchief; I bossed respectfully to both ladies.-The seem tenance of the wife was lit up 's vaile: that of the widow was im and with deep lines of melancholv.

46 What's the widow of my brave me with a Jack Hatchivay, as gallant an officer as ever fought a ship; but, her we have her, we must'nt dwell upca that subject, else we shall be aground. She makes us hoppy by her rows w: we're all of the same crew! must entire what will we shall row in the state boat." The widow dropped a tear: the Lieutenant's colour west and came; he put out his hand to the sharer of his roof; and then breaking away with an altered · countenance o'er-shadowed by regretful and fond remembrance, "come, Bess," said he, "we have got our bottle of wine and some soft tack: rout it out; and if we come to old Sir John Barleycorn and the can of grog after dinner we can't help it; it's not banyan day, my boy: come Bessy, make my friend welcome, and make Mrs. Hatchway a little cheerful, for grieving's a folly after all."

gan to share their I'md fare. Herv. hallowed was this humble root to manly and tender feeling! the wife of my friend's bosom, the widow of liss bosom friend! his little innocents, hearty welcome, and a tranquil mind I. Show me the palace that can boast ass much. His hospitable attentions ica the widow, and the perfect sister!: oct which prevailed betwixt her and liswife, were admirable.

In the course of our conversation. Crosstree enquired for whom the shift is and handkerchiefs were makin ... " For poor Ben, the midshipman of your watch," replied she: "I have see he was a great favourite of you a gird. poor fellow, he expects to be made immediately, and to sail with the classnel fleet." " That's a good ol!." cried my blend, getting up and our bracing his wife: " a favour done tomy friend, is all the same as if it were done to myself."

" Poor Ben," continued he, " has been very unlucky. He lost his whole kit take, once by the blowing up of his ship, and once by being weeked. Besides, he has been hit for beiling a worthlessman, and I know that he shore ed "Manyrize money with Wildher, a brotter mildy of his; and he took Sal Villiams out of jail too; for he's as brave and as generous a heart as ever stepped between stem and stem. I saw that fellow as cool as a cuoumber, when he was only fifteen years old, in the hottest fire I ever was in in my life.

" But I say, who bought the linen?" "Mrs. Hatchway lent him the money out of her half-year's pension, and we are both rigging him out as fast as we can." "Bless her eyes," exclaimed Crosstree, with a jewel of the first water standing in his; "it's always the poor that helps the poor; I now sat down in silent admiration but Ben will pay her honourably, I'll · of this interesting little group, and be- be bound for it; and such a deed is scored up aloft hesides, and that's better than all other registers.—Come, heave a head though, and see if dinner a'nt ready. I wish it were better; But I'll answer for the welcome."

We sat down to a very hearly meal, served up with neatness and sweetened by the welcome of the heart. The poor Licutenant pushed about the gog a little too freely, but with so much mirth that there was no resisting him. To contribute the more to our caterizamment, he sung us some admirable sea songs, and Mrs. Crossfrom placed some Spanish airs on the guiter, and accompanied them in a very pleasing voice.

See is the daughter of a naval chan-Take with no other fortune their a fine programmed an amiable mind; litt while cems as contented and a great as if he were the most independ of muc in Europe. In fact, in spendonce does by no means belong to siches; but to a well governed chiel. which slapes a steady course because pride and humility, betwixt economy and enjoyment. I consider the Licustenant for infore independent refled thou ands with rent-rolls of the first magnitude, but where wires, or whose want of self-controll expose them to daily degradations, and plunge them into splendid misery.

Let us here take our leave of the Licutemant, wishing him a steady and prosperous cale through the voyage of life; may poor Ben make his fortune and requite the widow ten-fold; and may the Soldier's and the Sailor's widow never want such a friend as brave Crosstree in the hour of affliction or

necessity!

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

VULGARITY OF SLANG.

I have lain, till very lately, under a great misapprehension respecting that figurative and highly significent language peculing to

certain orders of society, and which passes under the damnatory apellation of Slang. Strange! through what unsuspected cracices the light of knowledge bursts in on man's mind! 'Lend the your ears' for a few moments, while I introduce my discovery of the beauty, elegance, and classical propriety of Skang, by a brief relation of the circumstances which attended the discovery.

Nocte pluit toto;' that is to say, it was a complete drencher; and I had tired out my friend's hospitality in waiting to tire out the rain : till, finding that his patience and his total had become exhausted, while the leavent evinced no disposition to abate, I was hired to take the street, and scamper through it. The suite fluid soon penetrated to my skin; and as the irtues of brandy on such occasions are well umlerstood, I stepped into the first public-house that I found open, for a sustaining condial. The company here appeared to consist of Englishmen in low stations in life, yet to me their discourse was in a great measure unimedicible. was not, like that of some pedants whom I have hearing

> English out on Greek and Latin, Like fustion heretofore or satin,

but it was English pieced and patched with something that seemed homogeneous. yet was not such English as I had ever heard before. In short it was called Slang. I hate reserve; it is my maxing to suit myself to the company in which I happen to be; so I quickly entered this, to me, new sphere of being, and by the time that Aurora, like a young widow, had cast of her sables and weepers, and arrayed herself in a somewhat less doleful suit of grey, with here and there bright specks of blue and stars, like torquoise and brilliants. peeping out and betraying an inward gaiety that would fain have made a more decisive appearance, I had acquired a tolerable proficiency in the phraseology of my companions, and could, like Prince Hal, drink with any tinker in his own language.'-The break of day, summoning to their repose the greater part of the nocturnal spirits with whom I had been ' sounding the very base string of humility,' I took my departure, and hastened to my lodgings, that I might revolve the occurrences of the past hours, and extract from them something which might sweeten those that were yet to come.

My first reflections were on the significa.

tion and origin of the new words which I had picked up among the inmates of the the public house; and it was not long before I discovered that instead of being, as I had been used to consider them, arbitrary inventions, designed to conceal from uninitiated cars particular and secret subjects of discourse, they were in reality ingenious and elegant terms either immediately derived from other languages, or judiciously used to express some metaphor too profound and exquisite for superficial observers, and therefore mistaken for unmeaning or mystical sounds. The truth of this I shall establish by a critical explanation of some of the words and phrases learned in the course of my initiation.

'This,' said the waiter to a coachman, casting at the same time an envious eye on the latter's great coat, which, ample thick and shaggy, enveloped him from the eyes to the heels, 'ah! this is a fine piece of toggery.' Au unlearned Englishman would have called it by its simple British title, a great coat: but our publican's waiter, a learned Theban, disdaining such homely terms, has reference to the Latin vocabulary, and with a slight alteration, perfectly allowable in such an erudite person, names the vostment after the toga of the ancient Romans.

'I hate so much chaffing about it,' said the landlord, 'I like to see the blant.'

Now chatfing signifies that kind of idle superfluous verbiage, in which, to say the truth, too many persons of all ranks are apt to indulge, and in which the sense or grain bears no proportion to the nonsense or chaff. I cannot sufficiently admire the propriety and elegance of this metaphor. It is classical too, and was suggested no doubt, by Bassanio's account of Gratiano's wit in the Merchant of Venice-' his reasons are two grains of wit hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.' As to the word blunt, which means money, it is certainly an anglicised pronunciation of the French The Latin for cash is argenword blanc. tum: the French l'orgent; and silver being white, the word blane, broadly pronounced blant, is very properly and figuratively introduced to signify current change in contradistinction to the aurum, which is yellaw.

. And how is Ned? said the well-clad charioteer to a grave-looking man who sat opposite. Nod, replied the other, with

a very expressive turn of the eye and movement of the under-jaw, 'Ned, I am afraid is on the cross.' The origin of this phrase, which implies being a thief, is classical, and refers to the well-known punishment inflicted on thieves by both Greeks and Romans. Keeping in mind also, as it forcibly does, the miserable end of those malefactors, it serves as a kind of perpetual memento to the violators of the eighth article of the decalogue.

A nose is called a conch, a word which contains an illusion too subtle and too profound to strike any but a patient and descriminating investigator. I take much credit to myself for this discovery, as it is perfect and clear beyond all doubt. The word conch is borrowed from the science of Geometry, it having been ascertained by these scute observers, that the curve called the conchoid is the true line of beauty for this important feature. I have accordingly written a few stanzas on my fair Amarylis's conch.

There is something which I cannot help being pleased with, in the phrase fork it, for the ordinary one of hand it. Perhaps it is taking too great a liberty with facts to name the human hand, which has five fingers or prongs, after a fork, which has but two or three at most; but I think I perceive in this expression an allusion to the maxim:

Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

Which is no much as to say, that though you knock a man down with your fist, it is ten to one that he will get up again.

To be a thirf, as I have before noted, is to be on the cross, but the ordinary word for ' to steal' is to bone. The origin of this expression is, I admit, a little doubte ful; but anxious for the discovery of truth, I offer the result of the best consideration which I can give the matter; and if it do not satisfy the reader, it will probably suggest something that may enable another etymologist to disclose the real source of this invention. Before the Reformation. the right of administration of the personal estate and effects of every person deceased intestate, was claimed and exercised by the bishop or other ecclesiastic, within whose diocese or peculiar jurisdiction the bona notabilia of the defunct were situated, under the pretence of their being applied in pios usus. This application to pious purposes was soon, however, found to amount to little else than a cruel robbery of widows and orphans; and I am induced to think

that the authors of the Slang language had in mind those facts relative to the bona metabilia, when they gave the word bone to the fact of making an unwarrantable transfer of property.

Gin is called rain, a word which conveys the essence of all the volumes which have ever been written on the fatal consequences of yielding to the odious habit of drunkenness; and what an admirable lesson to political economists, on the instability of a paper currency, is contained in the single word flimsy, for bank-note.—Ogle for eye, is obviously derived from the Latin oculus, with a glance at the French eril, but altered with much judgment and taste to accommodate English tongues, and accord with the ordinary terminations of English nouns

I am now arrived, I believe, at the end of my first lesson in the Slang language, of which I shall assuredly take the earliest opportunity of getting a more perfect knowledge. I doubt not, that what I have said will awaken, in many of your readers, the desire of investigating this subject; and should I succeed in my own endeavors, and find sufficient encouragement in the literay world, I shall perhaps enter very soon on the design of devising Grose's Slang Dictionary, and publishing a new edition, with additions and emendations, critical, etymological, and explanatory, by SCREVELIUS RADIX.

Poetry.

WOMAN, AND THE MOON

I've oft been sorely puzzled and perplex'd,

When thinking of the Sun, and Moon, and so on.

To know what principle, when they were sex'd,

Those who first fix'd their gender chose to go on;

I will not say that I've been ever vex'd,
When this same thing I've chanc'd a
thought to threw on,

But it has given my reasoning power some pother,

Why we should He the one, and She the other!

The Moon—and Woman; there may be I own

11.

Points of resemblance, more than one or two:

Twenty, for aught I know, might soon be shown;

I'd state them—if I'd nothing else todo. But as I have, I'll leave the theme alone,— And yet, on second thoughts I'll give a fewa

Lest carping critics, who are apt to chatter, Should say I never thought about the matter.

Imprimis—then; they both shine most at night,

The one on earth, the other in the sky;—
I may say both reflect a borrowed light,

But this, perhaps, the Ladies would deny. And they, I own, have an undoubted right To know what charms they borrow, or buy:—

Besides, whenever any thing is bought, And paid for—'tis the owner's, as it ought.

But, passing this discussion as a theme
Too delicate to dwell on—I must say

That whether both dispense a borrow'd gleam,

Or not, there's much resemblance in the

Which shines from each; though beautiful the beam,

It is not steady, like the light of day, But an uncertain, fascinating splenour;— A little voolish too, when Man grows tender.

Another point of likeness, to my view, Being, I think, an accurate beholder,

Is this:—when Ladies and when Moons are new,

They're both a little coy; but when get older.

They don't salute you, and then bid adieu, Both in a breath; but, grown a little bolder.

Are more disposed to give you time to admire,

And are in no great hurry to retire.

Let's try again.—The Moon, it has been said,

Has a strange influence on folks halfcrack'd;

And I have either heard, or somewhere read,

Of "Lunatic and Lover all compact,"
Which seems as if 'twere thought by some
ill-bred,

(Though sure such wretches should be straightway rack'd)

That 'tis not 'till Man's reasoning powers are gone,

Woman can claim his noddle as her own.

But this point of resemblance, though it might

Strike some as very striking, I just mention;—

I should be sorry to be unpolite,

And still more sorry to excite dissention

Among you love-sick swains, who, out of spite,

Would swear I had some sinister intention Their heads I leave to those who choose to win 'em,

'Tis no affair of mine what brains are in 'em.

Well—to proceed;—I find I must make haste,

And not on every point of semblance pore,

Or I shall both my time and paper waste, And try my reader's patience, which is more.

For, when a joke is not quite to our taste, It's apt to make one feel a little sore;— Besides, it might be thought it was my aim To prove the Moon and woman are the same!

I therefore shall with brevity pass over Various resemblances between the twain; How both, when skies are clear, smile on a lover.

And leave him in the lurch in clouds and rain:

As well as many a theme I might discover In either's rise, or set, or wax, or wane; But as I might be prolix, I forbear;—Besides—I must their difference now compare.

The Moon and Woman differ then-in

The first is true to Nature, and its laws; It never leaves its sphere,—nor does amiss,— It apes no artful wiles—asks no applause, In all its changes—still unchang'd it is

In loveliness and beauty, from this cause, Since first created it has cheated no Man; I fear we cannot say all this for Woman. Again—the Moon sheds her impartial beam On rich, and poor, with just the same delight:—

Youth, beauty, ugliness, and age all seem.
The same to her—to each her smiles are bright:

She sometimes may withdraw her gentle gleam,

But not capriciously, still less in spite.—

With her to whom we give the name of Woman.

I might, if I had time and inclination,
And were not fearful of exciting riot.
Give other instances of variation.

Which some would smile, and more, perhaps, would sigh at:

I give but one defying disputation—
Woman are—talkative! the Moon is—
quite!

Were there no other cause, I must opine This proves the moon not feminine!

ON SPRING.

(From Anacreon.)

The storing winter's now away, Spring has brought the lengthened day; At whose approach, the graces wear, Rosy garlands in their hair.

The swelling seas forget to roar, And smiling gently kiss the shore. The sportive duck in wanton play Now dives, now rises into day.

The clouds are gone, perhaps in showers. They fall, just to enliv'n the flowers. Now verdure covers all the earth, And olives gender into birth.

The swelling grapes enrich the vine, And thus do promise plenteous wine, Choice draught already I do think, I'm quaffing off a hearty drink.

C. G. J.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,
Where Communications, post paid, may
be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow; also at Mr. Hunter's, Bookseller, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; and at Mr. Wales' Printing Office, Castle Street Liverpool, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY

DIELANGE,

DOR

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 4. WEDNESDAY, 10th JULY, 1822.

PRICE 31d.

SKETCHES.

No. 2.

Humanity is incapable of long enduring, either intense Grief, or intense Pleasure. In the former, the o'erfraught heart is broken, in the latter, the mind is enfeebled, and he who was once a Man soon becomes unworthy of the name. Violent Griefis seldom of long duration; and to it after its first o'erflowings, consolation is most easily administered.

Never had there been more joy in Athens, than at the marriage of Damon and of Dapline; never did the affection of years, appear more happily rewarded; never was the attachment of childhood, crowned more gloriously, by the ripened affection of maturer age. The beauty of the Bride, the magnificent gifts she had presented the Goddess Diana, that she might be permitted to leave her service, were not more talked of, than the elegance of the Bridegroom, and the splendor of the dyed garments in which he was attired. The Garlands which hung in front of the house were richer than ever had been seen before, and the wild amaragus, with its prickly leaves twined smid the wreather of roses, was considered by the shrewd old ladies, se an amblem of those joys and sor-

rows, in which the happy couple were destined to participate. Next morning. they were awoke, by the songs of the young men and maids, which were full, of the Bride's praises, and the most envious, allowed that the praises were not undeserved. Six months passed. on, and their spring of bliss seemed to usher in a summer of calmer, but. of no less endearing enjoyment ... Love. seemed to have left the habitation of the Gods, that he might witness the felicity of Damon and of Daphne. But alas! over the path of Life, serrows are scattered as well as joys. Damon fell sick, and in a few days, expired in the arms of his beloved wife. She tore her hair—she threw away all her rich jewels and ornaments. she wrapped herself in sable garments. and sat the pale and wretched image When the body was per of despair. moved, she followed it to the sepulchre, and neither persuasion nor entiresty. could tear her from it. There about stood, wringing her hands and tearing. her hair, resolved to die by the side, of him, whose life was dear to her as her own. Her friends had now retired, and in the damp tomb, by the light of a solitary lamp, while the time slowly passed on she marked not its progress. It happened that shout this, pariod, a conspiracy had been dies

covered, in which the wouth of several nuble families! were bimplicated and offered exapital equipmentied. The bodies of three of the ringlesders, were - hanging at a short distance from the e sepulchre under the guardianship of a abordier. no This punishment was considered soudisgraceful, that formerly, on a similar occasion, the friends of which Culprits, had during the night, a stolen the bodies and interred them privately. To prevent in future such an occurrence, a law was passed that should a body be stolen, when placed ai ander the care of a soldier, that soldier y should immediately be hung in its place.

The Guardian of the dead, attracted Joby the light of the sepulchre, drew bogently towards it, and never had he zuseen loveliness so interesting. The tears still flowed from the dark eves of Daphne, and her deep sighs, and throbbing bosom, witnessed the intenbasity of her suffering. But the night - " was cold, and after having gazed for a ...long time with rapture on a creature so lovely and in tears, he at last ve bethought himself of a bottle of wine and a portion of bread which he carto ried along with him. His pity had ucbeen long awakened, and the first y's draught of the wine, encouraged him netowak, lif she would drink? Worn shioutrain body and mind, and melted -cowith such unexpected kindness, she rol accepted his offer, and the light dancmoed again in her eyes, and her sighs biwere less frequent, and the soldier sucseeing all this continued to talk kindly notober, and persuaded her to eat and -izato diverbn Theremourning Daphne ad thok the cordial, and looked kindly in verthe soldier's face, while the music of eigher voice was so fascinating, that the mosoldier began to rejoice in the fair morresture thus restored to animation; mothe approached hearer, and began

so bright, and the lady so fair, and the soldier so handsome, that when he talked of love Daphne was pleased to hear it, and long before thay light appeared, and in that very place they agreed, to marry in the morning. But now the soldier recollected his duty. and not without anxiety returned to where he had left the three bodies. To his utter astonishment and dismay one of the bodies had been stolen, and under the conviction that his own must supply its place, he ran with wild affright to take farewell of the Lady in the sepulchre. She received the information with sorrow, especially when the soldier declared, that rather than submit to such a degrading punishment, he would immediately kill himself. But the Lady whose love was as ardent now, as her Grief had formerly been, suggested, what immediately put an end to their calamity. She desired the soldier, to take the body of her late husband, and place it on the gallows instead of the conspirator's. The suggestion was promptly acted on, and the next day witnessed the nuptials of Daphne and the Soldier. יון יה ופסר עיוביין אי אינוער

were they may to -REVIEW. STATE 1 1 1 1 2 molto 20 000

The following is Halidon Hill; a Dramatic Sketch-

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Ecce iterum Crispinus ! The ink of the Fortunes of Nigel, is scarcely dry and lo! forth from the press, bearing the redoubted name of Sir. W. Scott, comes, HALIDON HILL.

Halidon Hill is a dramatic sketch, very properly so ealled, for it is nothing more; written in two acts, and designed, as we are informed, to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. We are not the less 5. to talk amorously, and the wine was pleased with this very spirited sketch

because we think that the general charucter of the manners of chivalry are but little illustrated by it : nor does it seem to us a matter of import, whether it was or was not designed for the stage. The author, however, seems to anticipate the possibility of an attempt, on the part of the managers of our theatres, to produce it on the stage; and he declares that if this takes place, it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment. This disclaimer does not very well accord with the motto borne on the title-page: Knights, Squires, and Steeds shall enter on the stage.

But we think that the managers of our theatres will not undertake such costly peril, as might seriously alarm the maiden bashfulness of our apprehensive writer; for the only part of this drama, which seems calculated to produce much effect on the stage-the scene in which the Abbot appears—is We should make not very probable. this assertion, even if it had actually occurred. But it seems that Lord Byron and Sir W. S., may write dramas and disclaim that responsibility which less popular writers are obliged to court; while they may reap the advantage of whatever success attends the experiment of the managers, The following is a Programme of the piece.

The scene opens with the arrival of Adam de Vipont, a Knight Templar, under the guidance of the Prior of Maison-Dieu, (after an absence of 12 years in the wars of Palestine) before Halidon Hill, which is occupied by the Regent Douglas. Sir Alan Swinton, a knight of glgantic stature and great prowess, relates to Vipont the reduced number of his followers, and the loss of his four sons has feud with the Gordons, the venguance taken for their deaths, and the increased power of the present youthful head of the Gordons.

The army of England, under King Edward, is descried, and the Scottish leaders, being summoned to meet the Regent, disagree about the array of battle. In the midst of their quarrel, intelligence arrives that the English army is within a mile of their position. : Even then their madness continues, and they brawl about the lead of the van. Advised by Swinton, they retire to debate in the Regent's tent; but the knight is himself excluded, on account of the small number of his followers. Young Gordon, not knowing him, resolvento remain with him. On learning his name from Vipont, he is with difficulty restrained from rushing, sword in hand, on the man by whom his father fell. Maxwell issues from the Regent's tent, announcing that all is confusion and uproar within; and Gordon learns that Swinton is the only man in the host, who can put the Scottish army on an equality with the enemy. The Regent and Chiefs now come forth, and Douglas finds a remedy for their contention about the command of the van. in the senseless expedient of waiting the attack of the enemy, as the army stands on the hill, utterly exposed to the English arrow-shot. The madness of this resolve is shown by Swinton, who asks permission to lead a body of horse to attack the English bowmen. and implores the chiefs to lay saide their feuds in this hour of need. . Douglas denies this request, and calls for the youths who expect knighthood from his sword. When Gordon is named, he refuses to be knighted by any but Sir Alan Swinton. The Lords Lennox and Maxwell, recommended the consideration of Swinton's counsel; but the Regent tauntingly replies, that he may attack the English bowmen; with his fur threescore horsemen. Gordon, however, declares his resolution to join him with all his followers. > Gordon and Swinton are entirely reconciled.

and in Hob Hattely, a notorious cattle reaver, Swinton finds a guide to a flank

attack on the English.

In Act II. while the English chiefs are impatiently waiting the sounding of the charge, the Abbot of Walthamstow enters, to demand certain tithes withheld from his house by Lord Chandos; and, on the entrance of the King, informs him that Chandos had termed his grace a rat-catcher. Chandos, in return, tells the King that the Abbot had declared it was sinful in the King's chaplain to have caught up a secular weapon, and so to have secured the life and liberty of Edward, when he was in great peril from Swinton in a night attack; and that the chaplain's soul is therefore in purgatory. The King questions the Abbot sharply, who is glad to compound with Chandos for his tithes, so he will take off the King. Chandos immediately sees, in front of the army, that which induces Edward to command the attack to be made instantly. Great havoc is made by the English bowmen, when Swinton and Gordon are descried rushing forward from a thicket under the hill, and the King rushes out crying

Lords, to the rescue! ha, St. George, St.

Swinton and Gordon are victorious over the English vanguard; and Gordon relates his love, and the accomplishments of the lady of whom he is enamoured. Vipont enters, and they learn that no aid is sent to them from the main army. Swinton would fain provide for the safety of Gordon by sending him to the Regent; but he refuses to go, and they once more charge the enemy. They fall, desperately wounded—the English pass over them, and they see the flight of their countrymen.

— Symton dies—Edward enters attended by the British leaders and Bahol, the pretender to the Scottish crown.

Gordon rushing on them with Vipont, is made prisoner, and immediately after sinks down and dies.

There is something grand in the devoted spirit in which Gordon follows Swinton, surrendering his hereditary hatred to the exigencies of his country, But the incident, as related, seem's altogether beyond our nature. It were indeed a sublime spectacle, to behold a young man performing the last pious offices, and closing, with a friendly hand, the dying eyes of him by whom his father fell: but that man is not the individual to whom he would in any situation, much less in the midst of carnage, discourse of the power possessed by his mistress to move the feelings by her skill in music.

The clamor made by the Abbot for his tithes, in the front of two armies on the very point of engaging, is altogether improbable. And this incident is the more objectionable, not only as it involves none of those sublime sentiments which accompany the other, as proper to the sacrifice of deadly hatred; but as it borders on the ridiculous.

We shall insert a few extracts for the gratification of our readers:

when I parted hence for Palestine, The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

PRIOR.

Too true alas! But well you know, in Scotland,

Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;
Tis cowls like mine which hide them.—
'Mongst the laity.

Mongst the laity, War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his Before the grain is white.

After Swinton has related to Vipont the feud between his house and that of Gordon, he proceeds:—52

I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gerdon.
In this high battle. Tis a noble youth,

to fame doth wouch him,—amorous, quick,
and valiant;

Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use

His spurs too rashly in the wish to win them, A friend like thee beside him in the fight, Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valor

And temper it with prudence:—'tis the aged eagle

Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun, With eye undazzled.

VIPONT.

Alas, brave Swinton! Wouldst thou train the hunter

That soon must bring thee to the bay?
Your custom,

Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,

Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death, swinton.

Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenging my four sone—Young Gordon's
sword,
[there

If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict A pang so poignant as his father's did. But I would perish by a noble hand,

And such will his be if he bear him nobly, Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

When Vipont retires with Gordon to make known the name of Swinton, the latter looking after them exclaims:

'Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his noble cheek.

While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment

Of curiosity, combined with wonder,

And half suspicion of some slight intended, All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen

Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont! I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators Suspend the motion even of the eye-lids, When the dow gunner, with his lighted match.

Approach'd the charged cannon, in the act To waken its dread slumbers.—Now'tisout; He draws his sword, and rushes towards me, Who will not seek nor shun him.

Enter GORDON, withheld by VIPONT.

VIPONT.

Hold, for the sake of heaven !---O, for the

Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain your father, [cide, Abd must ye therefore be yourself a parti-

And still recorded as the selfish teation, Who in her hour of need, his country's cause

Descris, that he may wreak a private wrong Look to you banner—that is Scotland's standard; [neral

Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's ge-Look to the English—they are Scotland's formen! [land,

Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scot-And think on nought beside.

CORDON.

He hath come here to brave me!—Of.!.
Unhand me!

Thou can'st not be my father's ancient friend.
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slewmy father.

VIPONT.

You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought [soul Of his high mind was with you; now, his Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might slay him [drawn.—

At unawares before he saw your blade Stand still, and watch him close.

Enter MAXWELL, from the Tent.

SWINTON.

How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAXWELL.

As wild, as if the very wind and sea With every breeze and every billow battled For their precedence.

swinton, [spirit. Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil. To mock their valor, robs them of discretion-Fie, fie, upon't!—O that Dunfermline's tomb

Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore

Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas! [terror,

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission.

VIPONT (to GORDON.)

Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.
GORDON.

I see the giant form which all men speed of.
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,
Not the blood-thirsty look, that should be-

To him that made me orphan. Tshall need To name my father twice ere I can strike At such grey hairs, and face of sutth command;

Yet my hand cleather on my falchion-hilt, In token he shall die.

When Gordon and Swinton are about to commence their attack on

the English bows, the following scene

Sin and Craff of LENNOX, of amai and

Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell, noble Gordon,
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!
The Regent will not aid you.

swinton.

We will so bear us, that as soon the bloodhound [comrade Shall halt, and take no part, what time his is grappling with the deer as he stand still, and see us overmatch'd.

LENNOX.

Alsa! thou dost not know how mean his pride is,

How strong his envy,

SWINTON. [him. Then will we die, and leave the shame with

(Ent Lennox, Visont (to gordon,)

What ails thee, noble youth? What means this pause?

Thou does not rue thy generosity?

GORDON.

I have been hurried on by a strong impulse,
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant

which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not
And am I not still fatherless!

SWINTON.

Gordon, no;
For while we live, I am a father to thee.

GORDON. [not be,
Thou, Swinton?—no! that cannot, can-

Thou, Swinton?—no! that cannot, canswinton.

Then change the phrase, and say, that
while we live, [therless,
Gordon shall be my son,—If thou art fa-

Gordon shall be my son.—If thou art fa-Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon, [fire,

Our death-feud was not like the household Which the poor peasant hides among its

To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor

Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extin-Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her

But, once subdued, its flame is guench'd for And Spring shall hide the track of devastation, With foliage and with flowers. - Give me thy hand.

My hand and heart!—And freely nowto fight!

We had marked several passages for extraction, but our press of matter this week forbids us to insert them,

Bracebridge Hall; or the Humorists.

By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

2 vols. 8va.

No sooner has Mr. W. Irving made himself deservedly popular in Britain, and acquired that reputation which mixes much pleasure with our expectations of a new work from him, than he prepares to leave us; bearing with him, across the depths of the Atlantic, the good wishes of all who can be conciliated by an amiable disposition, or interested in the fate of genius. Were all American and British authors actuated by a spirit coneiliatory as that which breathes in the writings of Mr. W. I., much acrimony and much violence would be spared; and many a prejudice would be softened, which we lament to see yet flourishing in rancorous vigor, and maturing the seeds of future bickerings and long-lived animosities. We are grieved to learn, from an authority so respectable as Mr. I., that though among all the liberal and enlightened minds of his countrymenamong all those which eventually give atone to national opinion-there exists a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendship-there exists, unfortunately in those very minds, a distrust of reciprocal good-will on the part of England. Mr. I. intimates, indeed, pretty plainly, that there is danger of being suspected of regarding Great Britain with a partial eye: not, surely, by those liberal and enlightened minds of whom he writes—but in such terms as would induce us to despair of

"our derivity fustice from their being one of the other. For ourselves, we wish for peace; we can smile at the wehemence of certain transatlantic writers, and we trust that Mr. I., who has had ample opportunities of studying the national temper, will inform his countrymen, that they must not judge the genuine feelings of Britons by the effusions of a raillery, or the bitterness of a spleen, which are no more indicative of the disposition, than they are of the literature, of Britain; and which, in fact, afford about as correct a criterion of the latter, as the carieatures in a print shop give to the rest of Europe, of the state of the fine arts in this country.

Whatever may be the reception of Mg. L's opinions in his native land, here, at least, they will be taken favorably. If not a just pride, at least a pardonable self-love, enlists all our prejudices in the cause of a man who. thinks well of us; but who, in truth, stands not in need of our prejudices, to Insure a favourable opinion of his pro-Ho is, in fact, a very pleasductions. ing writer, using an agreeable and somewhat elegant style; and if we find him occasionally gossiping and prosing, it must be confessed be does both very pleasantly.

Many of our readers are already fami-"Harly acquainted with Geoffrey Crayon. We shall therefore proceed, without "further comment on the author's man; mer, to give an account of these vo-

Iti his first chapter the author brings "forward the effect produced on his mind by English scenes, in order to "excuse himself if he should be found -Plainting on trivial themes, or indulging with we doudness for any thing antique "Ind obsolete. "He then conducts us to the seat of the Bracebridge family, mentioned in his 'Sketch Book,' where a gathering of relations and friends had

sammenced Nontelabaste Alta marridge of the squire's second songs taptain in the army, to his father's ward, the fair Julie Templeton. , Wa have the charactors of the inhabitants, guasts, and neighbours of the Hall "their amaliers and occupations, and descriptions of such scenery as is yet to be found about some of our ancient manor-The incidents are few and houses. simple; but the volumes have yet a tinge of the romantic, of the Sin Roger de Coverley kind. A few tales are mtroduced, which, are supposed to she parrated by some of the characters at The first of these personthe Hall. ages, whom we shall introduce to our. readers, is the busy man :-

By no one (says Geoffrey Crayon) has my return to the Hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr. Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer; and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welgome's a friend to another one's house. He is a brisk old bechelor-looking little man; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion; and the squire's I found him, as usual, full of factotum. bustle; with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good humor; for there are few happier beings than a busy feller; that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival; in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes to be by himself, and out of the way. has fitted it up in his own taste, so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangeous The furniture is made up of out pieces from all parts of the house; which on account of their suffinite with the house of their suffinite with the sum of their sufficient with the sum of their sufficient with the sum of the su very woquent in press or an artist door chair, from which he takes of things of the grees into a contain with the label of the containing degenerated from an analysis and having degenerated from an artist and an artist and artists. comfort of high-backed authority.

Adjoining to his town is a single cabi.

net, which he calls his teally. "Here are

some hanging shelves, of his owil construe-

ion, on which are several old works on hawking, lunting and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of campliment to the squire; together with the Novelises' Magazine, the Sporting Magazine, the Hacing Calendar, a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet; and about the walls of his maxment are hooks to hold his fishing-tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling-piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inharits from his grandfather.—He has also a couple of old single-keyed futies, and a fiddle, which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a varitable Cremons; though I have never heard him extract a single note from t that was not enough to make one's blood un cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of mid-day, drowaily sawing some long-forgotten tune; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have any thing to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations: there are half-copied shoets of music; designs for needlework; sketches of landsees, very indifferently executed; a camera lucida; a magic lantern, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of every thing and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his aparament, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establishment, to visit the stables, dog-kennel, and other dependencies. in which he appeared like a general visiting the different guarters of his camp; as the squire leaves the position of all these matters to him, when he is at the Hall. He inquired into the state of the horses; examined their leaves, prescribed a dench for one, and bleeding for another; and then took me to leok at his own horse, on the ments of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and

which, I noticed, had she best stall in she stable.

The next is the widow:-

Notwithstanding the whimsical parade made by Lady Lillycraft on her arrival, she has none of the petty stateliness that I had imagined; but, on the contrary, she has a degree of good-nature, & simple-heartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles well with her old-fashioned manners and harmless ostentation. She dresses in rich silks. with long waist; she rouges considerably, and her hair, which is nearly white, is frizzed out, and put up with pins. Her face is pitted with the small-pox, but the delicacy of her features shows that she may once have been beautiful; and slie has a very fair and well-shaped hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not, the good lady is still a little vain,

I have had the curiosity to gather a few particulars concerning her. She was a great belle in town between 80 and 40 years since, and reigned for two seasons with all the insolence of beauty, refusing several excellent offers; when, unfortulately, she was robbed of her charms and her lovers by an attack of the small-pox. She retired immediately into the country, where she some time after inherited an estate, and married a baronet, a former admirer, whose passion had suddenly revived; 'having,' as he said, 'always loved her mind rather than her person.'

The baronet did not enjoy her mind and fortune above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired of her, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase, and left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has remained on her estate in the country ever since, and has never shown any desire to return to town, and revisit the scene of her early triumphs and fatal malady. All her favourite recollections however, revert to that short period of her youthful beauty. She has no idea of town but as it was at that time; and continually forgets that the place and people must have changed materially in the course of half a century. She will often speak of the tousts of those days as if still reigning; and, until very recently, used to talk with delight of the royal family, and the beauty of the young princes and miscesses. She cannot be brought to think of the present king otherwise than as an elegant young man, rather wild, but who denced a minuet divinely; and before he came to the

cream would often mention him as the

'sweet young prince.'

She talks also of the walks in Kensington Garden, where the gentlemen appeared in gold-loced costs and cocked hats, and the ladies in hoops, and swept so proudly along the grassy avenues; and she thinks the ladies let themselves sadly down in their dignity, when they gave up cushiqued head-dresses, and high-heeled shoes. has much to say too of the officers who were in the train of her admirers; and speaks familiarly of many wild young blades, that are now, perhaps, hobbling about watering-places with crutches and gouty shoes.

Whether the taste the good lady had of matrimony discouraged her or not, I cannot say: but though her merits and her riches have attracted many suitors, she has never been tempted to venture again into the happy state. This is singular too, for she seems of a most soft and susceptible heart; is always talking of love and connubial felicity; and is a great stickler for old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy, on the part of the gentlemen. She lives, however, after her Her house, I am told, must own teste. have been built and furnished about the time of Sir Charles Grandison: every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady very tender-hearted and romantic, and The cushions of the that loves her case, great arm-chairs, and wide sofas, almost bury you when you sit down on them .-Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are placed about the rooms and on little japanned stands; and sweet bags lie about the tables and mantle-pieces. The house is full of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing hirds, who are as carefully waited upon she is herself,

She is dejuty in her living, and a little of an enicure, living on white meats, and little ledy-like dishes, though her servants have substantial old English fare, as their looks beer witness. Indeed they are so indulged, that they are all spoiled; and when they lose their present place, they will be fit for no other. Her ladyship is one of those easy tempered beings that are always doesned to be much liked, but ill serged by their domestics, and chested by all the world.

Much of her time is passed in reading

library, and has a constant stipply fremathe publishers in town. Her conditional with line of literature is immense; the hackent pace with the press for half a century Her mind is stuffed with love-taler of all kinds, from the stately aroours of the eld books of chivalry, down to the last bluecovered romance, recking from the press: though she evidently gives the preference to those that came out in the days of her youth, and when she was first in love.-She maintains that there are no novols written now-a-days equal to Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison; and she places the Castle of Otranto at the head of all remances.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed on by every beggar in the county. She is the benefact tress of a village adjoining her estate, and takes an especial interest in all its love She knows of every courtship that is going on; every love-lorn damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love-quarrels, and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

Then comes General Harbottle:

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pigtail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man of war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin; so that, to use the cant of the day, his organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed.

The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Seringapatam, which forms an era in his He weers a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger, which he got on that occasion; and whoever is unlucky enough to notice either, is sure to involve himself in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversution, the taking of Sachagapaters is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of Warlike times on the continent, he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit; until, having been helsted to the rank of general, he was quietly leid on the shelf. Since that time his campaigns have been principally confined to watering places" novels, of which she has a most extensive where he drinks the waters for a slight touch

of the liver, which he got in India; and plays whist with old dowagers, with whom he has flirted in his younger days. Indeed he talks of all the fine women of the last half century, and, according to hints which he now and then drops, has enjoyed the particular smile of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabi tants give good dinners. He is a diner out of first-rate currency, when in town; being invited to one place, because he has been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about the country seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and intermarriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame Lady Jocelyne, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly passes some time therefore, at his toilette, and takes the field at a late hour in the morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his After he has breakfasted, he button hole. walks up and down the terrace in the sunshine, humming an air, and hemming between every stave, carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching the ground with his cane, and then raising it up to his shoulder. Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the elder ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Lillycraft, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentlemen, in old prints of Windsor Terrace, or Kensington Garden.

He talks frequently about 'the service,' and is fond of humming the old song,

Why, soldiers, why, Should we be melancholy, boys? Why, soldiers, why,

ician (2. Whose business 'tis to die ! "I Telamot discover, however, that the general "list ever ran any great risk of dying, ex-· - repring from an apoplexy, or an indisgustion. · 16 Precepticises all the battles on the continent " "noted discusses the marita of the communiders, but never falls to bring the conversation, withnately, to Tippoo Saib, and Scringapotime of I am' told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing rooms, parades reditary estate in the country. From the i ind watering places, during the late war, excellence of the resids and the rapidley and

by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Bonaparte's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends. punctually on levees when in town. He has treasured up many remarkable savings. of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse He extols the whole royal family, especially the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe. The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day: but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict in religious matters, and a staunch churchman.

repeats the responses very loudly in church, and is emphatical in praying for the king and the royal family.

At table his loyalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of 'God save the king' puts him into a perfect ecstacy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apf to. get a little impatient at any talk about hational ruin and agricultural distress. " He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has met with nothing but prosperity; and to confess the truth, a. great part of his time is spent in visiting from one country seat to another, and riding about the parks of his friends. They talk of public distress,' said the general this day to me, at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; 'they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug!"

In the chapter intitled English Country Gentleman, there is much matter worthy of very serious attention, and we strongly recommend one, part of it to the consideration of those among our countrymen who, in this stabon of the diminution of incomes arising from land, meditate carrying off their reduced rents to be spent in a Foreign land

I do not know a more buvishle condition of life, then that of un dinglish gentleman, of sound judgement and good firelings in ho passes the greater part of his tithe on wheand was looked to with hope and confidence exactness of the public conveyances, he is

enabled to command all the comforts and conveniences, all the intelligence and nowelties of the capital while he is removed from its hurry and distraction. He has ample means of occupation and amusement within his own domains; he may diversify his time by rural occupations, by rural sports, by study, and by the delights of friendly society collected within his own hospitable halls.

Or if his views and feelings are of a more extensive and liberal nature, he has it greatly in his power to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service to his country, by assisting in the disinterested administration of the laws; by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him; by diffusing among them those lights which may be important to their welfare; by mingling frankly among them, gaining their confidence, becoming the immediate auditor of their complaints, informing himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief; or by becoming, if need be, the intrepid and incorruptible guardian of their libertiesthe enlightened champion of their rights.

All this can be done without any sacrifice of personal dignity, without any degrading arts of popularity, without any truckling to vulgar prejudices, or concurrence in vulgar clamor; but by the steady influence of sincere and friendly council, of fair, upright, and generous deportment. Whatever may be said of English mobs, and English demagogues, I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument in the roughest times, than the English They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating whatever is manly and bonorable. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly: and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable. They may occasionally be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public distresses and misrepresentations of designing men; but open their eyes, and they will eventually rally round the land-marks of steady truth, and deliberate good sense. They are fond of established customs, they are fond of long therefore, the mixed nature of the governestablished names, and that love of order and quiet which characterises the nation, form, I have looked with admiration at the

of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemo-

It is when the rich and well-educated and highly-privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study the interests, and conciliate the affections, and instruct the opinions, and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues: the demagogue always steps in where the patriot is wanting. There is a common high-handed cant among the high-feeding, and as they fancy themselves, high-minded men, about putting down the mob; but all true physicians know that it is better to sweeten the blood, then attack the tumor, to apply the emollient rather than the cautery. It is absurd in a country like England, where there is so much freedom, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to assume an aristocratical tone, and to talk superciliously of the common people. There is no rank that makes him independant of the opinions and affections of his fellow men. there is no rank nor distinction that severs him from his fellow-subject; and if, by any gradual neglect or assumption on the one side, and discontent and jealousy on the other, the orders of society should really separate, let those who stand on the eminence beware that the chasm is not mining at their feet. The orders of society in all well constituted governments are mutually bound together, and important to each other: there can be no such thing in a free government as a vacuum; and whenever one is likely to take place, by the drawing off of the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions of society will rush in to fill up the space, and rend the whole asunder.

Though born and brought up in a republic, and more and more confirmed in republican principles by every year's observation and experience, yet I am not insensible to the excellence that may exist in other forms of government, nor to the fact that they may be more suitable to the situation and circumstances, of the countries in which they exist: I have endeavoured rather to look at them as they are, and to observe how they are calculated to effect the end which they propose. Considering, ment of this country, and its representative gives a vast influence to the descendants; manner in which the wealth and influence

surface: not as in some monarchies, drained from the country, and collected in towns and cities. I have considered the great rural establishments of the nobility, and the lesser establishments of the gentry, as so many reservoirs of wealth and intelligence distributed about the kingdom. apart from the towns, to irrigate, freshen. and fertilise the surrounding country. I have looked upon them too, as the august retreats of patriots and statesmen, where, in the enjoyment of honorable independance and elegant leisure, they might train up . their minds to appear in those legislative assemblies whose debates and decisions form the study and precedents of other nations. and involve the interests of the world.

I have been both surprised and disappointed, therefore, at finding, that on this subject I was often indulging in an Utopian dream, rather than a well-founded I have been concerned at finding that these fine estates were too often involved, and mortgaged, or placed in the bands of creditors, and the owners exiled from their paternal lands. There is an extravagance, I am told, that runs paralell with wealth; a lavish expenditure among the great; a sensoless competition among the aspiring; a heedless, joyless dissipation, among the upper ranks, that often beggars oven these splendid establishments, breaks down the pride and principles of their possessors, and makes too many of them mere place-hunters, or shifting absentees. thus that so many are thrown into the hands of government; and a court which ought to be the most pure and honourable in Europe, is so often degraded by noble, but importunate time-servers. It is thus, too, that so many become exiles from their native land, crowding the hotels of foreign countries, and expending upon thankless strangers the wealth so hardly drained from their laborious peasantry. I have looked upon these latter with a mixture of censure and concern. Knowing the almost bigoted fondness of an Englishman for his native . home, I can conceive what must be their · compunction and regret, when, amidst the - sun-hurnt plains of France, they call to mind, the green fields of England; the heralitary groves which they have aban-oned, and the hospitable roof of their fathers, which they have left desolate, or to be inhabited by strangers. But re-.

and intelligence were spread over its whole | prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly because the country is suffering; let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot : they owe it to the land which has elevated them to honour and affluence. When the poor have to diminish their scanty morsel of bread; when they have to compound with the cravings of nature, and study with how little they can do, and not be starved; it is not then for the rich to fly, and diminish still farther the resources of the poor. that they themselves may live in splendor in a cheaper country. Let them rather retire to their estates, and there practise retrenchment. Let them return to that noble simplicity, that practical good sense, that honest pride which forms the foundation of true English character, and from them they may again rear the edifice of fair and honorable prosperity.

On the rural habits of the English nobility and gentry; on the manner in which they discharge their duties on their patrimonial possessions, depend greatly the virtue and welfare of the nation. So long as they pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country, surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors, surrounded by every thing that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment; so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honor. But the moment that they become the servile throngers of court avenues, and give themselves up to the political intrigues, and beartless dissipations of the metropolis, that moment they lose the real nobility of their natures, and become the mere leeches of the country.

That the great majority of nobility and gentry in England are endowed with high notions of honour and independence, I thoroughly believe. They have evidenced it lately on very important questions, and have given an example of adherence to principle, in preference to party and power, that must have astonished many of the wonal and obsequious courts of Europe. Such are the glorious effects of freedom, whon infused into a constitution. But it seems to me that they are ant to forget the positive nature of their duties, and to fancy that their eminent priveleges are only so meny menus of self-indulgance. They should recollect, trendment is no plea for an abandonment | that in a constitution like that of England, of country. They have risen with the the titled orders are intended to be es useful as they are ofnamental, and it is their virtues alone that can render them both. Their duties are divided between the sovereign and the subject; surrounding and giving histre and dignity to the throne, and at the same time tempering and mitigating its rays, until they are transmitted in mild and genial radiance to the people. to leisure and opulence, they owe the exercise of their talents, and the expenditure of their wealth, to their native country. They may be compared to the clouds; which, being drawn up by the sun, and elevated in the heavens, reflect and magnify his splendor; while they repay the earth, from which they derive their sustenance, by returning their treasure to its bosom in fertilising showers.

PINE ARTS.

WILKIE'S BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

The composition of this charming picture is delightfully fascinating.-The blindfolded rustic, the hero of the piece, is nearly in the middle of the picture. He is moving slowly and cautiously forward, putting out his feelers (alias hands) as he makes his way: and of which the left is just . shout to touch the head of a wretch, shrinking like a snail into his shell; while above him, an elderly man presses backward, drawing in his breath, and hollowing his body, and squeezing, in the act of retreat, a couple of children, one of whom screams lustily from the pressure, and the other looks with increased earnestness at the critical · progress of the blinded man. A young girl of sixteen, with a piece of black velvet run through the hair, is leaning against the chimney piece, and looking archly over her left shoulder, as if she should have no objection to be blindfolded next. Still lower down to the

left, in the foregound of the piece, is a group pretty actively engaged—one female in particular, has fallen into a trap, between two men, of whom the upper, saucy rogue, is smethering her Above them, is perhaps with kisses. the most characteristic figure of the whole. We see a man crawling along the wall, with arms and feet, like a great black spider, measuring his distance as he crawls, and enjoying the agility and dexterity of his movements. A little girl in a corner, hiding her face with herapron, is a most happy thought; exhibiting one of those touches of human nature, in the knowledge of which Wilkie has no equal.

A young woman, on the ground, with her right arm extended, links this group to that on the opposite side of the picture very artfully and success-The opposite, or left group, fully. exhibits a man with a feather in his hat, and two females, very beautifully intertwined with each other. luckless boys have tumbled over a chair: one seems to have broken his shin, and is making a hideous face; the other has escaped, and laugh's a-The legs of these lads are done to the life. But the man immediately in the foreground, kneeling down, and extending his left arm, about to touch the blindfolded hero, is perfect of his He tells the story as much as kind. any of his comrades. His gainers, coat, head, and hand, are delightfully characteristic. The background contains a few straggling figures, all interested in what is going on. The ceiling, wainscoat, and furniture, exhibit a beautiful study of appropriate accessories; and in looking at this joyous group, one longs to doff the straight-laced garment of sober years,. and to mingle where so much 'mirth and innocence' seem to prevail.

SANDACINE BURNES OF THE SECRET

MON WOODE: TO SCANDAL TENTY

And men court they petally were but

Mark youder weeping maid, to but.

Beside that mournfull willow:
There, every day, in silent woe,
She bids her tears incessant flow,
And every night forlornly pining,
Mute, on her lily hand reclining,
Bedews her waking pillow.

Sweet girl! She was once most enchantingly gay,

Each youth own'd her charms, and acknowledg'd their sway.

No arts did she use to acquire every grace,
'Twas good humour alone that enlivened
her face,—

Pure nature had leave in her actions to speak.

The spirit of youth gave the blush to her cheek;

And her looks uninstructed her thoughts would impart,

For her eyes only flash'd from the wrath of of her heart:

Herself undesigning, no scheme she sus-

Ne'er dreaming of ambush, defence she neglected;

With the youth that she loved, at the moon's silver hour,

In confidence tender, she stole to the bower There he hoped his designs to have basely obtain'd.

But she spurned at the insult her virtue sustain'd;

And he, in revenge for his baffled endeavour Gave a hint.—'Twas enough—she was aruined for ever!

A thousand kind females the story augment-

Eachday, grinning Envy additions invented
'Till insatiste' Malice had gained all her
ends,

Had robb'd her of character, happiness

And now, poor maid, alone, Shun'd as a pest, she makes her moan, And in unheard despuir,

Yields, all resigned, to soul-consum-

And oftentimes her maddening brain Turns with its feverish weight of pain, And then a thousand childish things, The pretty mad one rudely sings!

Or mute on the pathway she gazes, And weeps as she scatters her dalsics; Or else in a strain, more distractedly loud,

She chaunts the sad thoughts of her And shivers and sings of her cold shroud Alas! alas! poor Nancy! Nay, weep not now—us now too late

Nay, weep not now—'the now too late.

Thy friendship might have stopp'd her fate.

Rather now hide thy head in conscious

Thy tongue too blabb'd the lie that damn'd her fume.

Such are the triumphs SCANDAL claims, Triumphs derived from ruin'd names: Such as to generous minds unknown, And honest minds would blush toown, Nor think, vain woman, while you

At others' faults that you are clear; No—turn your back—you, undergo The malice you to others show;

And soon, by some malicious tale o'erthrown,

Like Nancy, fall, unpitied and unknown. Oh! then, ye blooming fair, attend;

And take kind CANDOUR for your friend; Nor forfeit for a mean delight.

That power o'er Man that's your's by right.

To Woman every charm was given, Designed by all indulgent Heaven, To soften care;

For ye were formed to bless mankind, To harmonize and sooth the mind: Indeed, indeed, ye were.

But when, from these sweet lips we hear

Ill nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
Your pow'r that moment dies:
Each coxcomb makes your name his

sport,
And fools, when angry, will retort

What men of sense despise.

Leave then, such vain disputes as these.

And take a nobler road to please, Let CANDOUR guide your way;

So shall you daily conquests gain, And Captives, happy in your chain, Be proud to own your sway.

MANSLAUGHTER.

'Twas somewhere on the Sussex shore, A hundred years agone or more, It might be Westham, Pevensey, or Bourn; Yet God forbid my muse should lie, L know not which it was, not I,

Twas some place where the quality sojourn.

No matter then the name o'th' places Perhaps 'twould prove a wild goose ted to chace di hee pe

In search o'th' truth to either town to ride; The story's good, let that suffice, You need not be so over nice,

I swear the actors are not much belied.

A prisoner, long in dungeon vile, In that damned place yclep'd the jail, Had lain for stealing Old 'Squire Quorum's brogues ;

A worthy magistrate was he, As any in those parts you'd see, The terror of all Breeches-stealing rogues.

Anon the day of trial comes, Their worshipfuls were on their Bums, And all the Court in silence sat;

The Jury sworn, the culprit brought To know if he could offer aught In mitigation of what he'd been at.

But he, poor wretch, had nought to

'Twas not his speechifying day, He did but plead not guilty of the sin; And now the Jury were sent out, To know if there remained a doubt

With any one, -what verdict to bring in. Now 'tis much doubted in this nation,

If men born free of corporation, Are any wiser than we common hogs; But I ne'er doubted 'bout the case, For men who always are in place

Are keen of sense, oh! wond'rous witty dogs.

The Brogues were new, so was the

No theft like this at any time,

Had e'er within the town detected been The foreman hemm'd, but nothing said, Each worthy juror shook his head, Not e'en a smile through all the group was

Now closely shut within their room,

They ponder'd on the pris'ner's doom, But could not all in one opinion meet, Some thought twas wilful murder

Some swore 'twas ravishment outright; But all declared the crime was wond'rous

وأحرف مناطبا جو

And now the foreman's brows unbend,

Soon all their troublings have an end ; His wisdom hit the right hail on the head; MANSLAUGHTER is the crime! he cried : It is Manslaughter! each replied. And into court they speedily were led.

Where mister foreman, after three low bows, Gives in their verdict, and the Court allows; And in the records of that Court, no doubt, The ground-work of my tale may be trac'd - Mar Back water 1 ALECON CANCEL IST TO THE PARTY

Darieties.

HINTS FOR A MORAL CATECHISM.

Q. What are friends made of?-A. Persons who can please or serve each

Where can I get them? Every where, if you have rank, influence, or money.

Will they break?-Unless they mutually bend, they must break very soon.

What are enemies made of?-The most bitter of friends.

What are they good for?-To weary us of earth, and make us endeavor to fit ourselves for heaven.

What does ' Enough' mean? -A little more than we have.

Where can I get it?-I never knew any body who had it.

What is experience made of? Observation on other people's mistakes, and the remembrance of suffering from our own.

What is it good for?-To make disappointment bearable. & bressue is ?

What is love?—An illusion—a dream, from which we awake dissatis-Important, only, when it concerns ourselves ridiculous when we observe it in others.

Can it be bought? No; but though extremely precious it is generally thrown away. When it is ofered, it is genuine; when asked, the commodity rendered will generally be tound to be gratitude.

Where does it come from?—Heaven. If pure, it mounts thither again. It is too enquiste for earth, and selden rente on it long.

What is courage made of?—The

fenr of contempt.

What is it good for?—Self-preservation, and the protection of others.

What is justice?—The principle and cause of all virtue, as light is the principle and cause of all colour.

Can it be bought?—Yes, but it is

very dear.

What is politeness?—The art of avoiding to give unnecessary pain.

What is flattery?—The art of deceiving others, in order to ingratiate our-

selves in their opinion.

What is hope made of?—Our wishes. It dances before our path, but fades when we attempt to grasp it; like the rainbow, which seems to rest on earth, but is only the creation of our vision.

What is disappointment made of?—

Hope.

Where can I get it?—Every where, if you take imagination and passion for your guides.

What is pity?—The uneasy sensation we feel when we look at suffering.

What is it good for?—Nothing unless accompanied by active benevolence.

What is mischief?—The wit of fools. What is punning?—The folly of wit.

What is a repartee?—That which it is clever to think, and wise to suppress.

What is revenge made of?—The seed of injury, sown in a rank soil.

What is it good for?—To people the dominions of Satan.

What is resentment?—The natural gonsequence of injury.

What is it good for?—To terrify evil minds into the bounds of decency.

Where can I find it?—Wherever you have repulsed tenderness, insulted

misery, offended variety, thwarted passion, or irritated self-love.

What is wedded happiness made of?—Mutual forbearance, tenderness, and respect.

Is it dear?—It cannot be dear at any price.

Will it break?—When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.

What is beauty?—A key to the heart of the beholder, the apology for many follies, and the inducement to many more.

Can I buy it?—Not the thing itself, but you may buy the person who

has it.

What are romances inside of?— Stories of people who never lived, chronicles of things never done, and relations of words never spoken.

What are they good for ?—To soften the heart, amuse the fancy, and

refine the taste.

What are reviews?—Books which are written by the friends or enemies of people who have written other Books, and which praise or blame them are cordingly.

How can I get into them?—You must write a good deal better or worse

than other people.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,
Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

be addressed to the Editora

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library
Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal
Rockellers Classomer where Mr. Hun-

Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgows about Mr. Hunter's, Bookseller, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; and at Mr. Wales Printing Office, Castle Street Liverpool, for readymoney only.

THE LITERARY

MELANGES

WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

WEDNESDAY, 17th JULY, 1822.

YOUTH OF GENIUS.

Genius, that creative part of art which individualises the artist, belonging to him and to no other, -is it an inherent faculty in the constitutional dispositions of the individual, or can it be formed by the patient acquisitions of art?

Many sources of genius have indeed been laid open to us, but if these may sometimes call it forth, have they ever supplied its want? Could Spenser have struck out a poet in Cowley, Richardson a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, had they not borne that vital germ of nature, which, when endowed with its force, is always developing itself to a particular character of genius? The accidents related of these men have occurred to a thousand, who have run the same career; but how does it happen, that the multitude remain a multitude, and the man of genius arrives alone at the goal?

The equality of minds in their native state is as monstrous a paradox, or a term as equivocal in metaphysics, as the quality of men in the political state. Both come from the French school in evil times; and ought, therefore, as Job said, "to be eschewed." Nor can we trust to Johnson's defini-

tion of genius, " as a mind of general powers accidentally determined by some particular direction," as this rejects any native aptitude, while we must infer on this principle that the reasoning Locke, without an ear or an eye, could have been the musical

and fairy Spenser.

The virtuous and contemplative Boyle imagined that he had discovered in childhood that disposition of mind which indicated an instinctive ingenuousness; an incident which he relates. evinced, as he thought that even then he preferred aggravating his fault, rather than consent to suppress any part of the truth, an effort which had been unnatural to his mind. His fanciful, yet striking illustration may open our inquiry. "This trivial passage"—the little story alluded to-". I have mentioned now, not that I think that in itself it deserves a relation, but because as the sun is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are clearliest perceived whilst they are children, and when they are dying. These little sudden actions are the greatest discoverers of men's true humours."-That the dispositions of genius in early life presage its future character, was long the feeling of antiquity. Isccrates, after much previous observation

of those who attended his lectures, would advise one to engage in political studies, exhorted another to compose history, elected some to be poets, and some to adopt his own profession. He thought that nature had some concern in forming a man of genius; and he tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. This principle guided the Jesuits.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight-" It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from The old man's anhim or his son? swer is remarkable-" Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight." The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like any of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the do-

lection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the romance which Racine at length got by heart; no geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shricks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and Nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great

If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination: the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. ARIOSTO. While yet a schoolboy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. Pope seems to have indicated his passion for Homer in those rough scenes which he drew up from Ogilby's version; and when Sir WILLIAM JONES at Harrow divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the Tempest to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess mestic persecutions of those who op- that the boy Jones was reflecting in posed his inclinations. No poet but his amusements the cast of mind he is moved with indignation at the recol- displayed in his after-life, and that felicity of memory and taste so preva- building of a house. lent in his literary character. FLO-RIAN's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day and reading every evening an old translation of the Hiad; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an um, he presented them to his] grandfather, with a narrative of his Patroclus or Sarpedon. We seem here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of Numa Pompilius, Gonsalvo of Cordova and William Tell.

It is perhaps a criterion of talent when a youth is distinguished by his equals; at that moment of life with no flattery on the one side, and no artifice on the other, all emotion and no reflection, the boy who has obtained a predominance has acquired this merely by native powers. The boyhood of NELSON was characterized by events congenial to those of his after-days; and his father understood his character when he declared that " in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the top of the Some puerile anecdotes which Pranking remembered of himself, in association with his after-life, betray the invention, and the firm intrepidity, of his character; and even perhaps the carelessness of the means to obtain his purpose. In boyhood he was a sort of adventurer; and since his father would not consent to a sea-life, he made the river near him represent the ocean; he lived on the water, and was the daring Columbus of a school-boy's boat. A part where he and his mates stood to angle, in time became a quagmire. In the course of one day the a wharf for thought of a wharf for heap of stones deposited there for the

But he preferred his wharf to another's house; his contrivances to aid his puny labourers with his resolution not to quit the great work till it was effected, seem to strike out to us the decision and invention of his future character. But the qualities which attract the companions of a school-boy may not be those which are essential to fine genius. The captain or leader of his school-mates has a claim on our attention, but it is the sequestered boy who may chance to be the artist, or the literary character.

Is there then a period in youth which yields decisive marks of the character of genius? The natures of men are as various as their fortunes. Some like diamonds, must wait to receive their splendor from the slow touches of the polisher, while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beautiful lustre.

Among the inauspicious circumstances is the feebleness of the first attempts; and we must not decide on the talents of a young man by his first works. Dryden and Swift might have been deterred from authorship, had their earliest pieces decided their fate, Racine's earliest composition, which we know of by some fragments his son has preserved, to show their retnarkable contrast with his writings, abound with those points and conceits which afterwards he abhorred; the tender author of Andromache could not have been discovered while exhausting himself in his wanderings from nature, in running after conceits as absurd and surprising as the worst parts of Cowley. Gibbon betrayed none of the force and magnitude of his powers in his " Essay on Literature," or his attempted History of Switzerland Johnson's cadenced proce is not recognizable in the humble simplicity of his earliest years. Many authors have begun unsuccessfully the walk they afterwards excelled in. Raphael, when he first drew his meagre forms under Perugino, had not yet conceived one line of that ideal beauty, which one day he of all men could alone execute.

Even the manhood of genius may pass by unobserved by his companions, and may, like Æneas, be hidden in a cloud amidst his associates. celebrated Fabius Maximus in his boyhood was called in derision "the little sheep," from the meekness and gravity of his disposition. His sedateness and taciturnity, his indifference to juvenile amusements, his slowness and difficulty in learning and his ready submission to his equals, induced them to consider him as one irrecoverably stupid. That greatness of mind, unalterable courage, and invincible character Fabius afterwards displayed, they then imagined had lain concealed in the apparent contrary qualittles. The boy of genius may indeed seem slow and dull even to the phlegmatic, for thoughtful and observing dispositions conceal themselves in timorous silent characters, who have not yet learnt their strength; nor can that assiduous love, which cannot tear itself away from the secret instruction it is perpetually imbibing, be easily distinguished from that pertinacity which goes on with the mere plodder. often hear from the early companions of a man of genius that at school, he had appeared heavy and unpromising. Rousseau imagined that the childhood of some men is accompanied by that seeming and deceitful dulness, which is the sign of a profound genius; and Roger Ascham has placed among "the best natures for learning, the sad-natured and hard-witted child," that is, the thoughtful or the melancholic, and the slow. Domenichino was at first heavy and unpromising, and Passeri expresses his surprise at the accounts

great artist. " It is difficult to believe," he says, " what many assert, that from the beginning this great painter had a ruggedness about him, which entirely incapacitated him from learning his profession, and they have heard from himself that he quite despaired of success. Yet I cannot comprehend how such vivacious talents, with a mind so finely organized, and accompanied with such favourable dispositions for the art, would shew such signs of utter incapacity; I rather think that it is a mistake in the proper knowledge of genius, which some imagine indicates itself most decisively by its sudden vehemence, shewing itself like lightning, and like lightning passing away." A parallel case we find in Goldsmith, who passed through an unpromising youth; he declared he was never attached to the belles lettres till he was thirty, that poetry had no peculiar charms for him till that age, and indeed to his latest hour he was surprising his friends by productions which they had imagined he was incapable of composing. Hume was considered, from his sobriety and assiduity, as competent to become a steady merchant; of Johnson it was said that he would never offend in conversation, as of Boileau that he had no great understanding, but would speak ill of no one. Farquhar at college was a heavy companion, and afterwards combined, with great knows ledge of the world, a light airy talent. Even a discerning parent or master has entirely failed to develope the genius of the youth, who was afterwards ranked among eminent men; and we ought as little to infer from early unfavourable appearances as from inequality of talent. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising; and during the three years Barrow passed at the Charter-house, he was remarkable only for the utter negligence of his studies and his person. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary female, pronounced early, that he was the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. Bodmer, at the head of the literary class in Switzerland, who had so frequently discovered and animated the literary youths of his country, could never detect the latent genius of Gesner; after a repeated examination of the young man, he put his parents in despair with the hopeless award that a mind of so ordinary a cast must confineitself to mere writing and accompts.

Some of these facts, we conceive, afford decisive evidence of that instinct in genius, that constitutional propensity in the mind sometimes, called organization, which has inflamed such a war of words by its equivocal term and the ambiguity of its nature; it exists independent of education, and where it is wanting, education can never con-Of its mysterious influence we fer it. may be ignorant; the effect is more apparent than the cause. It is, however, always working in the character of the chosen mind. In the history of genius, there are unquestionably many secondary causes of considerable influence in developing or even crushing the germ-these have been of late often detected, and sometimes carried even to a ridiculous extreme; but among them none seem more remarkable than the first studies and the first habits.

ON PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

There are people who have but one idea: at least, if they have more, they keep it a secret, for they never talk but of one subject.

There is Major C : he has

but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about: but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like lawbusiness, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book: and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter If a farmer talks to you hopeless. about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his clients, or a merchant about stock, or an author about him-

self, you know how to account for this, vegetable diet, and never fails to enlaugh at his expense, and there is no and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, " All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it: you cannot put him off in that way. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramont interest—and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man.

There are some who fancy the Com Bill the root of all evil, and others who trace all the miseries of life to the practice of muffling up children in night-clothes when they sleep or travel. They will disclaim by the hour together on the first, and argue themselves black in the face on the last. It is in vain that you give up the point. They persist in the debate, and begin again-" But don't you These sort of partial obliquities, as they are more entertaining and original, are also by their nature intermittent. They hold a man but for a sesson. He may have one a year or every two years; and though, while he is in the height of any new discovery, he will let you hear of nothing else, he varies from himself, and there were no other in the world. is amusing undesignedly. He is not I like a mind more Catholic. like the chimes at mid-night.

People of the character here spoken of, that is, who tease you to death

it is a common infirmity, you have a tertain you all dinner-time with an invective against animal food. One more to be said. But here is a man of this self-denying class, who adds to who goes out of his way to be absurd, the primitive simplicity of this sort of food the recommendation of having it in a raw state, lamenting the death of a patient whom he had augured to be in a good way as a convert to his system, at last accounted for his disappointment in a whisper—" But she ate meat privately, depend upon it." It is not pleasant, though it is what one submits to willingly from some people, to be asked every time you meet, whether you have quite left off drinking wine, and to be complimented or condoled with on your looks according as you answer in the negative or affirmative. Abernether thinks his pill an infallible cure for all disorders.

A person once complaining to his physician that he thought his mode of treatment had not answered, he assured him it was the best in the world, -" and as a proof of it," says he, " I have had one gentleman, a putient with your disorder, under the same regimen for the last sixteen years!"-I have known persons whose minds were entirely taken up at all times and on all occasions with such questions as the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, the Restoration of the Jews, or the progress of Unitarianism.

I hate to be surfeited with anything, however sweet. I do not want to be always tied to the same question, as if

> "I love to talk with mariners. That come from a far countree."

I am not for "a collision" but " an with some one idea, generally differ in exchange" of ideas. It is well to hear their favourite notion from the rest what other people have to say on a of the world; and indeed it is the love number of subjects. I do not wish of distinction which is mostly at the to be always respiring the same conbottom of this peculiarity. Thus one fined atmosphere, but to vary the person is remarkable for living on a scene, and get a little relief and fresh

air out of doors. Do all we can to shake it off, there is always enough of pedantry, egotism, and self conceit left lurking behind : we need not seal ourselves up hermetically in these precious qualities; so as to think of nothing but our own wonderful discoveries, and hear nothing but the sound of our own voice. Scholars, like princes, may learn something by being incognito .-Yet we see those who cannot go into a bookseller's shop, or bear to be five minutes in a stage-coach, without letting you know who they are. carry their reputation about with them as the snail does its shell, and sit under its canopy, like the lady in the lobster. I cannot understand this at all. What is the use of a man's always revolving round his own little circle? He must, one should think, be tired of it himself, as well as tire other people. A well-known writer says with much boldness both in the thought and expression, that "a Lord is imprisoned in the Bastille of a name, and cannot enlarge himself into man:" and I have known men of genius in the same predicament.

There are persons, who without being chargeable with the vice here spoken of, yet " stand accountant for as great a sin:" though not dull and monotonous, they are vivacious mannerists in their conversation, and excessive egotists. Though they run over a thousand subjects in mere gaiety of heart, their delight still flows from one idea, namely, themselves. Open the book in what page you will, there is a frontispiece of themselves staring you in the face. They are still playing antics and keeping an incessant motion, to attract attention and extort your pittance of approbation. Whether they talk of the town or the country, poetry, or politics, it comes to much the same thing. If they talk to you of the town, its diversions, "its

palaces, its ladies, and its streets," they are the delight, the grace, and ornament of it. If they are describing the charins of the country, they give no account of any individual spot or object or source of pleasure but the circumstance of there being there. "With them conversing, we forget all place, all seasons, and their change." They perhaps pluck a leaf or a flower, patronise it, and hand it you to admire, but select no one feature of beauty or grandeur to dispute the palm of perfection with their own persons. Their rural descriptions are mere landscape back-grounds with their own portraits in an engaging attitude in front. They are not observing or enjoying the scene, but doing the honours as masters of the ceremonies to nature, and arbiters of elegance to all humanity. If they tell a love-tale of enamoured princesses, it is plain they fancy themselves the hero of the piece. If they discuss poetry, their encomiums still turn on something genial and unsophisticated, meaning their own style : if they enter into politics, it is understood that a hint from them to the potentates of Europe is sufficient. In short, as a lover (talk of what you will) brings in his mistress at every turn, so these persons contrive to divert your attention to the same darling object—they are, in fact, in love with themselves: and like lovers, should be left to keep. their own company. Y7979 10 1397 while he is in the to adploit

THE TRAVELLER

neur nor tel

like the the of mil

To the Editor of the Literary Metange.

Sir, and miles simuover riests

News being the saluting word with almost every description of the community, and it being the peculiar prowhice of your Melange to announce the literary news of the day, I shall take"the liberty Sir to hand you a paper now and then for a short time, tinder the appellation of the Traveller, which though neither consisting of the fashions or the politics of the times, and though (as the title implies) these shall chiefly consist of descriptive remarks on our own country, i. e. on certain cities, towns, &c. in Great Britain, taken at the close of the year 1817, though never yet made public, and possibly may not seem news to thy one, nevertheless I should he hapby to think I could form a short series of interesting remarks worthy a blace in your publication if from my common-place book and memory together I could be accurate in my descriptions.

From this short apologetical preamble Sir, you will perceive (as will your readers) that nothing great may be expected in this attempt, and that I will think myself sufficiently rewarded if these be found worthy of a perisal and can give any amusement, knowledge or profit to the reader.

I shall not here enter into the motives of the journey that led me to make these notes, but shall merely state that it was more for pleasure than profit, ergo the pleasure is the profit thereof.

Being much pleased on the visiting of Port-Glasgow and Greenock (the summer season being far advanced) the noise of the carpenters hammers, the stupendous skeletons of vessels, and the bustling manner of these towns, gave me indeed a far nobler opinion of them than I had previously supposed, and produced a relish for visiting other scenes. Dumbarton also, that considerable borough than I had any sights, as you way, and was of the Castle by one of the 20th Regt.

from whence I can scarcely point out a more picturesque scene; on the left to the north are the stupendous mountains of the highlands, in particular the gigantic peak of Benlomond and the town of Dumbarton, the latter of which, you completely o'ertop and it appears well on the forc-ground. To view a different part of the panorama, namely to look up the river, which is here of considerable breadth, the scene equally pleased me, I could discover Renfrew, Paisley, &c. a little more to the right, and on turning round the scenery behind equally gratified my curiosity. the top of this fortress I was shewn a large round cairn of stones which the soldier told me Sir William Wallace reared that he might from thence view the country, from this we came down to the guard-house, where I was presented with a monstrous tall sword that I was told had been wielded by Wallace.

On turning from these sea ports to Paisley, I fancied it but dull and heartless and like to a Sunday, the people walking as saints (so great is the spirit of a sea-port to an inland town) in comparison to the two former of them, though of much greater extent, its abbey, however, is certainly worthy of the historian or antiquary, (and now there is an elegant County Jail, House of Correction, Barracks for foot soldiers, &c. erected here) here also, in almost every street, we have the noisy shuttle heard at every other door and window instead of the carpenters tools, and which gave me singular gratification.

Kilmarnock too, a large and populous town and (like Irvine which has a fine harbour) is much handsomer than I had any idea of, all of which sights, as you may perceive, paved the way, and was but a prelude to more

From this short introductory sketch | Sir. you will see my manner is not to dwell long in one place, and to give but a bird's eve view of the scenes as it were, though perhaps too brief an account of the subject in hand-your readers however may think the account of such common topics but too long, and perhaps you may thing it long enough for your paper when you have more important matter. In my next you will find me in Glasgow.

> I am Sir, Yours respectfully, THE TRAVELLER.

PROM THE NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE.

To the EDITOR of the Winter Chronicle. SIE.

I do not know whether you take cognizance of such matters as I am now to address you upon; but if you do, I hope you will endeavour to remedy the grievance I complain of. However improbable it may seem to you in these times of somnolency I like to read for an hour or two, now and then, and even to write a little occasionally beyond the daily repetition of " moderate breezes and cloudy," and the formal assertion that we have been "emploved as necessary."

Under these circumstances, added to the great scarcity of light, in our own cabins at this season, you will, I am certain, enter into my feelings of annoyance, at the innumerable disturbances to which our tables are subject; I allude to the habits which some members of our community have acquired in earlier life, and which they continue to practise daily, to the interruption of the more industrious, and to the absolute preclusion of all serious occupation. I have endeavoured to class these annoyances, or rather those who practise them, under separate heads, of which the first are the Whistlers, who, having a tolerable ear themselves, seem to forget that the rest of us have any ears at all, and are continally screnading us with " Molly. put the Kettle on," or the " Duke of York's March," with variations, to the utter discomfiture of I in quick succession, one after the other,

every reader within hearing. Of the Whistlers there are frequently more than one, and in that case the process is as follows: Whistler the first (whom I shall call A) commences a tune: Whistler the second (B) takes it up about the third or fourth bar, and accompanies him to the end of the stave, by which time A has exhausted his wind, and stopt to replenish his lungs. the meantime B continues, and just as you are flattering yourself with a hope that he also will be soon winded, and allow you to pursue your employments, a third Whistler (C) at the other end of the table, unexpectedly opens his pipes, and takes a spell at the bellows; soon after which A once more joins the concert with renewed vigour,and so on ad libitum.

Second are the Hummers, who are closely allied to the first class, and are distinguished by employing the greater part of the day in humming songs, which they usually do out of tune, and always out of They are in general more sentimental than the Whistlers in their selection of tunes, confining themselves to the Irish melodics, or some plaintive Scotch ditty. Of these they will hum you a detached bar or two occasionally, in the most pathetic strain imaginable, and are particularly fond of filling up in this manner all the little intervals of time, which are not easily disposed of in any other way, such as while the ink is drying on one side of the paper, or while they are mending their pens, or warming their fingers: perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can recommend some mode of proceeding, by which it shall necessarily fall our that all our pens want mending, and all our fingers warming, exactly at the same instant. We could then all have our hum at the same time, and no disturbance would result, as at present, to any individual of the party.

The third class are the Drummers, who, to borrow a well-known joke from Joe Miller, were certainly born to make a great noise in the world. They have, like the Whistlers, a tolerable car for music, and occupy a great deal of their time in drumming most musically with both hands upon the table; they usually join the Whistlers, to whom they may, indeed, be considered as an accompaniment. They have been lately practising a new mode of drumming which is performed by placing the wrist upon the table, and then bringing the nails of each finger, beginning with the little one

upon the wood, or what is considered more sonorous and musical, upon a hard-covered book, which they keep by them shut for the purpose. I begleavestrongly to recommend this mode, as infinitely more neat and gentleman-like than the other, which consists in merely thumping the table, unmercifully with both hands, like a common drummer, and making the candlesticks and ink-stands dance a hornpipe. Perhaps these first three classes might be employed with advantage for a couple of bours daily iu whistling, humming, and drumming to the ship's companies, when they take exercise: and a convenient spot for practising their arts might be selected in the neighbourhood of the boat-house, or the green ravine.

Fourth in order are the Bangers, who never bring a book or a desk, or any thing else to the table, without banging it down with all their might and main, to the sad derangement of all weak nerves, and the production of many an unintentional potbook in their neighbour's writing. practice would seem intended to announce the arrival of the said Bangers, as if they had exclaimed, "Behold, I say! I am actually going to write!" Such an event which, it must be confessed, is singular enough in itself, and of vital importance to us all, might, I should think, be announced with full as much effect, and with much less disturbance to others, by all the Bangers being furnished with a conical cap and bells, such as is described to have been worn by Counsellor Puzzlewell on a certain occasion; the jingle of the bells would give ample notice of their approach, and save our table many a lusty thump which even the strongest of them cannot stand without shaking.

The fifth class consists of the Blowers, so called from the frequency with which they blow their noses, when nature requires no such operation. By constant practice they have attained such perfection in that noisy art, that it is now really a public nuisance. It resembles the sound of a ferryman's conch, or a news-boy's horn, and being repeated at regular and mechanical intervals, completely distracts your attention. There is a custom on hoard some of our ships, of sending huglemen to practise at the bowsprit-end, that they may not The same situation disturb anybody else. would be an cligible one for these unnatural and preposterous nose-blowers, who might there be indulged in their propersity to pull their own noses, without annoying their neighbour seers. Having already exceeded the limits of a letter, I am under the necessity of cancluding, without laving that finished my list, and shall, perhaps to me the subject in some fitterer time, small are occasion to do so. In the measure of remain Mr. Editor,

- Your obedient Servant.

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Vacation St. Helena. The Opinion and Reflections of Napoleon, on the most important events of the ife and Government in his own and ds. By BARRY E. O'MEMBER, his late Surgeon. 2 vols.

Amend the books which h peared in the present day, perki one is more calculated to exclusion trary opinions than that now. No individual has more d the opinions of society, the ject of it: to none has many praise, or more vehement cen applied; the strongest prejudi partialities of which our nature pable, have been arrayed against him. National tech those of party, have alike been on his account. He, on stran fate of so many empires in sleeps under the boughs of in a lone is and of the Affantic But if the storm-on which he seems to have subsided-forthere are those who at least in in nation, hear the wings of the sounding fearfully at no reme tance; and the faces of men, to the horizon on every side xiety, gather an exm apprehension. are yet aflost winciples ble power have been called into which, though apparently

suspended, may at a moment the least looked for, again break forth in full and tremendous activity. Whether the publication of this book, by Mr. I will probably reade, we cannot venture to pronounce; but we may affirm, that no exemises of tranquility will accuse him of having thrown pacificatory oil over the troubled waters.

We regard it as an unquestionable ertainty, that the far greater number the readers of this book will be maerially influenced in the formation of heir estimate of its ments and dements, by the bias of their political coinless. The enemies of the family pow reigning in France, those persons the tenaciously think Bonaparte was a great and good man, and the parties most inimical to the ministers of the crown, here in England, will find much in the pages of Mr. O'Meara that will gratify their partialities. For ourselves, in the very outset of our career, we disclaimed all interference with political subjects. That we have party feelings, rewould be both absurd and untrue to eny. But it so happens, that we consay all that is necessary, relative to the book of Mr. O'Meara, without discussing it on political grounds. With respect to Bonaparte, we must confess that we are not true party men; for to this moment we cannot comprehend how it is possible for several illustrious characters, with whom we have the bonour to accord on the chief political tenets of their party, to reconcile admiration and esteem for the character of Bonaparte, with the libeprinciples they profess

We are bound in cardor to state, that in these volumes Bonaparte is more than once introduced attempting to justify the death of the Duke D'Englien. But we think the blot rests on him in all its foulness.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers some specimens of the contents of these volumes. Our accompanying remarks will be few, as we reserve our comment for the close of our extracts, which our readers must be eager to peruse: we must premise, however, that the publication of a book written as this is, betokens no little hardihood in the author, in whom we cannot discern an impartial narrator. It seems, however, that on the very first opportunity that occurred after the arrival of Sir H. Lowe on the island, that officer was insulted by Bonaparte:

The following day Sir Hudson Lowe landed, and was installed as governor, with the customary forms. A message was then sent to Longwood, that the new governor would visit Napoleon at nine o'clock on the following morning. Accordingly, a little before that time, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived in the midst of a pelting storm of rain and wind, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn and followed by his numerous staff. the hour fixed upon was rather unseasonable, and one at which Napoleon had never received any person, intimation was given to the governor on his arrival, that Napoleon was indisposed, and could not receive, any visitors that morning. This appeared to disconcert Sir Hudson Lowe, who, after pacing up and down before the windows of the drawing-room for a few minutes, demanded at what time on the following day he could be introduced; two o'clock was fixed upon for the interview, at which time he arrived, accompanied as before by the admiral, and his staff. They were at first ushered into the dining room, behind which was the saloon, where they were to A proposal was made by Sin be received. George Cockburn to Sir Hudson Lowe, that the latter should be introduced by him, as being, in his opinion, the most official and proper manner of resigning to him the charge of the prisoner; for which purpose, Sir George suggested, that they should enter the room together. This was acceded At the door of to by Sir Hudson Lowe. the drawing-room stood Novarre, one of the French valets, whose business it was to announce the names of the persons introduced. After waiting a few minutes, the door was opened and the governor called As soon as the word governor, was

pronounced, Sir Hudson Lowe started upand stepped forward so hastily, that he entered the room before Sir George Cockburn was well apprized of it. The door was then closed, and when the admiral presented himself, the valet, not having heard his name called, told him, that he could not enter. Sir Hudson Lowe remained about a quarter of an hour, with Napoleon, during which the conversation was chiefly carried on in Italian, and subsequently the officers of his staff were introduced .-The admiral did not again apply for admitance.

If this was not a studied insult, we are at a loss to imagine what can be considered as one. Soon after this occurrence, he asked Mr. O'Menta if he took any fees for attending sick people on the island, and seemed surprised when an answer was returned in the negative :-

'Corvisart,' said he, 'notwithstanding his being my first physician, possessed of great wealth, and in the habit of receiving many rich presents from me, constantly took a Napoleon for each visit he paid to the sick. In your country, particularly, every man has his trade: the member of parliament takes money for his vote, the ministers for their places, the lawyers for their opinion.'

A coarser or more intolerable insult than the following, as related by Bonaparte himself, p. 47. cannot be imagined :-

' During the short interview that this governor had with me in my bed-chamber,' continued he, ' one of the first things which he proposed was, to send you away, and to take his own surgeon in your place. he repeated twice, and so earnest was he to gain his object, that although I gave him a most decided refusal, when he was going out he turned about and again proposed it. I never saw such a horrid countenance. -He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression on me, that I thought his looks had poisoned it, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window; I could not have swallowed it for the world.'

'It appears,' added he, afterwards, 'that'

veramient, descriptive of part of the operations of 1814. I pointed them out to him, the last time I saw him, and asked him, Est-ce vous, Monsieur? 'Yes.' I told him that the He replied. I told him that they were pleines de faussciees et de sottises. He shrugged up his shoulders, appeared confused, and replied, 'J'ai cru voir cela.' If.' continued he, ' those letters were the only accounts he sent, he betrayed his country.

That Sir Hudson Lowe might well think some vigilance necessary, may be inferred from the following note in Mr. O'Meara's diary:

Informed by Cipriani, that in the beginning of 1815 he had been sent from Elba to Leghorn, to purchase 100,000 francs worth of furniture for Napoleon's palace. During his stay he became very intimate with a person named . . . who had a * * at Vienna, from whom a private intimation was sent to him, that it was the determination of the congress of Vienna to send the emperor to St. Helena, and even had sent him a paper containing the substance of the agreement, a copy of which he gave to Cipriani, who departed instantly for Elba, to communicate the information he had received to the emperor. This, with the confirmation which he afterwards received from M * * * A * * and M * * * at Vienna, contributed to determine Napoleon to attempt the recovery of his throne.

At p. 93 we have another proof of his wish to affront the governor :-

He then said, ' that governor came here yesterday to annoy me. He saw me walking in the garden, and in consequence I could not refuse to see him. He wanted to enter into some details with me, about reducing the expenses of the establishment. He had the audacity to tell me that things were as he found them, and that he came up to justify himself: that he had come up two or three times before to do so, but that I was in a bath. I replied, ' No, Sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one on purpose not to see you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.' He said that I did not know him; that if I knew him, I should change my opinion, 'Know you, Sir,' I answered, 'How could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by this governor was with Blucher, and is the commanding in battles. You have never writer of some official letters to your go-, commanded in battle. You have never

commanded any but vagabond Corsican Piedmontese and Neapolitan deserters. brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself, but I never heard of you except as a scrirmo [clerk] to Blucher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honer.' He said, that he had not sought for the employment. I told him that such caployments were not asked for; that they were given by governments to people who had dishonored themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he only acted according to his orders. I replied, ' So does the hangman. He acts according to his orders. But when he puts a rope round my neck to finish me, is that a reason that I should like that hangman, because he acts according to his orders? Besides I do not believe that any government could be so mean as to give such orders as you cause to be executed. I told him, that if he pleased, he need not send up any thing to eat .-That I would go over and dine at the table of the brave officers of the 53d.; that I was sure there was not one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table to an old soldier. That there was not a soldier in the regiment who had not more heart than he had. That in the iniquitous bill of parliament, they had decreed that I was to be treated as a prisoner, but that he treated me worse than a condemned criminal, or a galley slave, as those were permitted to receive newspapers and printed books, which he deprived me of.' mid, 'You have power over my body, but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, ferce, and determined, at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe.'-I told him that he was a shirro Siciliano. and not an Englishman; and desired him net to let me see him again until he came with orders to dispatch me, when he would findall the doors thrown open to admit him.

I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. 'Who,' said he, 'the king of Prussia?' He burst into a fit of laughter. 'He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate. He then conversed for a considerable time about the Bourbons.—'They want;' said he, 'to introduce the

old system of nobility into the army. Instead of allowing the sons of peasants and laborers to be eligible to be made generals, as they were in my time; they want to confine it entirely to the old nobility, to emigres like that old blockhead Montchenu; you have seen all the old nobility of France before the revolution. Such were all the race, and such they have returned, ignorant, vain, and arrogant as they left it. They were the cause of the revolution, and of so much blood-shed; and now, after twentyfive years of exile and disgrace, they return loaded with the same vices and crimes for which they were expatriated, to produce another revolution. I know the French. Believe me, that after six or ten years, the whole race will be massacred, and thrown into the Seine.'

'To give you an instance of the general' feeling in France towards the Bourbons, I will relate to you an anecdote. return from Italy, while my carriage was: ascending the steep hill of Tarare, I got. out and walked up, without any attendants, as was often my custom. My wife, and: my suite, were at a little distance behind me. I saw an old woman, lame, and hobbling about with the help of a crutch, endeavouring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognize I went up to her and said, Well, mabeane, where are you going with a haster which so little belongs to your years?-What is the matter? 'ma foi,' replied the old dame, ' they tell me the emperor is here, and I want to see him before I die." Bah, bah, said I, what do you want to see him for? What have you gained by him? He is a tyrant as well as the others. Yaus have only changed one tyrant for another, Louis for Napoleon. ' mais, monsicur, that may be; but, after all, he is the king of the people, and the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles. We have chosen him. and if we are to have a tyrant; let him be one chosen by ourselves.' ' There,' said he, ' you have the sentiments of the French nation expressed by an old woman.'

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Bonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dreaden, I or dered an attack to be made upon the alked by both flanks of my army. While the manceuves for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless: At the distance of about from this to the outer gate,

Look at the To

which they were built, This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual .-I myself narrowly escaped with life. order to show an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been bired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. terrible conflagration ruined every thing. -I was prepared for every thing but this .-It was unforseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? the inhabitants themselves however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a population we never could have discovered them ourselves, I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburgh." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France.-I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. self remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and Indian warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames; like immense waves of the 62a, alternately bursting forth and elevating |

themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!

Poctry.

THE ORPHANS

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipp'd, with refulgent gold, the vane'
Of the old church across the way.
Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.
There many a humble green grave show'd.

Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I view'd
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.
A faded basch its shadow become

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,

Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

" My little children, let me know
" Why you in such distress appear;
" And why you wasteful from you throw
" That bread, which many a one would

theer?"
The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chas'd:
"Oh! Ma'am, we've not enough to eat:

"Oh! if we had, we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,

"And will not eat, whate'er I say;

"Though sure I am the bread's her own,

"For she has tasted none to-day."

'Indeed", the wan, starv'd Mary said,

'Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more:

"For yesterday I got some bread;
"He's had none since the day before."
My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though depriv'd of speech;
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And press'd the clay-cold hand of each.
With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The Shivering boy then nearer drew,

And did his simple tale impart.

I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: " Jettez une douzaine de boulets a la fois dans ce group la, peutetre il y en a quelques petits generaux." (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before, Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Sexony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, " that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, " is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobeu, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels -I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment upon the quence of the combustible materials of

edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to, both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances. the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us.

The following is Bonaparte's account of the burning of Moscow.

I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The bouses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their, furniture and other things; that they had left every thing necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained bear. hind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armles, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of onjoving ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring .-Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. was very angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm, However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity, Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in conse-

Before my father went away, "Entic'd by bad men e'er the sea, "Sister and I did nought but play; "We liv'd beside you great ash tree. " But then poor mother did so cry, " And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell; " She told us that she soon should die, "And bid us love each other well. "She said, that when the war was o'er "Perhaps we might our father see; " But if we never saw him more, " That God our Father then would be. "She kiss'd us both, and then she died! " And we no more a mother have! ". Here, many a day we've sat and cried "Together on poor mother's grave. " But when my father came not here, " I thought if we could find the sea, "We should be sure to meet him there, "And once again might happy be. " We hand in hand went many a mile, And ask'd our way of all we met; And some did sigh, and some did smile And we of some did victuals get. " But when we reach'd the sea, and found "Twas one great water round us spread; "We thought that father must be drown'd, "And cried, and wish'd we both were dead. "So we return'd to mother's grave, "And only long with her to be; " For Goody when this bread she gave, " Said father's ship was lost at sea. "Then since no parent here we have, " We'll go and search for God around: "That God, our father, may be found? " He lives in heaven, mother said; " And Goody says that mother's there: " So, if she knows we want his aid, " I think, perhaps, she'll send him here." I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast, And cried, " Come both and live with me; "I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest " And will a second mother be. " And God shall be your father still; 'Twas he in mercy sent me here,

VARIETIES.

"Yoursteps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

"To teach you to obey his will,

ARCTIC MISERIS.

(From the North Georgia Gazette.)

Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and before you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole *.

When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animal's four legs are employed in carrying away the body.

Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not

penetrate it.

Being called from table by intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection. proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner.

Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear.

Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water.

OLD COMICAL.

* A hole in the ice for steeping salt meat, &c.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD, Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shope of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE POLLOWING BOOKSELLERS: Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street. Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Palsley; Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Edinburgh; Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rother say; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY MIELANGE

OB

*IVEEKLY REGISTER*OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 6.

WEDNESDAY, 24th JULY, 1822.

PRICE 314.

SKETCHES.

No. 3.

THE TIGER.

The circumstances detailed in the following narration, are as fresh as yesterday in my memory, and are still remembered with an interest, which nothing else I have ever witnessed can produce.

After an uncommonly protracted voyage, our regiment arrived at Bombay, in the hottest season of the year 1819; and many of the officers and men, unaccustomed to the burning atmosphere, soon became victims to the frightful cholera, which both amongst the Europeans and natives, raged with exterminating violence.-I had not been ten days on shore, when I was attacked by this dreadful distemper, and along with those of two brother officers, my name was inserted in the sick list, and we were together sent to the hospital. What would be the issue of the attack, was generally ascertained in three days, and altho' my case, was certainly one of the severest, after this period the complaint receded, but left the patient in a state of such extreme debility, that he could not turn himself in bed nor stretch to a glass of rice-water

which was placed before him. the hospital servants were as attentive as I could expect or hope for, how often did I wish, that my mother from whom I had parted ten months before, had only been with me, that just for once, she might gently lay my head on the pillow. My cure was considerably retarded, by my anxiety to join the detachment of our regiment # Poonah, and this anxiety became insupportable, when my two fellow sufferers, having rapidly recovered, came to bid me farewell. At last the surgeon permitted me to walk in the shade around the house, which having accomplished with assistance, I determined next day, and contrary to his advice, to proceed in a palanquin, borne by six natives, towards head-quarters: Our path at first, winded along shore, and when the sea breeze occasionally played with the light muslin curtain of the palanquin, I was delighted with the magnificent scene. A shining summer ocean, was spread out in motionless serenity before me, and in the distance, the hazy blue island of Salsette seemed suspended in the air with its rugged outline. During the second days journey, our pathway anddenly diverged to the right, and ascend ing the high ground, which rises a short distance from the shore, the sea became

undistinguishable. The scene now before us was by no means uninteresting. An immense range of high mountains, which runs parallel with the shore, enclosed us on all sides, and a wonderful variety of flowers and shrubs and trees—while some of the latter were adorned with the most delicious fruit, a tempting fountain played amid this wilderness of sweets; and I exclaimed, "Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this—it is this!"

Instead of becoming fatigued with the journey, I found my strength rapidly returning; and I inhaled the cool mountain air with inexpressible delight. In the morning of the fourth day, after the commencement of our journey, I observed that the shrubs were frequently branching down upon the path, and that my palanquin bearers were apparently proceeding with Their converconsiderable difficulty. setion became more animated, and altho' I did not understand it, it was easy to perceive that a matter of interest and alarm was discussed. I was not left long in doubt. In a moment my palanguin was dashed to the ground, and the receding footsteps warned me too truly, that the whole of my companions had deserted me. After the descent of the palanquin the breeze at intervals still breathed gently around me, and wasting for a moment the thin curtain from its side, I saw an enormous tiger with his glaring eyes fixed upon me. The curtain fell, but only again to rise; and then I observed the mouth of the dreadful animal covered with blood, and its aspect of horror was heightened by an awful grin, which seemed as if called up for the occasion, by his certainty of prey. I lifted up my soul in prayer, and became more composed. Again the breeze removed the curtain, and again the gaze of the awful animal met mine.

. I now found my strength decaying,

and after having made two unsuccessful efforts to reach my sword, which was the only weapon I carried, I sunk into a state of horror which I shall never forget. I knew most certainly my situation, for I fixed my eyes frequently on the waving curtain and shuddered to recollect what lay within a few yards of me: but at times my mind would wander to scenes of youth, and with my early friend, methought I stood on the brink of a precipice, I thought he pushed me over, and in falling I saw below me an agitated sea -but again, when I fixed my eye steadily it was only the waving curtain of the palanquin. Now, I stood by a mighty waterfall, and gazed upon it with serenity; but suddenly the ground below me gave way, and with a rushing noise I was hurried onward. noise was only the wind breathing among the hard leaves of the plants around me. I thought I gazed upon the sun but its color was so bright and so red that I could not look long on it—but no. The breeze had raised the curtain and the bloody aspect of the animal was again revealed. long I remained in this deplorable state I cannot learn. Now I thought I heard the long low growl which is always heard before the Tiger leaps on his prey. The sound died away. Again I heard it, accompanied with shouts and other noises. It was not long before the curtain of the palanquin was raised, and I trembled when I observed, that one of the men who had carried me to the place, was standing near me, in a direct line betwixt the monster and myself. I could not speak to warn him of his danger, but I placed my finger on my lip and remained immoveable. He smiled, and departed. What was my astonishment when I found my next visitor was Capt. A. who was one of the officers. lately confined with me in the hospital. My finger was still on my lip, and I in and before the time of the Saxons, endeavoured to look a warning to him did make panels of horne insteed of of his danger, to my surprise he laughed heartily and exclaimed "What, are dheartily and exclaimed "What, are "you afraid too? This Tiger which has alarmed you all so much, was our lattices are also growne into lesse

" shot by me yesterday morning."

A VIEW of COUNTRY LIFE DUR-ING THE AGE OF SHAKES-PEARE;—ITS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—RURAL CHARAC-TERS.

The mansion houses of the country-gentlemen were in the days of Shakespeare, rapidly improving both in their external appearance, and in their interior comforts. During the reign of Henry the Eighth, and even of Mary, they were, if we except their size, little better than cottages, being thatched buildings, covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by lattices; when Harrison wrote, in the age of Elizabeth, though the greater number of manorhouses still remained framed of timber, yet he observes, " such as be latelie builded, are comonlie either of bricke or hard stone, or both; their roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings." The old timber mansions, too, were now covered with the finest plaster, which, says the historian, " beside the delectable whitenesse of the stuffe itselfe, is laied on so even and smoothlie, as nothing in my judgment can be done with more exactnesse;" and at the same time, the windows, interior decorations, and furniture were becoming greatly more " Of old time useful and elegant. our countrie houses," continues Harrison, " instead of glasse did use much lattisse, and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in chekerwise. mead also that some of the better sort,

did make panels of horne insteed of glasse, and fix them in woodden calmes. But as horne in windows is now quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattices are also growne into lesse use, because glasse is come to be so plentifull, and within a verie little so good cheape if not better then the other.—The wals of our houses on the inner sides in like sort be either hanged with tapisterie, arras worke, or painted cloths, wherein either diverse histories, or hearbes, beasts, knots, and such like are stained, or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainescot brought hither out of the east countries, whereby the roomes are not a little commanded, made warme, and much more close than otherwise they would be. for stooves we have not hitherto used them greatlie, yet doo they now begin to be made in diverse houses of the gentrie.-Likewise in the houses of knights, gentlemen, &c. it is not geson to behold generally their great provision of Turkic worke, pewter, brasse, fine linen, and thereto costly cupbords of plate, worth five or six hundred or a thousand pounds, to be deemed by estimation.

The house of every country-gentleman of property included a neat chapel and a spacious hall; and where the estate and establishment were considerable, the mansion was divided into two parts or sides, one for the state or banqueting-rooms, and the other for the household; but in general, the latter, except in baronial residences, was the only part to be met with, and when complete had the addition of parlours; thus Bacon, in his Essay on Building, describing the household side of a mansion; says, "I wish it divided at the first into a hall. and a chappell, with a partition betweene; both of good state and bignesse: and those not to goe all the length, but to have, at the further end, a winter, and a summer parler, both taire: and under these roomes a faire and large cellar, sunke under ground: and likewise, some privie kitchins, with butteries and pantries, and the like." It was the custom also to have windows opening from the parlours and passages into the chapel, hall, and kitchen, with the view of overlooking or controlling what might be going on; a trait of vigilant caution, which may still be discovered in some of our ancient colleges and manor-houses, and to which Shakespeare alludes in King Henry the Eighth, where he describes His Majesty and Butts the physician entering at a window above. which overlooks the council-chamber. We may add, an illustration of this system of architectural espionage, that Andrew Borde, when giving instructions for building a house in his Dictarie of Health, directs " many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel:" and that Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter, dated 1573, says, " if it please Her Majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner-time, at a window opening thereunto"

The hall of the country-squire was the usual scene of eating and hospitality, at the upper end of which was placed the orsille or high table, a little elevated above the floor, and here the master of the mansion presided, with an authority, if not a state, which almost equalled that of the potent baron. The table was divided into upper and lower messes, by a huge saltcellar, and the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of their scats above, and below, the saltcellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the

nature of the provision, the wine frequently circulating only above the saltcellar, and the dishes below it, being of a coarser kind than those near the head of the table. So prevalent was this uncourteous distinction, that Shakespeare, in his Winter's Tale, written about the year 1604 or 1610, designates the inferior orders of society by the term "lower messes."

The luxury of eating and of good cooking were well understood in the days of Elizabeth, and the table of the country-squire frequently groaned beneath the burden of its dishes; at Christmas and at Easter especially, the hall became the scene of great festivity; "in gentlemen's houses, at Christmas," says Aubrey, " the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth. Queen's Coll. Oxon. they still retain this custom, the bearer of it bringing it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, Apri caput defero, &c. The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day was a red-herring riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn sallad .-The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England) was founded on this, viz. to shew their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."

Games and diversions of various kinds, such as mumming, masquing, dancing, loaf-stealing, &c. &c. were allowed in the hall on these days; and the servants, or heralds, wore the costs of arms of their masters, and cried Largesse' thrice. The hall was usually hung round with the insignia of the squire's amusements, such as hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.; but in case he were a justice of the peace, it assumed a more terrific aspect.

"The halls of the justice of peace," observes honest Aubrey," were dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with corslets and helmets, gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, launces, pikes, halberts, brown bills, bucklers."

The following admirable description of an old English hall, which still remains as it existed in the days of Elizabeth, is taken from the notes to Mr. Scott's poem of Rokeby, and was communicated to the bard by a friend; the story which it introduces, I have also added, as it likewise occurred in the same reign, and affords a curious though not a pleasing trait of the manners of the times; as, while it gives a dreadful instance of ferocity, it shows with what ease justice, even in the case of the most enormous crimes, might be set aside.

Littlecote-House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the rirer Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of gre at antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country-Many circumstances in the mansion. interior of the house, however, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately l

below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak-table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an armchair of cumbrous workmauship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door, in the front of the house, to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy stair-case, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors to some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again; a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:

"It was a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fireside, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blind-folded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartment, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, The midwife was and departed. strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bed-side, had, with a view to

discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had decended the staircase, she had counted the Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-House and the domain around it. The house was examined. and identified by the midwife, and Darrell, was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Hill: a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

The usual fare of country-gentlemen, relates Harrison, was " foure. five, or six dishes, when they have but small resort;" and accordingly. we find that Justice Shallow, when he invites Falstaff to dinner, issues the following orders: " Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook." But on feast-days, and particularly on the festivals above-mentioned, the profusion and cost of the table were astonishing. Harrison observes that the country-gentlemen and merchants contemned butcher's mext on such occasions, and vied with the nobility in the production of rare and delicate viands, of which he gives a long list; and Massinger says,

" Men may talk of country-christmasses— Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carp's tongues,

Their pheasant's drench'd with ambergris, the carcases

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts

Were fasts, compared with the city's."

It was the custom in the houses of the country-gentlemen to retire after dinner, which generally took place groat, be introduced, either to provoke about eleven in the morning, to the the dance, or to rouse their wonder garden-bower or an arbour in the or- by his minstrelsy; his "matter being chard, in order to partake of the ban-quet or dessert; thus Shallow, ad-as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes dressing Falstaff after dinner, exclaims, of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of " Nay, you shall see mine orchard: | Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clymme where in an arbour, we will eat a last of the Clough, and such other old rovear's pippin of my own graffing, with mances or historical rimes, made pura dish of carraways, and so forth."-From the banquet it was usual to retire to evening prayer, and thence to supper, between five and six o'clock; for in Shakespeare's time, there were seldom more than two meals, dinner and supper; "heretofore," remarks Harrison, " there hath beene much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonlie is in these daies, for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoone, beverages, or nuntions after dinner, and thereto reare suppers generallie when it was time to go to Now these od repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and ech one in manner (except here and there some voong hungrie stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himselfe with dinner and supper onelie. The nobilitie, gentlemen, and merchantmen, especiallie at great meetings, doo sit commonlie till two or three of the clocke at afternoone, so that with manie is an hard matter to rise from the table to go to evening praier, and returne from thence to come time enough to supper."

The supper which, on days of festivity, was often protracted to a late hour, and often too as substantial as the dinner, was succeeded, especially at Christmas, by gambols of various sorts, and sometimes the squire and his family would mingle in the amusements; or retiring to the tapestried parlour, would leave the hall to the more boisterous mirth of their household; then would the BLIND HAR-PER, who sold his FIT of mirth for a

posely for recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and brideales." Nor was the evening passed by the parlour fire-side dissimilar in its pleasures; the harp of history or romance was frequently made vocal by one of the party. "We ourselves," says Puttenham, who wrote in 1589, " have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty, in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine, in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shall be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others likė."

The posset at bed-time, closed the joyous day, a custom to which Shakespeare has occasionally alluded; thus Lady Macbeth says of the " surfeited grooms," "I have drugg'd their possets;" Mrs. Quickly tells Rugby, "Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire;" and Page, cheering Falstaff, exclaims, " Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house." Thomas Heywood also, a contemporary of Shakespeare, has particularly noticed this refection as occurring just before bed-time: "Thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a posset upon thee when thou goest to bed."

We shall now pass forward to the delineation of one of great importance in a national point of view, that of the substantial Farmer or Yeoman, of whom Harrison has left us the following interesting definition: - This sort of people have a certaine preheminence and more estimation than labourers, and the common sort of artificers, and these commonlie live wealthilie, keepe good houses, and travell to get riches.-They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their master's living) do come to great welth, in somuch that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the universities, and Ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those meanes to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called master, as gentlemen are, or sir as to knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c.: yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did amongst their horsemen: the prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist.

The houses or cottages of the farmer were built in places abounding in wood, in a very strong and substantial manner, with not more than four, six, or nine inches between stud and stud; but in the open champaine country, they were compelled to use more flim-

girding to which they fastened their splints, and then covered the whole with thick clay to keep out the wind. " Certes this rude kind of building," says Harrison, " made the Spaniards in queene Maries daies to wonder, but cheeflie when they saw what large diet was used in manie of these so homelie cottages, in so much that one of no small reputation amongst them said after this manner: 'These English (quoth he) have their houses made of sticks and durt, but they fare commonlie so well as the king.' Whereby it appeareth that he liked better our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their owne thin diet in their prince-like habitations and palaces." The cottages of the peasantry usually consisted of but two rooms on the ground-floor, the outer for the servants, the inner for the master and his family, and they were thatched with straw or sedge; while the dwelling of the substantial farmer was distributed into several rooms above and beneath, was coated with white lime or cement, and was very neatly roofed with recd; hence Tusser, speaking of the farmhouse, gives the following directions for repairing and preserving its thatch in the month of May:

"Where houses be reeded (as houses have need)

Now pare of the mosse, and go beat in the reed :

The juster ye drive it, the smoother and plaine,

More handsome ye make it, to shut off the raine."

To this curious delineation of the accommodation of the farmer, it will be necessary, in order to complete the sketch, to add a few things relative to his diet and hospitality. Contrary to what has taken place in modern times, the hours for meals were later with the artificer and the husbandman than with the higher orders of society; the farsy materials, with here and there a mer and his servants usually sitting down to dinner at one o'clock, and to supper at seven, while the nobleman and gentleman took the first at eleven in the morning, and the second at five in the afternoon.

We shall close these characters, illustrative of rural manners, as they existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James 1st. with a delineation of the plain Country Fellow or down right Clown, from the accurate pen of Bishop Earle, who has touched this homely subject with singular point and spirits.

" A plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melan-He seems to have the pucholy. nishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers His dinner is his other for posterity. work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold, l

which he takes from his land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave he is a good christian to his power, (that is) comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday, he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as an evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not."

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.—
By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

Our readers will judge for themselves of the sincerity of Napoleon, in the following observations:—

October 1st. - Repeated to Napoleon what Sir Hudson Lowe had desired me on the He replied, 'I expect nothing from the present ministry but ill treatment .-The more they want to lessen me, the more I will exalt myself. It was my intention to have assumed the name of Colonel Meuron, who was killed by my side at Arcola, covering me with his body, and to have lived as a private gentleman in England, in some part of the country where I might have lived retired, without ever desiring to mix in the grand world. I would never have gone to London, nor have dined out. Probably I should have seen very few per-Perhaps I might have formed a friendship with some savans. I would have rode out every day, and then returned to my books.' I observed, that as long as he kept up the title of majesty, the English ministers would have a pretext for keeping him in St. Helena. He replied, 'they force me to it. I wanted to assume an incognito on my arrival here, which was proposed to the admiral, but they will not permit it. They insist on calling me General Bonavarte. I have no reason to be ashamed of that title, but I will not take it from them. If the republic had not a legal existence, it had no more right to constitute me general than first magistrate. If the admiral had remained,' continued he, ' perhaps matters might have been arranged. He had some heart, and, to do him justice, was incapable of a mean action. Do you think, added he, ' that he will do us an injury on his arrival in Eng-I replied, 'I do not think that he will render you any service, particularly in consequence of the manner in which he was treated when he last came up to see you, but he will not tell any falsehoods; he will strictly adhere to the truth, and give his opinion about you, which is not very favorable.' 'Why so?' replied he, 'we were very well together on board What can he say of me? that I want to escape, and mount the throne of France again? I replied, that it was very probable he would both think and say so. · Bah,' replied Napolcon. ' If I were in | England now, and a deputation from France were to come and offer me the throne, I would not accept of it, unless I

Otherwise I should be obliged the nation. to turn borreau, and cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it-oceans of blood must flow to keep me there. - I have made noise enough in the world already, perhaps too much, and am now getting old, and want retirement. These, continued he, 'were the motives which induced me to abdicate the last time." observed to him, that when he was Emperor, he had caused Sir George Cockburn's brother to be arrested, when envoy at Hamburg, and conveyed to France, where he was detained for some years. He aupeared surprised at this, and endeavoured to recollect it. After a pause, he asked me, if I were sure the person so arrested was Sir G. C.'s brother. I replied, that I was perfectly so, as the admiral had told me the circumstance himself. 'It is likely enough,' replied he, ' but I do not recollect the name. I suppose, however, that it must have been at the time when I caused all the English on the continent to be detained, because your government had seized on all the French ships, sailors, and passengers, they could lay their hands on in harbour, or at sea, before the declaration of war. I, in my turn, seized on all the English that I could find at land, in order to show them, that if they were all-powerfull at sea, and could do what they liked there, I was equally so by land, and had as good a right to scize people on my element as they had on theirs. Now,' said he, 'I can comprehend the reason why your ministers selected him.'

At p. 173, we have B.'s opinion of the military policy of England, and of the Battle of Waterloo: which we give rather because they illustrate his own character, than for any intrinsic value in his observations:—

wou, but he will not tell any falsehoods; he will strictly adhere to the truth, and give his opinion about you, which is not very favorable.' 'Why so?' replied he, 'we were very well together on board ship. What can he say of me? that I want to escape, and mount the throne of France again? I replied, that it was very probable he would both think and say so. 'Bah,' replied Napoleon. 'If I were in England now, and a deputation from France were to come and offer me the throne. I would not accept of it, unless I knew such to be the unanimous wish of

with little comparative expense. soldiers have not the requisite qualities for a military nation. They are not equal in address, activity, or intelligence to the French. When they get from under the fear of the lash, they obey nobody. In a retreat they cannot be managed; and if they meet with wine, they are so many devils (tanti diaroli), and adieu to subordination. I saw the retreat of Moore, and I never witnessed any thing like it. was impossible to collect or make them do any thing. Nearly all were drunk. Your officers depend on interest or money for promotion. Your soldiers are brave, nobody can deny it; but it was bad policy to encourage the military mania, instead of sticking to your marine, which is the real force of your country, and one which, while you preserve it, will always render you powerful. In order to have good soldiers, a nation must always be at war.'

' If you had lost the battle of Waterloo,' continued he, 'what a state would England have been in! The flower of your youth would have been destroyed; for not a man, not even Lord Wellington would have escaped.' I observed here, that Ld. W. had determined never to leave the field alive. Napoleon replied, 'he could not retreat. He would have been destroyed with his army, if instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up.' I asked him if he had not believed for some time that the Prussians who had shown themselves, were a part of G.'s corps. He replied, 'certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division and not that of G.'-I then took the liberty of asking whether, if neither G. nor the Prussians had arrived. it would not have been a drawn battle.-Napoleon answered, 'The English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at mid-day. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Ld. W. should gain it. I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle; because if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by the armies of 3 or 400,000 men that were coming against me. By giving me battle, there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies.-They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in W. to give me battle in a place, where, if defeated, all must have been lost, for he could not re-

Your | treat. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Morover, he allowed himself to be surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost every thing. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed; and every thing he did will meet with applause. My intentions were, to attack and destroy the English army. This I knew would produce an immediate change of ministry. The indignation against them for having caused the loss of forty thousand of the flower of the English army, would have excited such a popular commotion, they would have been turned out. The people would have said, What is it to us who is on the throne of France, Louis or Napoleon; are we to sacrifice all our blood in endeavours to place on the throne a detested family? No we have suffered enough. It is no affair of ours, -let them settle it amongst themselves. They would have made peace. The Saxons, Bavarians, Belgians, Wirtemburghers, would have joined me. The coalition was nothing without England. The Russians would have made peace, and I should have been quietly seated on the throne. Peace would have been permanent, as what could France do after the treaty of Paris? what was to be feared from her?

'These,' continued he, 'were my reasons for attacking the English. I had beaten the Prussians. Before 12 o'clock I had succeeded. Every thing was mine, I may say, but accident and destiny decided it otherwise. The English fought most bravely doubtless, nobody can deny it.—but they must have been destroyed.

We give some accounts of the retreat from Moscow:—

I asked him, if in less rigorous climates the Poles were as good soldiers as the French. 'Oh, no, no. In other places the Frenchman is much superior. The commandant of Dantzic informed me, that during the severity of the winter, when the thermometer sunk 18 degrees, it was impossible to make the French soldiers keep their posts as sentinels, while the Pole suffered nothing. Poniatowsky,' continued he, 'was a a noble character, full of honour and bravery. It was my intention to have made him king of Poland, had I succeeded in Russia.' I asked to what he

principally attributed his failure of that expedition. 'To the cold, the premature cold, and the burning of Moscow, replied Napoleon. I was a few days too late-I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time. While I was at Moscow, the cold was at three of the thermometer, and was such as the French could with pleasure bear; but on the march the thermometer sunk 18 degrees, and consequently nearly all the horses perished. In one night I lost 30,000. The actilery, of which I had 500 pieces was in a great measure obliged to be abandoned; neither annunition nor We could not provision could be carried. make a reconnaissance, or send out an advance of men on horseback to discover the way, through the want of horses. soldiers lost their spirits, fell into confusion and lost their senses. The most triffling thing alarmed them. Four or 5 men were sufficient to frighten a whole battalion .-Instead of keeping together, they wandered about in search of fire. Parties, when sent out on duty in advance, abandoned their posts, and went to seek the means of warming themselves in the houses. They separated in all directions, became helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy.-Others lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and sleeping, they In this manner thousands perished. The Poles saved some of their horses and artillery, but the French, and the soldiers of the other nations I had with me, were no longer the same men. In particular, Out of 40,000, I do the cavalry suffered. not think that 3,000 were saved. Had it not been for that fire at Moscow. I should have succeeded. I would have wintered There were in that city, about 40,000 citizens, who were in a manner slaves. For you must know that the Russian nobility keep their vassals in a sort of slavery. I would have proclaimed liberty to all the slaves in Russia, and abolished This would have vassalage and nobility. procured me the union of an immense and powerful party. I would either have made a peace at Moscow, or else I would have marched the next year to Petersburgh .-Alexander was assured of it, and sent his diamonds, valuables, and ships to England. Had it not been for that fire, I should have succeeded in every thing. I beat them 2 days before, in a great action at Moskwa;

I attacked the Russian army of 250,000 strong, entrenched up to their necks, with 90,000, and totally defeated them. 70,000 Russians lay on the field. They had the impudence to say that they had gained the battle, though two days after I marched into Moscow.

SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS.

By the Author of 'The Magic Lantern.'

This little work appears to contain the unlaboured effusions of an elegant mind, expressed in pleasing and unaffected language. An entire sketch will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the manner in which it is written.

THE RING.

Walking up St. James's Street a few days ago, I was attracted by some very beautiful specimens of bijouterie, displayed for sale in the window of a shop; and seeing a very curious antique ring, set in diamonds, labelled for a sum that I fancied beneath its value, I was tempted to purchase it. Examining my bargain while sitting in my easy chair after dinner, I dropped asleep, as is my usual custom; and the ring being the last subject of my thoughts, gave rise to the following dream. I thought that, while in the act of contemplating my new purchase, it thus addressed me-and, however unnatural and improbable it may seem, that an inanimate object should be gifted with the power of speech, yet, with the usual incoherence of a dream, all appeared to me perfectly correct.

4 Do not undervalue me because this day I came into your possession for a comparatively trifling sum. Though you see me now with my lustre dimmed by age and want of care, time was that I wore a different aspect. In my fate you will see the lot of all sublunary grandeur, and I shall therefore relate to you my eventful history.

* I was purchased in Rome, where I was examined and admired by many a virtuoso; but a young Englishman, on his travels, no sooner saw me than he wished to possess me. Doubtful, however, of his own skill as a connoisseur, he determined on consulting a person considered a perfect judge in such matters; and, with all the unsuspicious openness of his countrymen, told my owner so. No sooner had he left the house.

than my master hastened to the virtuoso that the Englishman had named as the arbiter of my destiny; and having originally demanded double my value, he now offered a handsome douceur to the antiquary, if he could, by his commendations, ensure my sale to the young amateur. Those two precious Romans soon came to a perfect understanding; in a day or two the bargain was made, and I was consigned to the care of my new master. Though I disliked the cupidity of my late owner, and wished to leave him, still it was not without a pang that I hade adieu to the lovely cameos and intaglios that had been so long my neighbours in the same drawer; and the precious antique gems that had been so often in close contact with me, never appeared to possess so many charms as in the moment that I was torn from them for My vanity, however, consoled me for the separation; for it had been cruelly wounded by having overheard my crafty countryman say, that he had two Ioles, one on a beryl, and another on a sardonyx, both far superior to me, who am, as you perceive, an agate, and that he heartily wished me off his hands, as no one but an Englishman would buy me.

' My new master having looked at me with a carelessness that bespoke him as little interested as skilled in antiques, consigned me to his writing-box: where I lay side by side with many other articles of virtu, and surrounded by all the gages d'amour with which he had been favoured since he Here I law in inglorious obleft college. scurity for some time; for though my prison was frequently opened, to draw from it a fresh supply of money, I remained unnoticed. At length, by tinding my cage moved about, I guessed that a change in my destiny was taking place, and I soon discovered, by the rumbling motion and rude jolts which I experienced, that I was leaving my native city, the once proud and imperial capital of the world. I shall pass over the grief which this parting caused me; nor shall I dwell on the disagremens that took place between my fellow-travellers and myself on the journey: our careless master had bestowed so little attention in packing us, that we frequently experienced some of the unpleasant rubs of life. glass that covered a portrait fell a victim to one of the quarrels, and some beautiful Roman shells were shattered into fragments.

'We proceeded to Florence, and thence to Paris, where we took up our abode;

and we had not been long there, when I observed that my prison was never opened, that my master exhibited certain symptoms of chagrin and impatience which boded something disagreable. One day he seized my cage with a violence that threatened its annihilation, and flattered me with the hope of liberty; but the lock soon obeyed his h and; and from the frequent exclamations I heard him utter, of 'Cursed fool!' 'Stupid dupe!' 'Stingy father!' I guessed that something unusual had occurred, and I found he was writing to solicit from his father fresh supplies. His application failed of success, but brought him a recal-We soon bade adieu to Paris, and set out for England,-that country of whose wealth I had heard so much, and whose sons have been considered as the natural prey of the artful and designing.

'The first gleam of light that visited me in England shone through the dusty panes of a window in the Custom House at Dover; where my prison was unceremoniously opened, and my companions and myself exposed to the view of a crowd of spectators, amidsta heap of clothes-bags, dressingcases, port-feuilles, portmanteaus, china, artificial flowers, &c. &c. &c. Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to The looks of inexorable rigidity of the custom-house officers,-the pale faces of the owners of the various properties, which told a piteous tale of sufferings past, and from which they had not yet recovered. The soiled dresses, mis-shaped hats and bennets, and uncurled ringlets falling over languid cheeks,—showed the ladies in no very favourable point of view; while the unshorn chins, and rumpled neckcloths of the gentlemen, betrayed that they had not escaped the disasters of the briny element. Each individual stood close to his or her property; and all personal suffering appeared to be forgotten in the anxiety which they felt to recover their possessions from the ruthless fangs of the customhouse officers. One lady was declaring that a piece of fine Mecklin lace, found in her band-box, was English manufacture; and another was insisting that a piece of French silk, which was discovered peeping through her pocket-hole, was merely the lining of her dress. Innumerable female voices, all speaking together, were heard around, making confusion doubly confused; while the gentlemen, who appeared less able to argue with the revenue officers, coptented themselves with undervaluing their properties, that the duties might be proportionally reduced. I made one reflection on the scene around me, which was, that the female sex are all addicted to dealing it was there called; for out of above 50 laddes present, there was not one who did not endeavour to defraud the revenue.

- After witnessing several animated contests, and countless seizures, it at length came to my turn to be examined, and I felt my dignity not a little offended by being taken up between the soiled finger and thumb of one of the inspectors, who, after viewing me for a moment, pronounced me English, which my master having with rather a disdainful smile tacitly admitted, I was restored to my old abode, and with my companions, again huddled up in our narrow cell.
- ' The scene I had witnessed conveyed no favourable impression of England; and I could not help ejaculating to myself, Is this, then, that famed land of freedom of which I have so often heard; and whose laws, and protection of private property, are so frequently held up to admiration? How prone are mankind to misrepresent, and exaggerate; and how ill governed must this same England be, and how defective its laws, when the goods, for which an individual has paid his money, and which, of course, have become his property, are taken from him without even civility of an excuse, and this by the very officers employed to carry their boasted laws into effect! I made many more wise reflections on laws and governments, but of which, as they did not concern my history, I shall spare you the recital; let it suffice to say, that no where had I heard law and justice so violently denounced as in an English custom-house: and there it was I first learned that they are not synonymous terms.
- 'The motion of the vehicle, as we rolled along from Dover towards London, was so different from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed, that I concluded the roads in England to be much better, or that some peculiar excellence appertained to English horses or postilions. My travelling companions and I agreed much better; and during our journey from Dover to the metropolis, we maintained our equilibrium with perfect decorum, and had not a single rupture.
- 'We arrived in the British capital on a fine evening in May; and I was the next morning released from the narrow precincts

- of my prison, and consigned, with some other articles of virtu, to the fair sister of my master. She admired me extremely; but returned me to her brother, with the observation, that he had better reserve me for the finger of a fair female friend of hers, to whom he was to be presented at dinner; but to all his enquiries as to the name of this fair unknown, she declined giving any information.
- 'I was placed on the dressing-table of my master, and could not help observing that when attiring himself for dinner this day, he bestowed more than his accustomed care in arranging his neckcloth, and giving his hair that careless waving flow so much admired by travelling beaus. I had hitherto fancied that the male sex were superior to the minor considerations of personal decorations: but I now discovered that no blooming nymph of seventeen, at her first presentation, could have taken more pains in displaying her charms to the best advantage, than did my master on the present occasion. I felt considerable interest to know the result of his interview with the fair unknown, but had no means of gratifying my curiosity. I remarked, however, that from this eventful day, he appeared more than usually anxious to adorn his person to the best advantage; and at the end of a few weeks, I observed him draw a small torquoise ring from his finger, which he kissed with a rapture that excited my astonishment mingled with indignation, that an ornament so inferior to myself could be so valued, while I was left whole weeks unnoticed on the dressing-table, or only casually touched by the housemaid when arranging the room. At length I was one day taken up, and conveyed by my master to a celebrated jeweller, to whose care he consigned me, with particular injunctions to have me reset, encircled with diamonds, and made to the size of a very small gold ring which he left as a pattern. He gave innumerable directions, expressive of his anxiety to have me completed; all of which convinced me that I was designed for the finger of some fair lady, and the unknown immediately occurred to my The jeweller, whose only object memory. was to incur as much expense to his employer as possible, encircled me with a row of brilliants, so large as nearly to hide my diminished head; and having now all the appearance of a modern antique, I was restored to my master, and the next day was placed by him on one of the most

snowy, taper fingers in the world, as a guard to a plain gold ring that he had put on the same finger at St. George's church half an hour before, as I discovered by the conversation that followed the action.

'My mistress seemed excessively pleased with me, and frequently raised her hand to arrange her hair or dress, and as frequently expressed her admiration of me, which not a little excited my vanity; but my self-complacency was much abated by discovering that she admired the diamonds that surrounded me more than myself, and my respect for her was much decreased by ascertaining, from her observations, that she was totally unskilled in antiques.

' For about a year I retained the post of honour with my new mistress; but towards the close of that period, I discovered a visible alteration in her: of which, as it affected her treatment to me, I took particular notice. The first symptom I observed was a want of cordiality between her and my ci-devant master. Occasional differences took place between them, conducted on both sides with much warmth. and I noticed that a male visitor, who was very assidious in his attention, seemed to have taken a great fancy either to my mistress's hand or myself, for he frequently pressed both between his, and as frequently raised them to his lips, though gently reprimanded for it by the lady .-At length, one day he removed me from the fair finger I had so long encircled; and then drawing off the plain gold ring that I had so faithfully guarded, replaced it by one of nearly a similar kind, and then restored me to my former station, having consigned my old companion to his pocket.

' I felt, or fancied that I felt my mistress's hand agitated by a tremulous emotion, and a drop that, save from its warmth, I should have taken for crystal, at that moment fell on me, and was hastily brushed away by the lips of the gentleman. felt indignant at being robbed of this liquid pearl, which to my prophetic soul appeared like the last memorial of departed purity, nor could I be reconciled to the new companion who had usurped the place of my old one, to which, habit, and its unobtrusive qualities, had endeared me. The next day my mistress took advantage of the absence of her husband to clope with her lover, and though pressed by him to remove me for a ring of great beauty and value that he had provided as a substitute, she expressed such a desire still to retain me, that, though

with a visible degree of chagrin, he consented to permit me to occupy my old station, and placed his gift on a finger of the right hand.

' I soon observed many symptoms of unhappiness in my mistress; I was frequently bedewed with the tears that trickled down her pale cheeks, as the hand to which I belonged supported it; and the same hand was often pressed to her burning forehead, as if to still the throbbing pulse that agonized her there. By degrees the once snowy hand lost its fairness, and assumed a sickly yellow hue; the once finely rounded taper finger which I had so closely encircled, shrunk from my embrace. still my unhappy mistress seemed to wish to retain me, and by twisting several silken threads round me, she again secured me; but alas! in a few days I felt an unusual coldness steal over the attenuated finger, which was succeded by a rigidity that gave it the feel and semblance of mar-At this moment my servant, entering the room, awoke me, and interrupted a dream, the impression of which was so vivid, as to leave the traces of tears on my cheek.

Poetry.

WALTZING.

At first they move slowly, with caution and grace,

Like horses when just setting out on a race;. For dancers at balls, just like horses at races, Must amble a little to show off their paces

The music plays faster, their raptures begin, Like lambkins they skip, like tetotums they spin:

Now draperies whirl, and now petticoats fiv.

And ancles at least are exposed to the eye.

O'er the chalk-covered ball-room in circles they swim;

He smiles upon her, and she smiles upon him;

Her hand on his shoulder is tenderly placed,
His arm quite as tenderly circles her waist;



They still bear in mind as they're turning

The proverb, "one good turn's deserving another;

And these bodily turns often end, it is said, In turning the lady's or gentleman's head.

POSTCRIPT.

When you talk of this dance, I request it may be,

Not waltzing, but raltzing, pronounced with a r.

ON A SOLDIER.

Who died in the West Indies, 23d. Ap. 1822.

Thou oft hast mingled in the throng
Of Britain's battles, fierce and long;—
Cheer'd on by thy own native pipes,
Thou oft hast scal'd the dizzy heights
Of tottering tower, or roaring rock,
And borne the brunt of hostile shock;—
Thou often hast at the dead hour,
Been rous'd to face the adverse power,
With nought to light thee, save the glare
Of flashing guns, and rockets in the air.

The HAND that points the bullet's course Preserv'd thee from its fatal force:—
Thou died not on the enemy's shore,
'Mid the loud swell of battle's roar;
No peal of cannon sung thy death;
Thy bed was not a slippery heath;
'Twas not thy fate, on bloody plain,
To make a number in the slain;
Another—bitterer—fate was thine—
To fall beneath an Indian clime,
And yield thy spirit where the slave
Will dance and carol o'er thy grave!

W. K.

Gorbals.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are under many obligations to our say; James Thomson, Hamilton; a friends, some of them will perceive we have Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

availed ourselves of their kindness.

The letter of "a Clergyman" involves matter of discussion, which at present we beg leave to decline.

We take, in good part, the hint of our correspondent Justus, and will endeavour to profit by it.

L. X. does not X. L.; we cannot print such nonsense.

From the epigram by Quiz, containing twenty lines, on being asked if a Lean Pig was like any other animal? we extract all the wit,

"Yes, one there is, these doth combine, Pray which? why sure the Porc-u-pine."

The "Sharpshooter's song" we lay past till the next review day.

The Butterfly will appear in our next. We will be happy to receive communications from the same quarter.

We are quite overpowered, by an article which assumes so many names that it is impossible to describe it properly. "Lines to Mary," "Song to Jessie," "On the rising sun," "Sonnet," "Acrostick," &c. &c. &c. these and many similar have all a family resemblance, yet nobody can tell what they mean to represent.

Grateful for past favor, we trust the Melange will in future continue to deserve it.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by .

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:
Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street,
Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock;
John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley;
Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolar
Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothssay; Jumes Thomson, Hamilton; and M.
Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY

MELANCE,

OR

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MINTA JOCIS,"

No. 7.

WEDNESDAY, 31st JULY, 1822.

PRICE Sid 4

SKETCHES.

No. 4.

THE COURTSHIP.

An English education, and an extraordinary share of natural vivacity, had given to Fanny Woodbine powers of attraction, which independently of her raven locks, and laughing eyes, by most people would have been deemed interesting. She was now in that lovely season of life, between its spring and its summer, when the gay spirit dances amidst the blossoms on its path, and all is fondness, faithfulness and joy. Possessed of numerous accomplishments, and fine talents for conversation, Fanny Woodbine gained the heart sooner than she pleased the eye, but no one ever sat an hour in her company, who if he were within the first five minutes charmed with her playfulness, was not, the next five minutes, convinced she was a beauty. With such attractions, it was not wonderful that Fanny should have been an object of interest to many young men, received in the kindest manner by

surrectionary movements of the nogroes in the West Indies, but his favorite topic was his disposition of the regiment under his command, when our one occasion a French fleet threatened the Island of _____, at that time the Major's residence. It was amusing to observe the various methods adopted to secure the favor of the old gentleman, by Fanny's admirers, constant attention to his stories, compliments appropriately interposed, affected interest in his narrations, and the loud and hearty laugh which patronised his jokes, were all efforts to deceive Major Woodbine, and to secure his approbation as the first step to his daughter's

heart sooner than she pleased the eye, but no one ever sat an hour in her company, who if he were within the first five minutes charmed with her playfulness, was not, the next five minutes, convinced she was a beauty. With such attractions, it was not wonderful that Fanny should have been an object of interest to many young men, who whether they visited her father's, at the professed levers, or silent admirers of this daughter, were always here they would not be sufficiently and the conversation of the company, you might have seen fondly in his face, while a smile played of the professed levers, or silent admirers of this daughter, were always he gave for the kind acknowledgment.

the Major. He delighted to talk of was Horatio, and had any person acthe Major, when quelling the in-cepted the opinion he extertained of limself, it would have been most favorable. Here to a noble estate, accustomed to the splendors of fashionable life, and of a domineering and impetuous spirit, he considered his visits to Woodbine Hill, as condescensions which nothing but his attachment to Fanny could have occasioned.

Fanny was too clever not to perceive the manner in which he valued these sttentions to her, and when she contrasted them with the calm and constant affection of Alfred, her young heart felt that it could not even do him justice. One beautiful evening Fanny and Alfred walked together in the park, and the balm of the air, the verdure of the fields, the song of the birds, and the brightness of the golden clouds which the sun ere he sets seemed more vividly to illumine, all invited to fondness and to love.

Such was the moment when Alfred daclared an attachment, which successive years had silently entwined around his heart, and which the longer it flourished there only bloomed the sweeter. Fanny's consent sealed his bliss. But these happy moments were soon interrupted by the servant of Horatio, who now stepped forward and presented a letter to Fanny. It stated that Horatio was to dine at Woodbine Hill: next day, when he intended to awall hisself of the opportunity to throw himself and his fortunes at her fast.

Together with the letter Horatio's whom Horatio thought as of a bride, he proceeded to obey her, but to his utter discomfiture, he found the ornamental paper which adorned the venison was the letter he had sent to Fanny the day before, and which had by this time attracted the attention of the whole company. Shocked and english to the house, and altho' the rout raged, he left the table, and Woodhine Hill for ever, nor is he yet convinced that Eanny was not to blame for the

As soon as Fanny was alone she bethought herself of Horatio's letter, but it was no where to be found, at length she remembered having left it on the green bank near the spot where it was received, she hastened to the place, but the letter was not there, and with considerable anxiety she found herself obliged to abandon the search and return home. The person who had removed the letter was Fleury, the French Cook of Woodbine Hill, he had seen it lying on the ground, in passing from the village, and having picked it up he put it in his pocket. Next forenoon the happy lovers met, and never did the time pass more swiftly, for long before they expected or wished, the company invited began to assemble. Horatio was amongst the first to arrive, and it was soon observed that he was if possible more pert in his manner, and more severe in his jokes, than he had ever been be-He sat near the Major at dinner, and had just finished his soup, when the latter commenced a dissertation on the excellent dish before him. for which the company were indebted to Horatio. All eyes were turned towards it, but the company especially admired the beautiful cut paper with which Fleury had concealed the uncomely portion of the bone. This ornament was so well executed, that Fanny requested Horatio to undo part of it, that he might show it to a girl near him. Glad to oblige one of whom Horatio thought as of a bride, he proceeded to obey her, but to his utter discomfiture, he found the ornamental paper which adorned the venison was the letter he had sent to Fanny the day before, and which had by this time attracted the attention of the whole company. Shocked and enraged, he left the table, and Woodhine Hill for ever, nor is he yet convinced occurrence.

However much Fleury's want of education is to be regretted, it at least prevented all interruption to the felicity of Alfred and Fanny, who a few days afterwards, were united at the Major's in the bonds of Matrimony, and it was often observed that whenever that meritorious officer, imbibed more than his usual allowance of claret, the company were sure to be favoured with a circumstantial account of Horatio's unfortunate courtship.

ON THE MODES OF LIVING, THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE METROPOLIS, DURING THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Of the hospitality of the English, and of the style of eating and drinking in the upper ranks of society, Harrison has given us the following curious,

though general, detail.

In number of dishes aud change of meat," he remarks, " the nobilitie of England (whose cookes are for the most part musicall headed Frenchmen and strangers) doo most exceed, sith there is no daie in manner that passeth over their heads, wherein they have not onelie beefe, mutton, veale, lambe, kid, porke, conie, capon, pig, or so manie of these as the season yeeldeth: but also some portion of the red or fallow deere, beside great varietie of fish and wild foule, and theredish notwithstanding being reserved un-these elsewhere in pots, of earth of to the greatest personage that sitteth at sundrie colours, and moulds (whereof

the table, to whome it is drawen up still by the waiters as order requireth. and from whence it decendeth agains even to the lower end, whereby each one may taste thereof) is rather to yield into a conspiracie with a greate deale of meat for the speedie suppression of naturall health, when the use of a necessarie meane to satisfie himselfe with a competent repast, to susteine his bodie withall."-

"The chiefe part likewise of their dailie provision is brought in before them (commonlie in silver vessell, if they be of the degree of barons, bishops and upwards) and placed on their tables, whereof when they have taken what it pleaseth them, the rest is reserved, and afterward sent downe to their serving men and waiters, who feed thereon in like sort with convenient moderation, their reversion also being bestowed upon the poore, which lie readie at their gates in great numbers to receive the same. This is spoken of the principall tables whereat the nobleman, his ladie and guestes are accustomed to sit, beside which they have a certeine ordinarie allowance daillie appointed for their hals, where the chiefe officers and household servants (for all are not permitted by custome to waite upon their master) and with them such inferiour guestes doo feed as they are not of calling to associat the noble man himselfe (so that besides those afore mentioned, which are called to the principall table, there are commonlie fortie or three to sundrie other delicates wherein the score persons fed in those hals,) to the sweet hand of the seafaring Portingale great reliefe of such poore sutors and is not wanting; so that for a man to strangers also as oft be partakers theredine with one of them, and to taste of of and otherwise like to dine hardlie. everie dish that standeth before him As for drinke it is usuallie filled in (which few use to doo, but ech one pots, gobblets, jugs, bols of silver in seedeth upon that meat him best liketh, noble mens houses, also in fine Venice for the time, the beginning of everie glasses of all formes, and for want of

manie are garnished with silver) or at To this interesting sketch a few parthe leastwise in pewter, all which not-ticulars kliell? be added in order to withstanding are soldeme set on the render the picture infore complete; table, but each one as necessitie urg- and, in the first place, we shall give eth, calleth for a cup of such drinke as him listeth to have: so that when the ceremonies accompanying the dinhe hath tasted of it he delivered the cup againe to some one of the standers | Queen was still at prayers," relates by, who making it clean by pouring Hentzner, " we saw her table set cut out the drinke that remaineth, restor- with the following solemnity: eth it to the cupboard from whence he · fetched the same. By this device, bearing a rod, and along with him much idle tippling is further more cut another who had a table-cloth, which, 'this order is not used, neither in anie tired with the same ceremonies perman's house commonlie under the degree of a knight or esquire of great! "our daies, wherein gold and silver most ried one, bearing a tasting knife; the aboundeth, how that our gentelitie as former was dressed in white silk, who, lothing those mettals (bicause of the when she had prostrated herself three we have beene accustomed to drinke, 'estimation of this stuffe, that manie bringing in at each turn a course of unto Murana (a town neere to Venice' most of it gilt; these dishes were rewhence the verie best are dailie to be der they were brought, and placed man hath knowledge. is seene in the gentilitie, so in the ing the time that this guard, which wealthie communaltie the like desire consists of the tallest and stoutest men 'vof glasse is not neglected."

an account, from an eve withesse, of ner-table of Elizabeth. "While the

" A gentleman entered the room off, for if the full pots should notinu- after they had both kneeled three times allie stand at the elbow or neer the with the utmost veneration, he spread trencher, diverse would alwaies be upon the table, and after kneeling dealing with them, whereas now they again, they both retired. Then came drinke seldome and onelic when neces- two others, one with the rod again, the sitie urgeth, and so avoid the note of other with a salt-seller, a plate and great drinking, or often troubling of bread; when they had kneeled as the the servitors with filling of their bols. others had done, and placed what was Neverthelesse in the noble men's hals, brought upon the table, they too reformed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was revenues. It is a world to see in these a countess) and along with her a marplentie) do now generallie choose ra- times in the most graceful manner, apther the Venice glasses both for our proached the table, and rubbed the wine and beere, than anie of those plates with bread and salt, with as mettals or stone wherein before time much awe, as if the queen had been present: when they had waited there but such is the nature of man gene- a little while, the yeomen of the guards rallie that it most coveteth things dif- entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, ficult to be atteined; and such is the with a golden rose upon their backs, become rich onelie with their new trade twenty-four dishes, served in plate situat on the Adristike sea) from ceived by a gentleman in the same orhad, and such as for beautie doo well upon the table, while the lady-taster neare match the christall or the an- gave to each of the guard a mouthful cient Murrhina vassa, whereof now no to eat; of the particular dish he had And as this brought for fear of any poison. Durthat can be found in all England, .

ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of! The queen dines and sups the court. alone with very few attendants."

The strict regularity and temperance which prevailed in the court of Elizabeth, were by no means characteristic of that of her successor, who, in his convivial moments, too often grossly transgressed the bends of sobriety.-When Christian IV. King of Denmark, visited England in July, 1606, the carousals at the palace were carried to most extravagant height, and their influence on the higher ranks was such, that "our good English nobles," remarks Harrington, " whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication;" accusations which he fully substantiates whilst relating the following most ludicrous scene;—

" One day," says he, " a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon his Temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others.—But, alas! as all earthly thinges do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The Lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesties lap, and King; but I grieve to tell how great

being carefully selected for this service, I fell at his feet, though I rather think were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets it was in his face. Much was the and two kettle-drums made the hall harry and confusion; cloths and papkins were at hand, to make all clean, His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity ; Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joyned with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition: Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sorte she made obeysance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour, to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after, much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid. to sleep in the outer steps of the anti-, chamber. Now did Peace make entry... and strive to get foremoste to the

her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch; and laid on the ontes of those who did oppose her coming." The facetious Knight condittes his mory by declaring that " in Cour Queen's days I neer did me such "little of good seder, discretion, and so-Teribyy Med have now clone. The in-

To the reign of Elizabeth is to be inattributed the introduction of a luxury, " which has since become almost universal, the custom of using, or, as it was then called, of taking tobacco. "herb, which was first brought into Brighand by Sir Francis Drake, about - the general \$86; met with an early and Molent opposition, and gave birth to a Withitiade of laveetives and satires, " among which the most celebrated is * King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco. This monarch entertained the most rooted antipathy to the use of tobacce in any form, and closes his " Meafee by asserting that it is " a cus-"Form loathsome to the eye, hatefull to I the note; harmfull to the braine, dan-· b. gerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the "pit that is bottomless." He also tells us in another work, that were he to inwite the devil to a dinner, "he should have these three dishes—lst. a pig; and mustard; and 3d. a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

Tobacco may be said, indeed to "lieve made many inroads in domestic cleanliness, and, on this account, to have deservedly incurred the dislike of that large portion of the female sex on whom the charge of household econo-"" niy devolved. "Surely," says James, it it is smoke becomes a kitchen farre bet-"for than a dining chamber," a remark which is as applicable now as it was Then; but we cannot help smiling when

wrath she did discover unto those of yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soyling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as liath beene found in some great Tobacco takers, that after their death were opened."

Such were, indeed, the tales in common circulation among the lower orders, and which Ben Johnson has very humorously put into the mouth of Cob in Every Man in his Humour: __ " By Gods me," says the water-bearer, " I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this rogueish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choak a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; and one of them, they say, will ne'er scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men that I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker."

It would appear that the prejudices against the use of this narcotic required much time for their extirpation; for Burton, who wrote about thirty years after its introduction, and at the very close of the Shakespearean era, seems as violent against the common use of tobacco as even James himself:--"A good vomit," says he, " I confesse, a vertuous herbe, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly used by most men, which take it as Tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischiefe, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish damn'd tobacco, the ruine and overthrow of body and soule."

Nothwithstanding this abuse howhe adds, with his usual credulity, "and ever, and the edicts of King James

for bidding its consumption in all alehouses, tobacco soon acquired such general favour, that Stowe tells us in 'his Annals, " it was commonly used by most men and many women;" and James appealing to his subjects, exclaims. Now how you are by this custome disabled in your goods, let the Year of this land beare witnesse, some of them bestowing three, some foure hundred pounds a veere apon this precious stinke;" a sum so enormous, that we must conclude them to have been as determined smokers as the Buckinghamshire parson recorded by Lilly, who "was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell ropes and smoke them."

" Smiff-taking was as much in fashion is smoking; and the following passage from Decker proves, that the gallants of his day were as extravagant and ridiculous in their use of it as our modern beaux, whether we regard the splendour of their boxes, or their affectation in applying the contents; it appears also to have been customary to take shuff immediately before din-" Before the meat come smokmg to the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, 'and' the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril,—all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach to the price of it; then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, &c. for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect. "It is singular," remarks Dr. Nott, alluding to the general use of tobacco at this period, " when the introduction of this new indulgence had so engaged the pen of almost every cotemporary playwright and pamphleteer, nay, even royalty itself, that Shakespeare should have been totally silent upon it.

wresh she did discover det. C. her attendence, and she can be call the attendence, and specific call.

I labour under a species of dispess which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in uthing I am most arbitious to appear to be I will give you a short, sketch of my origin and present situation by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no meat property, and with no other learning than he had acquired at a charityschool: but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy viz. a learned education. I was next to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a simil and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amend-The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid sopiety, and I became enamoured of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family, were little calculated to improve my outward conduct: I therefore had resolved on living me the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly, altered the posture of my affairs, wish my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune, which he used to houst, would make a Nabob happy: in short, he had hypught over with him the sum of sixty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with latin, greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy 'learned clown.

"I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood: and when you reflect on my parentage 'and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, (especially by those who have marriageable daughters); from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept the offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled: for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked with -a full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

At length, however, I determined to conquer my timidity; and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine with one whose open easy manners, left me no doubt of a cordial welcome; air Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet with about five thousand pound a-year estate, jeining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all

grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of sir Thomas's at Friendly-hall, dependent on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches " grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity, to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learnt to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirement would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice.

As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw: at my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trade upon the gouty toe of poor sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and ${f I}$ was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar that of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness; 'til at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing), greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed), willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly,—but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like so many volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. vain did sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkev carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suit of apartments to the dining-room I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt lady Friendly and her ent application; one recommended :: :: cldest daughter, at the table. Since oil, another water, but all agreed that

the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my . face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.---Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented me on the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap: in spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of the sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron: but recollecting. how sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trode upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parhoiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies. and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a butter-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar,—rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pidgeon. that stood near me, in my haste, searge :: knowing what I did, I whipped it into my mouth, hot as a burning coals *... was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets: at last in spite of shame or reso-of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassioned my me is misfortune, and each advised a differa 1940's

69 Jell 10 .

wine was best for drawing out the fire and a glass of Sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness. But oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the Butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy with which I filled my mouth, already flead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind andent spirits, with tongue, throat, . and palate as raw as heef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hand to my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes, and I was saluted by bursts of laughter from all quarters. did sir Thomas reprimend the servants and lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To release me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that illfated handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a goblin damned; the lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain on my forehead, yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned, perhaps by your assistance when my neighbours know

how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a BASHFUL MAN.

FROM THE NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE.

To the EDITOR of the Winter Chronicle.

In performance of the promise made to you and your readers in your last Number but one, I continue my account of the several annoyances by which our tables have been long visited; and I beg at the same time to offer you my acknowledgments for the part you have taken towards their eradication, by inserting a letter of such unconscionable length as my last, in your Gazette.-The class standing next upon my list is that of the Snorers, who are upon the whole, so inoffensive a set, that it almost goes to my heart to hold them up to public notice. There is, moreover, some danger, lest by doing any thing to break them of snoring, they might also be prevented from sleeping; and this would be an irreparable injury to our community, because, whilst in this state, they are certainly much less annoyance to us than when wide awake; for you must know, Mr. Editor, that these same snorers, as soon as they open their eyes, are generally converted, as if by magic, into hummers or drummers, or some other of the noisy classes I have before described. Rather, therefore, than be the means of robbing our tables of one hour's quiet during the day, by finding fault with so laudable a practice as that of sleeping, I shall dismiss this part of the subject with expressing a hope that some means may be suggested of teaching these gentlemen to sleep without snoring. haps it might be of some service to have attached to each of them a flapper, such as we are told by Gulliver, the great people in Laputa have. I dare

say the marines could easily be trained to this: they should be instructed to give them a good smart box on the ear st every snore, and then to smooth them down, to re-compose them to sleep, taking particular care, which a few days practice would enable them to do, to make them feel pretty sharply, but by no means to run the risk of absolutely awakening them.

I now come to the Sniffers, who by some means or other, have got out of their place in my catalogue, as they ought to have followed the Blowers; because, like those, the offence they

give is chiefly by the nose.

They are, however, in one essential point, the very reverse of the Blowers; because, whereas these last are always using their pocket-handkerchiefs, the Sniffers never use any, but perform the same office more economically, more frequently, and I must in justice add, with less disturbance to others than those tremendous Conch-Blowers. The Sniffers have been observed to increase very much since the last cold weather set in, and there is, perhaps, some excuse for them; but I do hereby give notice that all Sniffing, after the 10 of March must be considered absolutely inadmissible; and the Sniffers are hereby required, in the mean time to provide themselves with a proper number of handkerchiefs, and to blow their noses like gentlemen, after that date, on pain of being posted for the non performance of the same in the succeeding week's newspaper.

Next in order on my list I find the Slammers, or as my correspondent X. has denominated, them the Door-Slammers. These, Mr. Editor, are indeed as Mr. X. has expressed it, "a daily and hourly inconvenience."-But alas! what chance can any effort of mine have of correcting this noisy practise, when even a civil request,

the expedition to have mercy on his. own door, and the adjoining bulk-heads, has not yet had any perceptible effect? It is not necessary for me to explain in what the art of the Slammers consists, for the word must at once convey to our minds, what our cars are so constantly in the habit of experiencing. But there are some circumstances attending the practise of this art, which my constant observation has made me acquainted with, and which you, readers will, upon trial, find to be correct.

It may be relied on as an incontrovertible fact, that the force with which the Slammers shut the doors, is intended by them, as by the Bangers, to announce their arrival; for without some such means, so important an event might possibly remain unnoticed, and for this they would never forgive themselves. Some of the more inveterate of this class, after they have slammed the door with becoming energy, on entering stand awhile to assure themselves that all hands are made aware of their coming; and then, and not till then, complacently take their It has often been remarked, seats. Mr. Editor, that little people are more consequential than those who are taller. Whether this be the case or not, I will not pretend to determine; but certain I am that, with very few exceptions, the great people of our community slam the doors the hardest, and the little great people the hardest Indeed so exactly proportional have I generally found the slam of the door to be to the size of the person, and according to the popular notion, to his consequence also, that I would be bound to guessa man's height within an inch or so, by the manner in which he shuts the door. Perhaps, if you knew my own size, you would allow that I have, in the following descrippublicly made by the commander of tion, sacrifised all personal feeling to

a sense of justice and truth. King-John's man, commonly said to measure four feet nothing, enters with a tremendous slam, like Jove he carries his thunder about with him! A neat dapper little fellow of five feet three or four inches makes the bulkheads quake again, and what is even worse, by his ill-managed violence, causes the door to re-open, so that he stuns and freezes you at the same time. As we get to five feet six, and from that to five feet ten, the doors are shut more moderately; and a decent sized fellow, of near six feet or upwards, even of considerable consequence, may go in and out of an apartment and scarcely be heard. I know of one way, and only one, in which the Slammers can possibly be cured of their habit. have heard of a dog having been broke of worrying a cat by muzzling him, and then letting pussy scratch his nose in security. My recipe for the Slammers is of the same kind. Let their heads be securely and closely tied to the most rattling door in either ship, then let two stout men, one on each side, be employed for an hour in opening and shutting the door as often and me hard as they are able. If this dose taken three times a day, for one week, does not cure the most inveterate case in the history of this disease, the Slammers may indeed be pronounced incorrigible.

I now come to the Growlers, a very teasing class, of whom I had a good deal to say, but I find I have been anticipated by a more satyrical writer in your last gazette, who took occasion to descant on this subject, when, lamentable to relate! the pies on board the Hecla, were not cooked in proper time for dinner. As your correspondent; "A Spectator," may have it in contemplation to resume this fertile subject at a future time, I shall very willingly leave it in his hands, and as I

fancy you and your readers will begin to think I am growing tedious, I shall reserve the remainder of my list to some other time; and I assure you I have yet a choice collection. By way of reporting progress on my last communication, I shall only at present add that one Nose-Blower has been reclaimed; but another is as bad as ever. I have heard two Whistlers stifle their tunes in the middle, and they may therefore be said to be half corrected in their habit.

The Bangers all laugh at my joke; but one of the principal of them does not put the cap on his own head, for which it was chiefly intended. No amendment is yet perceived in the Hummers or Drummers, and I therefore give notice to the said Hummers and Drummers, that as they are unanimiously declared to be the greatest pests, except the Slammers, which our tables have, they must either mend their manners, or expect to be handled more severely in some future communication,

From your obedient servant,

Z.

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.— By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

The first of the following passages accords with the opinion entertained by many, that Bonaparte was a fatalist:

'That governor,' added he, 'has closed up the path which led to the company's gardens, where I used to walk sometimes, as it is the only spot sheltered from the bitter wind, which I suppose he thought was too great an indulgence. But I do not give myself any uneasiness about it, as when a man's time is come, he must go.' I took the liberty of asking if he was a predestinarian. 'Yes,' replied Napoleon, 'as much so as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny wills, it must be obeyed.

Asked him some questions about Blucher. 'Blucher,' said he, 'is a very brave soldier. He is like a bull who shuts his eyes, and, seeing no danger, rushes on.—He committed a thousand faults, and had it not been for circumstances, I could repeatedly have made him and the greatest part of his army prisoners. He is stubborn and indefatigable, afraid of nothing, and very much attached to his country; but, as a general, he is without talent. I recollect, that when I was in Prussia, he dined at my table after he had surrendered, and he was then considered to be an ordinary character.'

Speaking about the English soldiers, he observed, 'the English soldier is brave, nobody more so, and the officers generally men of honor, but I do not think them yet capable of executing grand manœuvres.— I think that if I were at the head of them, I could make them do any thing.'

Napoleon thus gave his opinion, on the comparative merit of the Russians, Prussians, and Germans:—

'Soldiers change, sometimes brave, sometimes base. I have seen the Russians at Eyhu perform prodigies of valor: they were so many heroes. At Moscow, entrenched up totheirnecks, they allowed me to beat 250,-000 men with 90,000. At Jens, and at other battles in that campaign, the Prussians fled like sheep; since that time they have fought bravely. My opinion is, that now, the Prussian soldier is superior to the Austrian. The French cuirassiers were the best cavalry in the world. Individually, there is no horseman superior, or perhaps equal, to the Mameluke; but they cannot act in a body. As partizans, the Cossacs excel, and the Poles as lancers.' This he said in reply to a question made by me of his opinion relative to the cavalry.

I asked who he thought was the best general amongst the Austrians. 'Prince Charles,' he replied, 'though be has comitted a thousand faults. As to Schwartzemberg, he is not fit to command 6000

men.

When Mr. O. M. was conversing with B. in his bath, the marks of two wounds were shown to him:

()ne a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately He observed, that necessary to amputate. when he was wounded it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the sol-The other was on the toe, and had At the siege been received at Eckmuhl. of Acre,' continued he, 'a shell thrown by Sydney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life,' continued he, have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most eminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Col. Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. all my misfortunes, never has the soklier, even when expiring, been wanting to me -never has man been served more faithfully by his troops, With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, Vive l'Empereur!'

To the restrictions, which Sir Hudson Lowe thought it necessary to place on B. and his attendants at Longwood, may be ascribed the abuse which they lavished on him, and which Mr. O'M. seems by no means inclined to soften. No man, however, who is in possession of his senses, can for a moment

doubt that the most unremitting vigilance was necessary on the part of the governor. What letters the party at Longwood succeeded in sending off secretly, it were vain to enquire, but it is known that Count Las Cases was detected in attempting to send to England a letter written on silk. When. in consequence of this, he was removed from Longwood, B. only disapproved of the bungling manner in which his attempt was made: adding, 'I am sorry for it, because people will accuse me of having been privy to the plan, and will have a poor opinion of my understanding, supposing me to have consented to so shallow a plot.'

Afterwards Mr. O'M. adds:

Napoleon very much concerned about the treatment which Las Cases suffered, and the detention of his own papers. He observed, that if there had been any plot in L. C's. letter, the governor could have perceived it in ten minutes' perusal. That in a few moments he could also see that the campaigns of Italy, &c. contained nothing treasonable; and that it was contrary to all law to detain papers belonging to him (Napoleon). 'Perhaps,' said he, 'he will come up here some day, and say that he has received intimation that a plot to affect my escape is in agitation. What guarantee have I, that when I have nearly finished my history, he will not come up and seize the whole of it? It is true that I can keep my manuscripts in my own room, and with a couple of brace of pistols I can dispatch the first who enters. I must burn the whole of what I have written. It served as an amusement to me in this dismal abode, and might perhaps have been interesting to the world; but with this Sicilian catchpole there is no gungantee nor security. He violates every law, and tramples under foot decency, politeness, and the common forms of society. He came up with a savage joy beaming from his eyes, because he had an opportunity of insulting and tormenting us. While surrounding the house with his staff, he reminded me of the savages of the South Sea islands, dancing round the prisoners whom they were going to devour. Tell him,' continued he, ' what I said about his conduct.' For fear that I should forget,

he repeated his expressions about the easges a second time, and made me say is ever him.

The following is given as B's. epis-

' Moreau,' mid he, ' was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With 100,000 men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only 30,000. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle, Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; Un aca vivant, but he had not much character .-He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole.'

'Massena,' said he, 'was a man of su-He generally, however, perior talent. made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgement which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself; gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest sang froid and judgement. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgement until the battle was going against him. He was, however, un voleur. He went halves along with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he discontinued his peculations, I would make him a present of 800,000, or a 1,000,000 of francs; but he bad acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the thines, be was precious; and had not his bright parts been soiled with the vice of avarice, be would have been a great man.

The following passage is sufficiently amusing:

5th—Had a long conversation with the emperor in his bath. Asked his opinion of the Emperor Alexander, 'he is a men not to be depended on,' replied Napoleon.

He is the only one of the three, who has simulator, very ambitious, and a man who studies su make himself popular. . It is his foible to believe himself skilled in the art of war, and he likes nothing so well as to be complimented on it, though every thing that originated with himself relative to military operations was ill-judged and absurd. At Tilsit, Alexander and the King of Prussia used frequently to occupy themselves in contriving dresses for dragoons; debating on what button the crosses of the orders ought to he hung, and such other They fancied themselves on an fooleries. equality with the best generals in Europe, because they knew how many rows of buttons there were on a dragoon's jacket.-I could scarcely keep from laughing sometimes, when I heard them discussing these trifles with as much gravity and earnestness as if they were planning an impending action between 200,000 men.— However, I encouraged them in their argument as I saw it was their weak point. We rode out every day together. The king of Prussia was un bete, et nous a tellement ennuye; that Alexander and myself frequently galloped away in order to get rid of him.

At p. 252, B. is represented as declaring that the French Police had in pay many English spies, some of high quality, among whom there were many ladies. There was one lady in particular of very high rank, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid so high as 3,000%, in one month.

He spoke (says Mr. O'M.) in very high terms of Lord Nelson, and indeed attempted to palliate that only stigma to his memory, the execution of Carraccioli; which he attributed entirely to his having been decrived by that wicked woman, carein, careine, through Lady Hamilton, said, to the influence which the latter had sover him.

There may be persons to whom this may appear a proof of magnanimity, to us, it seems but one proof, among many, of the utter disregard of moral principle in Bonaparte.

poctry:

TO A BUTTERFLY.

···>•<···

Why flaunts thou thus from flower to flower While every tulip forms a bower

Of odorous repose.

With wings trimm'd up, and eye askance,
Thou darts a supercilious glance
On "creeping things," tho' late perchance
A sharer in their woes.

What gone! well, while thou hast the power, 'Tis wisdom to enjoy the hour

Ungall'd by distant cares:
For when the chilling showers invade,
Thou'lt hide thy poor dimnished head;
And every flower and grassy blade
Shall be bedew'd with tears,

Gadzooks! my little bobbing friend,
How merrily thou dost ascend
Amid the liquid sky.
Thou ducks and dives and mounts in air,
As earth alone were full of care;
I would that I thy joys could share,
But z—ds I cannot fly.

'Tis plain, thou little vagrant wight,
No thrifty errand shapes thy flight
As devious thou dost rise;
But hap'ly to some neighb'ring grove
Thou goest, a messenger of love,
And mary'ling if thyself might prove
The happiest of flies,

Or goest thou to the peaceful bower
Of her, who counts each tedious hour
That lengthens out thy stay;
And every passing sound she hears
Awakens all her tender fears,
Whilst thou, unheedful of her tears,
Line of Valuation, was to be all

While yet I hear thy "aulien horn,"
O say what hand did thus adorn
That tiny form of thine;
O tell me, if it may be told,
Whence came that robe of varied fold,

Whence came that robe of varied fold, And silken wings be-dropp'd with gold, And those bright eyes so fine.

Thou wilt not stay,—nor wilt impart From whencethou cam'st, or what thou art, These surely thou may'st tell.

Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia,

Amid the dancing rays of light Thou lessens on my straining sight, And now thou art evanished quite;— Poor insect farethee well.

A.

To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,

But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

RUE AFFECTION.

···> * * ···

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,

And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,

When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,

And the light that surrounds us is all from within.

Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time

We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;

Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,

But affection is warmest when these fade away,

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,

Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;

When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,

Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn;

Then, then is the moment Affection can

With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;

Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they, But the love born of Sorrow, like Sor-

row is true!

In climes full of sunshine, the' splendid their dyes.

Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed ... about;

'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies

That call their full spirit of fragrancy

the wild glow of passion may kindle

NOTICES

TO CORRECT ONDINGS.

We ought to have acknowledged sooner our obligations to the writer of the Sketches, whose valuable communications have given so much satisfaction to the readers of the Melange. We trust he will continue to favor us with his correspondence.

Our poetical correspondents are so numerous that we cannot possibly insert one tenth part of the productions that are received; and besides, few of them possess sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in the Melange.

Verus is a true friend, and we will be happy to hear from him as soon as possible.

Amaro has infused too much acid in his composition.

The Hermit's Death will appear in our next.

From the increasing demand for the Mclange, some of the early numbers are nearly out of print; we will endeavour to supply their place as soon as we can.

mareners in the second second

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shong of the Paincin pal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:
Mesars. Huntar, 23, South Hanover Street;
Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock,
John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick; Paisley,
Robert Matthie, Kilmarnock, Marchine,
Carrie, Port Glasgow; IL Conder Robert
says, James I bonson, Hamilton; and
Dick, Tvine, Jor ready money only.

THE LITERARY MELANCE.

OR

WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 8.

WEDNESDAY, 7th AUGUST, 1822. Price 31d

SKETCHES.

No. 5.

PATIENCE

Patience is one of those minor virtues, which are seldom thought worthy of practice, and to which but little merit is ever attributed. Its general prevalence, would indeed animate the world to peace and happiness, but often when it is individually exercised, the world is apt to attribute this very virtue to want of spirit, and what ought to appear beautiful in all eyes, is not unfrequently a source of aver-

Pat Ryan was as kind hearted an brishman as ever lived, and was imperted in 1816, with about two hundred of his countrymen, a short time after a subscription had commenced for the benefit of the poor of this city. He lodged in the house of a widow, whose husband also having come from the " dear country," this circumstance secured for Pat a kindlier reception than he expected, and altho' she was neither handsome nor agreeable, he comforted himself by the recollection of a Bank receipt for Twenty pounds, had have estactationally exhibited to protracted sesson of warm and ardens. The wistow held been well-edit- operable, she was at last prevailed the

cated, and her learning gave her a su-periority which she did not suffer to remain dormant, and to do her justice, it had been for a long time, in frequent exercise, for she passed her leisure hours in reading various books which were issued by one of these Pedestinarian stationers who perambulate the country, and deal out their stock of Divinity, History, and Science in sixpenny worths.

The advantages which Education had conferred on the widow, however much valued by others, were peculiarly so by herself, and indeed, in her particular situation in life, was as much esteemed and as highly praised by the gentlemen as beauty is wont to be, in a nobler circle. The idol of her sphere, votaries came from every quarter, invited by the fame of those talents, which for themselves they were destined never to acquire. Above three unsuccessful admirers had already been obliged to hide their diminished heads; and when Pat Ryan first sought her love she very scornfully rejected him, as unworthy an honor to which a weaver and two. schoolmasters had unsuccessfully aspired. The Irishman's heart however which, on the first night of his arrival, is the heart for the ladies. After a

to give her hand with her heart in it to Path bred to were a still of the Scotch and Irish fare which graced the festive board on the marriage night; or how the merry dance was kept up till a late hour, or where the happy couple preposed to spend the honey moon. It is sufficient to state, that in a few weeks the happiness of our hero was complete, when the receipt was taken to the bank, and the money applied to the purchase of a share in a Lighter, which at that time was employed to carry goods on the river. To the command of this vessel Ryan was appointed. His thafty wife speedily perceived that a residence on board, would not only enable her to live more economically! but would also procure for her the society of her husband at all times and seasons; and accordingly she established her domicile in the vessel.

The voyage from Glasgow to Greenock was, at that time, generally performed in eight days, and we notice this, merely to remark the extraordinary improvement which has since taken place on the river navigation. For this we are indebted to one individual; and if ever gratitude had her abode in the mercantile bosom; if ever honor was awarded by a commercial community, such gratitude, and such honor is due to that man, who amidst all the difficulties offered to him, nobly triumphed who in his little parlour, without influence or patronage, first contrived that conveyance by means of which, England, Scotland, and Ireland have so wonderfully approximated. It is indeed with infinite pleasure we here pay this tribute to the talents, and with gratitude acknowledge the advantages, as members of the community, we have received from the admirable invention, and successful refforts of Henry Bell. His unassisted genius overcame every obstacle, and

like the Thorn of Glastonbury, which only blossoms amidst the storms of winter, rose above every opposition and finally triumphed. But we beg now to return to our story. A fleet had been appointed to sail from Cork on a particular day, which was now rapidly approaching. The vessel of Pat Ryan was amongst the last of the Lighters which it was thought could at this time be dispatched. After having cleared the Broomielaw, Pat navigated her most successfully almost to the Point house, when a sudden breeze unexpectedly filled the sail, and the sheet not having been properly fastened, in a moment the vessel luffed up and lay high and dry on the bank.

Never were greater exertions used than by our Hero on this occasion .-He lowered the sail and hoisted it. His wife and he ran from the one side of the Lighter to the other, but the vessel was too deep engaged in the study of Mineralogy to be interrupted on that account. With her keel buried in the mud, there she lay. Such a situation had no doubt its trials and temptations; and it is disagreeable to be obliged to state, that at this time Pat indulged in such a volley of oaths as never had the Banks of Chide echoed before. Mrs. Ryan then interfered and very properly reminded her husband of the patience of Job, stating it was also his duty to exereise it. But Pat apologised for his behaviour by saying "That he be-"lieved the ship master she talked of, "was civil enough when he had sea "room, but by St. Patrick he would "have spaken like other folks if he " had been high and dry in a Glas-"gow Gabbart.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

A Stage Coach Romance.

It was a rainy Saturday in the

gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journev by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the easements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half dozing cow, chewing the cud and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse tired of the loneliness of the stable was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur chained to a dog house hard by, attered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp ; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard, in pattens, looking is sulky as the weather itself; every

thing in short was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable; I abandoned it and sought what is called the travellers This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day to the knights errant They lead the same kind of adventurous roving life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were indeed two or three in the room, but I could make nothing of them; one was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters with many executions at Boots

for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared the one after the other without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church with petticoats hoisted midleg high and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the longtired day. I was sadly nervous and lonely, and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller; old newspapers smelling of beer and tobacco smoke and which I had already read half a dozen of times; good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather; I tired myself to death with an old volume of the Ladies' Magazine; I read all the common place names of ambitious travellers scratched on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing innwindow poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly ragged spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull monotonous patter—patter—

patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hacknied phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys and yagabond dogs, and the carrottyheaded hostler, and that non-descript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way, and boy and dog and hostler and boots all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact their was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to their almanack I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom, through the whole month " expect -- much -- rain -- about -- this -time !" to the sale sale vant and par

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: "The stout gentleman in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and butter and bread with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done.

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was

a subject presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as " the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me, I should have thought nothing of it; but " the stout Gentlemen!"-the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round,

rosy; lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament."

The breakfast was sent up and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered another ringing still more violent. "Bless me what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter tame down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt:—the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl and keep the waiter in a trot,

and live in a state militant with the household.

. The hostess got into a fume. should observe that she was a brisk coquetish woman; a little of a shrew. but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but, said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn-other eggs and ham and butter and bread were sent up, They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint. tre est a gente edt gierrie

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down therefore for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly when he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical—Hunt I had heard was a large man: "who knows, thought I," hut it is Hunt himself."

My curiosity began to be awakened. I enquired of the waiter who was the stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the the shape or size of the person is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snutt-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose and saves all further inquiry. spend money freely it was no rule. less rain! No such thing as putting treated in that way when they were a foot out of doors, and no occupation about their work, that's what she or amusement within. By and by I wouldn't." heard some one walking over head, it ... As I hate squabbles, particularly heaviness of his tread; and an old and partly closed the door; but my

Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighhouring bed room—a door opened and shut violently; a chambermaid that I had remarked for having a ruddy good humoured face, ran down

This sent a whole host of my de- gant landlady in smiles. He could The unknown personage could not be neither. an old gentleman, for old gentlemen I had to go to work at his picture young gentleman, for young gentle- of those stout gentlemen that are fre-In a few minutes I heard the voice used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of my landlady. I caught a glance of tapsfers, and knowing in the walk of her as she came up stairs; her face of sinful publicans; free-livers on she'd warrant! If gentlemen did maids; gossip with the landlady at the

Rain-rain ; pitiless, cease- She'd have no servant maids of her's

was in the stout gentleman's room. with women, and above all with pretty He evidently was a large man by the women, I slunk back into my room man from his wearing such creaking curiosity was too much excited not to soles, "" He is doubtless," thought listen. The landlady marched intre-Is ff some rich old square toes of re- pidly to the enemy's citadel, and engular habits, and is now taking exer- tered it with a storm: the door closed cise after breakfast." after her. I heard her voice in high I now read all the advertisements windy clamour for a moment or two, of coaches and hotels that were stuck then it gradually subsided like a gust about the mantlepiece. The Ladies' of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh: then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side: as she went down stair I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter, she said, " nothing at all. only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who stairs in a violent flurry. The stout could put a good natured chambermaid gentleman had been rude to her. in a passion, and send away a termaductions to the deuce in a moment. not be so old, nor cross, hor ugle

are not apt to be opstreperous to again, and to paint him entirely dis chambermaids. He could not be a ferent. I now set him down for one men are not apt to inspire such indig- quently met with swaggering about the nation. He must be a middle-aged doors of country inns; moist, merry gentleman, and confoundedly ugly into fellows in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose the bargain, or the girl would not have bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors: taken the matter in such terrible dud- men who have seen the world, and geon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. been sworn at Highgate; who are glaring, her cap flaring, her tongue small scale; who are prodigal within wagging the whole way. " She'd the compass of a guinea; who call all have no such doings in her house the waiters by name; laugh with the bar, and prose over a purt of port or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditations in the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect: I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came, I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no-he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical: there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company on a rainy day, and then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune, and on listening I found it to be " God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! Mv conjectures began to run wild. he not some person of distinction trarelling incog? "God knows!" said I at my wit's end; " it may be some of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!" "

mysterious kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the menitime, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took dinner, and some took tea. Had I been in a different mood; I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own My mind, however, had waggery. become completely engrossed by the He had kept my stout gentleman. fancy in chace during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies; all this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they, one after another, rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left, a short-The weather continued rainy. The legged long bodied, plethoric fellow,

with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon .-He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious; around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since burried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop-dropdrop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight; all at once the stout gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to me in my state of nerves. These ghastly great coats, these gutteral breathings, and the creaking footsteps of the mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance, "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle and hastened up to number 13. The door stood ajar.—
I hesitated—I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large broadbottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times," and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor

I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown: but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a person in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse at my head. I went to bed therefore, and lay awak o half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his waxed topped boots.

I slept rather late next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "the gentleman has forgot his umbrella; look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13! I heard the immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger was then on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—" all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off — and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman.

LOVE OF HOME

i bas staszou.

The Love of Home, or that attachment to local objects which have been intimately associated with the pleasures and affections of opening life, is a feeling, or rather, indeed, a passion which

has been found to exist, in a greater of less degree, in every age and nation, and man, therefore; be deemed natural to; and for the most part, adherent in man. It is moreover the basis of all the charities and virtues of our nature, and ever burns heightest in the breast of him who is the most tender, philamthoppio, and humane.

i dismays in fact, be asserted that he who has not strongly felt this domestic ties will invest, in any of the relations of life, be either happy in himself, or tenful to others; for on the love of himse is founded that of his country and; of his species, and without the first of these affections, which includes ellate means a finite of sour common kind, the heart must ever assess selfish, desolate and cold, and consequently void of all those sympathics which can stimulate to any social sor patriotic feeling.

intelligible mankind, is an individual to be found, who is totally dead to all the country and of home; see much an one would be capable of received an one would be capable of received crime. It has even been made a ignestion whether a human being exists actionly directed of the less concentrated and these attachments, affection for his continue soil.

a harden of this we may be certain, that a harden flies not to the home of his panth with sensations of mingled graticule and pleasure, has either suffered chessifions an unnatural series of permanenties and pain, or is defective in intellect, or hardened in vice. Mere poverty and its attendant privations have no power in diminishing the force of this litual matter. How, though the fines emptions of pelished life be wantuing statened, such these is that pressure latened, such these is that pressure latened the light is uncomputed, ever

draws closer the limbs of family and kindred, and rivets with an impression ineffaceable by time, the localities connected with their soothing influence. The home of poverty, therefore, necessarily the lot of by far the greater part of mankind, is, to an extent perhaps little calculated upon by the rich and luxurious, an object of love and preference to its hardy inmates; and would be in a still higher degree, were inflictions which so often haunt the roof of the opulent, its listless vacuity, and heartless dissipation, more present to their minds.

It is upon this principle, therefore, the association of pleasurable ideas with the home of our earlier years, that svery individual prefers his own country to a foreign one, and the spot of ground which gave him birth to any other portion of the globe, whatever may be the physical hardships or inconveniences attending them. Indeed it generally happens that the more forcibly these have been felt, provided they have been felt, provided they have been from the influence of external nature, the more durable, the more dear and impressive, become the mental combinations of opening life.

Many are the circumstances, indeed, which tend to modify, to strengthen, or to enfeeble, our attachment to home. Of these, one of the most operative is the period of life. In Childhood and Youth, where all is fairy ground, where the delightful illusions of hone and novelty are always in play, where the morning comes without a care, and the evening ushers in the bland repose of health and innocence, home, the seat of pastime and protective love, must necessarily induce associations dear and durable as life itself. Here, unassailed by the temptations, vices, and suspicions of more advanced age, friendship is guileless and affection unalloyed, and whatever may be the lot of man in his subsequent pilgrimage, whether that of joy or sorrow, he looks back upon this season of his existence with never-failing regret, as upon visions of blies which can never return-

Lest, gone-like wild flowers wreath'd : pround the dead,

Or lovers' lips that met to part for ever-

It is in proportion as the kindher affections animate the bosom of manchood and ald age, as virtue and religion have been acted upon and cherished -through life, that the home of early opouth is valued and regretted as the yscene which, in purity and simplicity, most approximates that which awaits ous in a better world. More especially do we love to dwell upon those recollections of the home of our youth, when, in conjunction with the festivities of that tender age, we were first taught the joy of making others happy.

"In manked the influence of local attachment, and consequently the love of home, whether in actual enjoyment or incremembrance, is liable to be diverted and weakened by a thousand seatises. The necessity imposed on the balk of mankind, during this pe-. riod, of seeking their bread in various and distant places, amid the distractions of incessant occupation, or the pressure of engrossing evils; but more partioularly the darker passions which now agitate the breast, and, in the higher releases, the spathising effects of luxury and discipation, will easily account for this result. If we reflect that to the enjoyment of domestic happiness, many of the milder and mobiler virtues . of the soul are essential, we can easily compeive why ambition, avarioe, and secretality, why vanity, spleadour, and is the pride of affluence, are so insmical torits attainment; and that while these salsorb the man, how futile it is to exspect, within the shades of privacy, Lawght that is great, or generous, or mingular this has been, the more wind ngeods : Even he, who from the love land endening will be the impression

of display, or from the obligation too often imposed upon grandeur, changes frequently his place of residence, knows little of that attachment which belongs to him who has but one asylum from the world.

The close of life, however, like its commencement, is friendly to those feelings which spring from local affection. It is the privilege of old are. provided the days of our strength have been laudably employed, to feel the attachment for home renewed with all the fondness and endoarment of youth. We have experienced the futility and nothingness of worldly pursuits, and we return to the homes of our youth well prepared to place a due value upon the innocence and simplicity of our opening days, and decirous of nothing so much as that the close of life may be marked by the same peace and repose which distinguished its acrliest dawn. We are sensible also of an additional bond of affection for the place where our fathers are at sest, and with a sense of dependency somewhat similar to that which infalt in infancy, we look to those who are around us for sympathy and support.

Another circumstance enerating strongly in augmenting our affection for home, is built on that intermixture of sorrow and disappointment which sogenerally forms the destiny of men-When the chill blasts of adversity meet us abroad, or death robe us of a portion of our comforts at home, it is then we become conscious of the weakness and instability of our nature, and we turn to that reof or to shoes ties which remain to us beneathits shelter, with increasing tenderness and love.

Greatly also is other hower of Acome advanced by the playment sharecter of the scene which has nursed our infanty and youth. The more striking and

left apport the minds. It is on this so- the, which has for ages been the seat recount that a requestered but pictor- of our fathers, must in every breast open esque situation, or a piece of mountain somery, or a feudal castle will be recollected, as the place of our birth, with infinitely more strength and attachment than the home which shall have fallen to us in a populous city, or busy neighbourhood. The breadth, simplicity and unity of the former being much more easily blended and associated with our feelings and recollections than the multiform and distracting imagery of the latter, and which too, as shared with us by thousands, loses all that peculiarity and singleness of application which attaches to and endears the solitary mansion of our

Still stronger is the impression, and the 'consequent' links of association, where the scene which formed the cradle of our infancy, and has become the theatre of our toils, assumes a mill bolder and more decided cast; a that which is daily exemplified by the inhabitants of mountainous deserts, who are uniformly more attached to their mative soil than those who people the level country. Such, indeed, is the force of the attraction which is often found to bind the peasant who has been brought up among regions of wild and awful sublimity, that a eeperation from his beloved hills is frequently followed by unconquerable regret, and not seldom by death itself. More particularly is this known to be the case in that hard of wintry tempest and romantic horror.

Where the blenk Swiss their stormy manmons treed.

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread; Another very powerful cause of local affection is founded, as hath been alteidy hinted on the love and pride mithwhich we regard what has long been in the possession of our own finite: hence, an old maneion or cas- when the frame it new informs shall

to a sense of man's true happiness and dignity, awaken the warmest estimate of the blessings of ancestral worth and honourable independency. Hereditary property, indeed, if united to a lineage of great and good deeds, is one of the strongest incentives to domestic virtue and public utility; and he who has a just value for himself and his descendants, would struggle hard, and endure much, to preserve to his posferity a possession connected with so many delightful and heart-stirring associations.

In no instance does the local flame burn brighter than where the ties which bind the feudal proprietor and his dependants have been long established; where the family of a hereditary chieftain has for ages, from his towers of strength, extended a patriarchal sway over districts filled with retainers, ardent, faithful, and affectionate, and whose honour and interests are identified with those of their lord.

The love of home may indeed be considered as a test of the goodness of the human heart; for without it, we again repeat, neither the domestic nor patriotic virtues can be said to exist. It is of all our feelings the most generous and amiable, and, if duly cherished, will ever prove one of the best preventives of vanity, selfishness, and dissipation; of discontent, turbulence, and disaffection. Home is the haven to which, after all the storms and vexations of life, we return with the added conviction, that if happiness be any where resident on earth, it is only to be found within its still retreats, when vice and folly stand aloof, and when the soul uncontaminated by its passage through the world, dan prepare in peace, and in the sunshine of domestic love, for that not dreaded hour

mingle with its parent dust.

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.—
By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

We give some further details repecting the battle of Waterloo:

Napoleon conversed a good deal about the battle of Waterloo, 'the plan of the bettle, said he, will not, in the eyes of the historian, reflect any credit on Lord Wellington as a general. In the first place, he ought not to have given battle with the armies divided. They ought to have been united and encamped before the 15th. the next, the choice of the ground was bad: because if he had been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading to the forest in his rear. He also committed a fault which might have proved the destruction of all his army, without its ever having commenced the campaign, or being drawn out in battle; he allowed himself to be surprised. On the 15th I was at Charleroi, and had beaten the Prussians without his knowing any thing about it. I had gained forty-eight hours of manouvres on him, which was a great object; and if some of my generals had shown the vigour and genius which they had displayed in other times, I should have taken his army in cantonments without ever fighting a battle. But they were discouraged, and faircied they saw an army of 100,000 men every where opposed to them. I had not time enough myself to attend to the minutice of the army. I reckoned on surprising shid cutting them up in detail. I knew of Millow's arrival at 11 o'clock what I did not regard it." I had still 80 chances out of 100 in my favour. Notwithstanding the great superiority of force against me, I was convinced that I should obtain the victory. "I had about 70,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry. I had also,

250 pieces of cannon: but my troops were so good, that I esteemed them sufficient to beat 120,000. Now Lord Wellington had under his command about 90,000, and 250 pieces of cannon; and Bulow had 30,000, making 120,000. Of all these troops, however, I only reckoned the English as being able to cope with my own. The others I thought little of. I believe that of English there were from 35 to 40,000. These I esteemed to be as brave and good as my own troops; the English samy was well known latterly on the continent r and besides, your nation possesses courage and energy. As to the Prussians, Belgians, and others, half the number of my troops were sufficient to best them. I unly left 34,000 men to take care of the Pressians. The chief causes of the loss of that battle were, first of all, Grouchy's great tardiness, and neglect in executing his orders; next, the grenadiers a cheval and the cavalry, under General Guyot, which I had in reserve, and which were never to leave me, engaged without orders, and without my knowledge; so that after the last charge, when the troops were beaten, and the English cavalry advanced, I had not w single corps of cavalry in reserve to resist them; instead of one which I esteumed to be equal to double their number. In consequence of this, the English attack surceeded, and all was lost. There was no: means of rallying. The youngest general would not have committed the feult of leaving an army entirely without reserves which however occurred here, whether in consequence of treason, or not, I cannot sav. These were the two principal causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo.'

' If Lord Wellington had entrenched himself,' continued he, "I would not have attacked him. As a general, his plan did not show talent. He certainly displayed great courage and obstinacy; but a little must be taken away even from that, when you consider that he had no means of retrent, and that, had he made the attempt, not a man of his army would have escaped. First, to the firmness and bravery of his troops, for the English Yought With the greatest obstituacy and courses. He is print cipally indetred for districtory and indeed his own consider-new generally and mission to the arrival of Blackey to wheat the victory is more to be attributed than to Wellington, and more credit due as a geeral; because he, thought beaten the day before, assembled his troops, and brought

them into assion in the evening. I believe, however, dontinued Napoleon, that Wellington & a man of great firmness. The glery of such a victory is a great thing; list in the eye of the historian his military reputation will gain nothing by it.

Our author's account of Napoleon's Bed-Room, forms a striking contrast with the splendour of Versailles:—

It was fourteen feet by twelve, and ten eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with bown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d. regiment, one of which was thrown up, and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantle-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble best of his son. Above the mantle-piece being the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a ministure picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alemen chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cipher B. hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a-pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The fact was covered with a second-hand carpet which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlits. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next Four or five cane-bottomed apartment. irs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. . Before the back door there was a screen covered with nankeen, and hetreen that and the fire-place, an old fashioned soft severed with white leng cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon clothed in his white morning gown, white loose travers and stockimes all in one .-A chequered red madras upon his bead, and bis shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled,-

Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empsess Maria Louisa, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the formar magnificence of the once-mighty emperor of France, nothing was present, except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

His manner of spending his time is detailed in the following extract:—

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain. much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'cleck, in which case he read or wrote until six or sevenat which time, when the weather was fine. he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or hid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny, through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad day light. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until. he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suit, at. eleven; in either case a la fourchette.-After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suit for a few hours, and attwo or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suit, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read, until eight, or occasionally played a game. at chess, at which time dinner was an nounced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes, or half an hour in duration. ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to: be partial to high-seasoned or rich food.

One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret to his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suit. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards .-When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment, he sometimes sent for one of his suit, to converse with him during the He never ate more than two repast. meals a day, nor since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

Portry.

THE HERMIT'S DEATH.

->>044-

The moon waned faintly o'er the cliff With trembling light and paly ray, When worn with sad and untold grief, A Hermit sigh'd his soul away.

No touch of soft affection's hand, Reliev'd his sick, his aching head; None sought to stem his ebbing sand, When he was number'd with the dead.

All cold and faint he sunk in death,
And struggling gave his parting groan
To die along the echoing heath,
Or mingle with the cavern's moan.

No dread of death disarm'd his soul, As lorn he liv'd, he wish'd to die; No requiem save the billow's roll; No dirge save in the sea-bird's cry.

No friendly foot e'er cross'd his cave, No look of love e'er met his eye, Nor friend had he, nor foeman,—save The raging sea, or angry sky.

To these his converse small was given,

And stern as seem'd his sullen mood, He smil'd beneath a laughing heav'n, And scowl'd before the raving flood,

Remote from this dark world of wee, He sought within his moss grown cell, What pride of place could not bestow, Nor bright philosophy reveal.

Mysterious dread and cold dismay,
Still hover round his dark abode,
And never since his dying day
Has human foot his threshold trode,

Wash'd in the cold and drifting spray, His bones fulfil their primal doom; For morning bright, or evining grey, No soul hath pierc'd his lonely tomb.

The night-owl and the bat frequent This place of lone abandonment.

THE PARTING.

STATE OF STREET

·**>04**

She look'd, she wept, she bade adieu— Her cheek was close to mine; . I press'd her to my heart,—and who Could then that form resign?

For tho' I've seen her playful smile, And kiss'd her glowing check— No tear of love e'er fell the while, Her passion chaste to speak;

But then I ween her balmy sighs—
Her bosom's tempting swell,—
Her silent tears, and streaming eyes,
Love's passion strove to tell.

Oh! who would change such rapt'rous hours,

For all that earth can give, One sunny moment, sweet as ours, Were worth an age to live.

M- - T

ON SEEING
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
REFUSED A TRIFLING GRATIFICATION BY
HER FATHER, FROM AVARICIOUS
MOTIVES

Unyielding man, could beauty's tear Not melt thine iron heart; Hadst thou for beauty's tale no ear; Hadst thou no father's part:

more and the same

If in thy bosom glow'd the sire How couldst thou mar thy child's desire.

She turn'd on thee her soft blue eye, And made her mild request; To save that bosom from a sigh, Was surely to be blest, But thou couldst turn thy head away

And frown with a forbidding-nay. And thou bou'dst see the smile depart

That disapled on her cheek, And thou cou'dst see the big tear start That more than words can speak, And see, all reckless of relief, The face of joy turn'd into grief.

Thou shou'dst have known that youth's fair morn

Brooks disapointment ill, And hope's etherial veil when torn Requires a master's skill. Thou shou'dst have turn'd affections eyes On her, and not on averice.

When thy ferbidding word was given Hadst thou but mark'd her eye, Thou wou'dst have seen the light of heaven That came and flitted by. She shed a test, -and such a tear As only angel forms might wear.

Hadet thou but mark'd thou wou'dst have - 60en

That anger dwelt not there; She threw affections, veil between Her eyes, and such a care; And though he caus'd her deep distress, She lov'd her father not the less.

Once more mayielding men-one mer The canker worm of grief, That does not murmur from the core, Admits of no relief: It'lives and feasts and nestles there The harbinger of slow despair.

ABCB.

VARIETY ES.

THE LATE DUKE OF BUTLAND.

When the Duke of Rutland was a boy at Bien College, a dispute arose between the head-master and the boys, by the former, and was carried to such a height, that a grout part of the latter stock their post at the well known inn whom before he had taken no notice

then belonging to Mr. March, at Maidenhead bridge. The discipline of the school was now at an end and the masters had no better means of bringing back the run-aways than by sending expresses to the parents of the ringleaders, in order that they might employ their authority to reduce them The late noble, Marto obedience. quis of Granby was applied to among the rest, and he immediately dispatched his own gentleman with a severe reproof to his son, and a peremptory order to return to college. The young Lord disdained all obedience, and the paternal minister did not spare paternal threats, which he concluded by assuring him, " that if he did not immediately go back to school, the Marquis would come down himself, and force him thither." "If that is my father's determination," replied his Lordship. -" he would do well to bring his regiment of blues along with him."-The general disturbance was soon composed; and though Lord Granby pretended to be very angry with his son, he always related this account of his boy's spirit with great glee to himself.

DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt on account of some acverity practised | the thread of his narration, but all was The Doctor proceeded, and in vain. when he had finished the story, he had acceded quitted the college, and turned gravely round to Garrick, of

whatever.- "Thrice (says he) Davy, you have trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now if what I have related be a falsehood convict me before this company."

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met his father's ghost.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

When this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his Lordship in the most exerniciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had "Impossible, Sir," ever experienced. said he, "don't talk to me of impossibilities," and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony, "Go Sir, and tell his Lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads on impossibilities."

THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

When the Duke of Northumberland, was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he observed a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet: he went up to him, asked his name, and his connections. "The boy answered, " My Lord, I am the son of an old officer, who after · many years service both abroad and at Tome, is now a Captain in the Royal Hospital near Dublin; I am his third Dick, Irvine, for ready manage colo.

son, and my two elder brothers are now in the army." His Lordship, not in the usual mode of recommending the lad to his Majesty for the next vacant commission, but with a spirit, the inheritance of his noble family, instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Ensigncy then to be sold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the The commission was signsuccessor. ed accordingly; and at Bunker's-Hill. Brandy-wine, &c. his Lordship's Ensign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honor on the regiment.

NOTICES

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our corresdondent A. B. C. D. will observe his small poem in our present number; and next week we will insert the article on the " Poetical Genius of the Middle Ages." We will be happy to insert any further communication from him consistent with the arrangement we have laid down; but do not think it would be agreeable to the generality of our readers to devote a whole number to a single article. Variety is the charm of such a publication as the Melonge.

Jucundus has chosen an interesting subject, but the execution is defective.

Should " The Traveller" be repeated, it must be entirely new modelled and the language improved.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD, Every Wednesday, by WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

· ~~~~~~~~~

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the diditor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shope of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow. C.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS: Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Henover Street, Edinburgh: John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley; Rebert Mathie, Kilmarneck; Malcolin Currie, Port-Glasgew; D. Gande, Robert say; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M.

THE LITERARY

MELANCE.

OR

IVEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 9. WEDNESDAY, 14th AUGUST, 1822. PRICE 31d

ON THE POETIC GENIUS
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Greece has produced her Homer, Portugal her Camoens, and England her Shakespeare, her Milton, and her Byron; but to Italy alone was reserved the honour of giving birth to five such poets as Virgil, Lucan, Dante, Ariosto and Tasso. In that highly-favoured country, it acems as if nature was resolved in one period or another, to nut forth her strength, and by a constellution of mighty spirits, illumine her mental darkness, and triumph over the barriers which, for a thousand years. superstition has been forming to impede the current of genius. Italy has many claims to stention which no other land possesses. It was the seat of the mightingt empire of ancient times; where sits, literature and arms flourished and had their reward, and wherearchisting stratched its scaptre over humbled moustchies, and held beneath in sway the most potent dominions of the country whose wineign Pentil held afterwards as powerful att influence over the consciences of men, so his mastial archstreet had waver their fortunes, and where under the fastering date of ti-Prion, grose Romance and Chivalry to civilize the world.

universal influence were performed within its boundaries. It was the grand mother of political intrigue—the parent of all that is good in modern science,—and the refuge to the remnant of genius, which even these dark periods could not wholly obscure.

The middle ages (or the reign of Popery as they are sometimes called) though universally ruinous to the sciences, were not unfavourable to postry. The vigilance of the priesthood, though it might check every other kind of literature, could never have damped the spirit of the bard. It could neither prevent his mind from soaring into the regions of fancy, nor close the hearts of the people against his themes. Even though superstition and ignorance had arrayed their flercest weapons against poetry, they could not have succeeded. But the clergy were for from attemping such a task. they were, they knew that poetry might be turned to their own purposes, they knew that its cultivators might indulge in praise of that system they kept up, and by operating on the enthusiasm of the people, might induce them to adopt every fiction, however wild, and to engage in every chimera, bowever extravagant, and licentious. Poetry moreoger was not a vehicle for Hence deeds of communicating knowledge, or for

opening the mind of man. It sung acterised, and still characterises, the of themes which then prevaled, it poetry of the North It was the displayed, the pomp of chivalry and poetry of a sude and free people .religion, and lent its fascinating aid in Bold and original, although without sounding the praises of religious war othe graces of refinement, it exhibited fare and in setting forth the glory of inspersection the ardent undisguised the erusades against the infidels demotions of the heart melas misog Such were the motives of the priest, As chivalry began to appear, man hood in encouraging poetry. Every became more refined, though not more other kind of literature, save the tales moral Chivalry was the product of of Romance, was destroyed with the that religious enthusiasm which brought same recklessness and barbarism which on the crusades. These formidable actuated the overwhelmers of the Ro- and tremendous combinations of the man Empire. But the motives were European against the Infidel nations, in every sense more dishonourable and these exhibitions of all that was abdepraved A total insensibility to the surd fanatical and cruel in the human walue of what they destroyed was that race, this mental debasement and which drew down the rage of the last's bigoted prostitution; these were the but of the first, the true inducement was causes of refinement in manners, an oblique and crafty policy; ha policy Chivalry was the commencement of a founded on obtaining an universal do new era in politics and morals; and a minion over the consciences of men, sort of barrier between that distrial era to obtain which, it did not scruple to which immediately followed the subsacrifice the glouous relies which even version of the Roman Empire, and Gothic barbarism had spared in That that no less gloomy period which came poetry did not suffer in its spirit dur- immediately after. The first may be ing these troubled periods we can termed the gothic era, the second the readily believe from the specimens hand, era of poperyon The Crusades gave ed down to use The taste of the rise to chivalry, and chivalry by operminstel suffered without doubt the ating on the imagination, produced a general vitiation of the age. His mind new cravin poetry. The knights of was not chastened down to the per- that age did not fight for plunder, but ception of simple beauty alone. In the for honour; and this honour was to gothic period, strength, not unmixed be obtained by their exertions in the with ardent tenderness, prevailed - cause of religion, virtue and beauty. -There was then no known smodel of These rude warriors imbibed thus ancient excellence to found a system generous sentiments, which no doubt upon. These were lost sight of and hung for years loosely about them, but hid in the general ignorance. The by degrees they fell upon their offmind of man, as yet rude, was obliged spring, and the knights from being to trust its unaided exertions, and to mercry barbarous chiefs, became the depend for effect upon its native fire souls of honour and of valour. The Vigorons and uncourteous it felt few poetry of that age was equally bold. of the finer emotions, and was natural but more replete with gallantry and rally disposed to strength; by the en- love than that which went before; energetic scenes which it beheld .- the feats of warriors and the love of Hence the flaming heroic character of ladies were its themes :- Witness the the ancient gothic poetry: hence the ballads of the old Troubadours, witness chergy and intense feeling which char- the love songs of modern Italy, and

hay cen a Janes on the poetry of historie the Chapel of our Lide of

modern Germany; and in them may be discovered even yet, the spirit and feeling of their originals, It is impossible to conceive a time better adapted than this for the exercise of poetic talent a time pregnant with the highest achievments, when the ardour of achievment urged men on, to deeds almost super-human, -when every knight was a warrior, and every warrior a hero. A certain delicacy of feeling unknown before, was then established; and while honourable sentiments sprung up, the fair sex met with courtesy and attention.

The ardour of war, of religion and of love, stimulated the poet, and raised a flame of enthusiasm in his mind. Where praise and honour were the certain rewards of bravery, and where a devotion to the cross of Christ ensured unfading laurels, there were not wanting enthusiasts, who aspired at such distinctions; nor were poets wanting to sing their praises; whence arose many of the loftiest efforts of genius, and that turn for the wild and romantic existing in those perturbed ages. It was then that Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso arose, and whether in true fervour of genius, in grandeur of imagination, in pathos or description, they may stand a parallel with the greatest bards of ancient or modern times. If we except Shakespeare and Milton the world has produced no such poets since their time, and if four or five of the ancients be set aside, there has preceded them none with whom it would not be doing them injustice to institute a comparison. Many perhaps will go the length of saying that Virgil and Homer in the ancient world, are alone their equals.

That the different forms of government in Italy gave a turn to its poetry

Virgil. He arose when Rome was at its pinnacle of glory, and sung of arms and empire. His strain was full of his native land; full of expectation at her future greatness, and beaming with the glow of heroism, which warmed every rank of society. Appearing in the thirteenth century, when the densest clouds of ignorance obscured the human mind, Dante attuned his mysterious lyre to themes of religion: he follows a path untrode before, and almost unattempted since; Hell, Paradise, and Purgatory were his themes. To probability of incident he paid no attention. This was indeed universally disregarded by the poets of this romanticage. Nordid he regard more, the conduct of the preceding poets. As original as Homer, he wove a wondrous poem of his own construction.—He is however little studied, even in his native land. His writings have been lately translated into English with great talent by Cary, but few, very few are to be met with, who have explored the mysterious creations of this astonishing poet. In the fifteenth century mankind had rapidly improved: Petrarch wrote his incomparable sonnets, and Boccacio his exquisite romances, but the glories of the age were Tasso and Ariosto of these we cannot speak at present, but we shall shortly endeavour to give a sketch of the Orlando Funoso of the latter, devi araw scanil hid in the general ignirun

ANNETTE DELARBRE

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands near the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of all there cannot be a doubt. If we look fete, and all the world was thronging back to the happy era of Augustus, in the evening to dance at the fair, held we may cast a glance on the poetry of before the Chapel of our Lady of

Grace. As I like all kinds of inno- rows of grotesque saints in wood and cent merry making, I joined the throng. The chapel is situated at the top of chase of the pious. a high hill or promontory, from whence The scene before me was perfectly its bell may be heard at a distance by have given the name to the port of steep coast it was shaded by trees, broad green sea, sleeping in summer from between which I had beautiful tranquillity, in the distance, peeps at the ancient towers of Hon- Whilst I was regarding this animat-

The chapet of our Ludy of Grace of Honfleur and its vicinity, both for pleasure and devotion. At this little chapel, prayers are put up by the marmers of the port previous to their voyages, and by their friends during their absence: and votive offerings are hing about its walls, in fulfillment of the populace dance on fine summer her handkerchief, though there was evenings; and here are held frequent nothing to be seen but two or three fairs and fetes, which assemble all the fishing boats, like mere specks on the rustic beauty of the loveliest parts of bosom of the distant ocean. Lower Normandy of The present was anoThese circumstances excited my

wax-work, were offered for the pur-

enchanting, the assemblage of so many the mariner at night. It is said to fresh and blooming faces, the gay groups in fanciful dresses; some danc-Havre de Grace, which lies directly ing on the green, others strolling about, opposite, on the other side of the Seine or seated on the grass; the fine clumps The road up to the chapel went in a of trees on the foreground, bordering aig zag course, along the brow of the the brow of this airy height, and the

fleur below, the varied scenery of the ed picture; I was struck with the apopposite shore, the white buildings of pearance of a beautiful girl, who passed Havre in the distance, and the wide through the crowd without seeming to sea beyond. The road was enlivened take any interest in their amusements. by croups of peasant girls, in their She was slender and delicate in her bright trimson dresses, and tall caps; form; she had not the bloom upon and I found all the flower of the neigh- her cheek that is usual among the peasbourhood assembled on the green that antry of Normandy, and her blue eyes crowns the summit of the hill, and a had a singular and melanchols expression. She was accompanied by a is a favourite resort of the inhabitants venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. There was a whisper among the by-standers, and a wistful look after her as she passed the young men touched their hats, and some of the children followed her at a little distance, watching her movements. She approached the edge of wows made during times of shipwreck the hill, where there is a little platform, and disaster, The chapel is surround- from whence the people of Honfleur ed by trees. On a level spot near the look out for the approach of vessels. chapel, under a grove of noble trees, Here she stood for some time waving

an occasion of the kind. Booths and ourrosity, and I made some inquires tants were erected among the trees; about her, which were answered with there were the usual displays of finery readiness and intelligence by a priest to tempt the rural coquette, and of of the neighbouring chapel. Our conwonderful shews to entice the curious; versation drew together, several of the mountebanks were exerting their elo- by-standers, each of whom had somequence; jugglers and fortune-tellers thing to communicate, and from them asionishing the credulous; while whole all I gathered the following particulars. to good mother age safe and the maintaines of

no a said of the week and the tenion of he water with the rainer

and how many chances there are, when | dow; lightging to be; for the senit

Annette Delarhie was the only over-meeting again onto daughter of one of the higher order of Weeks, months, years flew byher feelings were quick and ardent, and companions of her own age, among or restraint, she was little practiced in of their time was passed in making self control: nothing but the native lace, the prevalent manufacture of the goodness of her heart kept her from neighbourhood. As they sat at this

bility was evinced in an attachment none laughed with a lighter heart which she formed to a playmate, Eu- than Annette; and if she sang, her gene La Forgue, the only son of a voice was perfect melody. Their evenand jealousies, and quarrels, and re- when she appeared at the village ball entered her fifteenth, and Eugene his . As she was a rural heiress, she did nineteenth year, when he was suddenly not want for suitors. Many advanta-

during the time that continual and her heart, they might have traced in it. bloody wars were incessantly draining some fond remembrance of her early her youth. tion also to Annette, to lose her lover. be painful, but too deep to be easily With tender embraces, half childish, obliterated, and they might have nohalf womanish, she parted from him. ticed, amidst all her galety, the tender-The tears streamed from her blue eyes ness that marked her manner towards as she bound a braid of her fair hair the mother of Engene. She would round his wrist; but the smiles still often steal away from her youthful broke through; for she was yet to companions and their amusements, to feel how serious a thing is separation, pass whole days with the good vi-

farmers, or small proprietors, as they Annette increased in beauty as she are called, who lived at Port I Eveque, increased in years, and was the reigning 2 pleasant village not far from Hone belle of the neighbourhood. Her time fleur, in that rich part of Lower Nor- passed innocently and happily. Her ruandy called the Pays d'Ange. - father was a man of some consequence Annette was the pride and delight of in the rural community, and his house her parents, and was brought up with was the resort of the gayest of the vilthe fondest indulgence. She was gayer lage .- Annette held a kind of rural, tender, petulant, and susceptible; all court; she was always surrounded by having hever experienced contradiction whom she shone unrivalled. Much running continually into error. de delicate and femenine labour, the merry Even when a child, her suscepti- tale and sprightly song went round : widowwho lived in the neighbourhood. ings were enlivened by the dance, or Their childish love was an epitome of by those pleasant and social games so maturer passion; it had its caprices, prevalent among the French; and conciliations. It was assuming some on Sunday evening, she was the theme thing of a graver character as Annette of universal admiration. I done should be

carried off to the army by the con- geous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the It was a heavy loss to his widowed pretended pangs of her admirers, and mother, for he was her only pride and triumphed over them with the caprice comfort; but it was one of those of buoyant youthand conscious beauty. bereavements which mothers were per- With all her apparent levity however, petually doomed to feel in France, could any one have read the story of It was a temporary afflice playmate, not so deeply grayen as to a ns and how many chances there are, when dow; listening to her fond talk shout parting in this wide world, against our her boy, and blushing with secret plearecollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young sun-burnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturous his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had risen in the service him with petulant caprice, enjoying the by his merit; but brought away little pain which she inflicted by her frowns, from the wars, excepting a soldier-like from the idea how soon she would air, a gallant name, and a scar across chase it away again by her smiles. his forehead. He brought back how- She took a pleasure in alarming his ever, a nature unspoiled by the camp. fears, by affecting a temporary prefer-He was frank, open, generous, and ence to some one or other of his rivals; ardent. Hisheart was quick and kind and then would delight in allaying in its impulses, and was perhaps a lit- them, by an ample measure of returntle softer from having suffered; it was ing kindness. Perhaps there was from his mother; and the mention of to show her absolute power over the hardship.

sure when his letters were read, at him the more her light, playful fondness finding herself a constant theme of of former years deepened into an ardent and powerful affection. But! Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered wilful and capricious by constant indulgence at home, and ad miration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. She sometimes treated full of tenderness for Annette. He some degree of vanity gratified by all had received frequent accounts of her this; it might be a matter of triumph her kindness to his lonely parent had young soldier, who was the universal rendered her doubly dear to him .- object of female admiration. Eugene He had been wounded; he had been a however, was of too serious and ardent prisoner; he had been in various a nature to be trifled with. He loved troubles, but he had always preserved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. the braid of her hair, which she had He saw Annette surrounded with adbound round his arm. It had been mirers, and full of animation; the a kind of talisman to him; he had gayest among the gay at all their rural many a time looked on it as he lay on festivities, and apparently the most gay the hard ground, and the thought that when he was the most dejected. Every he might one day see Annette again, one saw through this caprice but himand the fair fields about his native self; every one saw that in reality she village, had cheered his heart, and en- doted upon him; but Engene alone abled him to bear up against every suspected the sincerity of her affection. For some time the bore this coquetry He had left Annette almost a child; with secret impatience and distrust; he found her a blooming woman. If but his feelings grew sore and irritable he had loved her before, he now adored and overcame his self-command. A her. Annette was equally struck with slight misunderstanding took place; a the improvement which time had made quarrelensued. Annette unaccustomed on per lover. She naticed, with se- to be thwarted and contradicted, and cret admiration, his superiority to the full of theinsolence of youthful beauty, other young men of the village; the assumed an air of disdam. She refrank, lofty military air, that distin- fused all explanations to her lover, and guished him from all the rest at the they parted in anger. That very evenrural astherings. The more she saw ing Eugene saw her, full of gelety, work him out I will the box and the billion

OR WEEKLY REGISTER. states id nedw1350

feigned distress, it sparkled on him with and who wished him to be the com, impaired by secret distriction Pride unback passion and in the tempor

A woman is more considerate in the is more the study and business of her life Annette soon repented of her indiscretion; she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel; -his fine features, lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance; but his sudden departure prevented here. She now promised herself that when next they met, she would amply repay him by the sweets of a perfect reconciliation, and that, thenceforward, she would hever never tease him imbred vo That! promise was not to be fullfiled to Day after day pasall corness and affected indifference, som of the ocean, and before evening, she called upon Eugene's mother for the white sail had faded from her sight.

While his feelings were yet smart- tears for the safe return of her lover. ing with her affected disdain, and his heart a prey to alternate indignation fulness of her spirits was at an endand despair, he had suddenly embraced | She looked back with remorse and .

dancing with one of his rivals, and as her public han by a relation, who was fiteye caught his, fixed on her with unbting out a ship at the port of Holineur, marethen usual fire. lo It was a finished partion of his wovace. Vir Absence apt. ing blow to his hopes, already so much peared to him the Stilly cure for his and resentment both struggled in his ary transports of his feelings, there breast and seemed to rouse his spirit was something graffying in the idea. to all its wonted energy. I He retired of having half the world intervene from her presence with the hasty de- between them. The hurty necessary. termination never to see her again. for his departure, left no time for cook. reflection; it rendered him deaf to the affairs of love than a man; because it remonstrances of his afflicted mother. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the necessary preparations for the voyage, and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination, was a letter delivered by his; mother, returning her pledges of affection, and bidding her a last farewell. in terms more full of sorrow and ten-This was the first stroke of real

anguish that Annette had ever received: and it overcame her. The vivacity of her spirits was apt to hurry her to extremes; she for a time give way to ungovernable transports, of affiction and remorse, and manifested, in the violence of her grief, the real ardour of her affection. The thought occursed; but Eugene did not make his ed to ner that the ship might not yet appearance. Sunday evening came, have sailed, "She seized on the hope" the usual time when all the gaicty of with eigerness, and hastened with her the village assembled ; but Eugene father to Honfleur. The ship had was not there? She enquired after sailed that very morning. From the him the had left the village. She heights above the town she saw it lessnow became alarmed, and forgetting ening into a speck on the broad boan explanation unShe found her full She turned full of anguish to the of sorrow, and learnt with surprise neighbouring chapel of our Lady of and affliction that Eugene had gone to Grace, and throwing herself on the sea. pavement, poured out her prayers and

When she returned home the cheerself-upbraiding at her past caprices;

she turned with distaste from the adulation of her admirers, and had no longer any relish for the amusements of the village. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene; but was received by her with an overflowing heart; for she only behold in Annette one who could sympathise in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son, whom she reproached herself with having driven away, wood

In the meantime the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and ta think of nothing but making his mother happy.- "And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hands with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again.

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered, or driven on shore, and the sea coast was strewed with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked for ship having been seen dismissted in a violent storm, for her salety, a horse Land - William State

e and a bar beil a t

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with pains ful solicitude, and endeavoured to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety. She tasked her it efforts to be gay; but it was forced and unnatural gaiety: a sigh from the mother would completely check it; and when she could no longer restrain the rising tears, she would hurry away, and pour out her agony in secret. Every anxious look, every anxious enquiry of the mother, whenever a decident door opened, or a strange face appeared, was an arrow to her soul. She considered every disappointment as a pang of her own infliction, and her heart too tail sickened under the care-worn expres 5 1200 sion of the maternal eye. At length this suspense became insupportable She left the village and hastened to 21. Honfleur, hoping every hour, every race moment, to receive some tidings of her lover. She paced the pier and wearied the seamen of the port with her inquiries. She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of our Lady of the Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar, or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry

At length word was brought that the long-looked for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye, nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little portner sus. of Honfleur. The ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after and and hoat put off for the shore, The po- IT pulace crowded down to the pier-head to welcome it. Annette stood blushing and the greatest fears were entertained and smiling, and trembling and weep ing a long choining paintilly pleasing of any

LACT DENTER OF

emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation about to take place. Her heart throbbed to pouritself out, and atone to her lover for all its errors. At one moment she would place herself in a conspicuous situation where she might catch his view at once, and surprise him by her welcome; but the next moment a doubt would come across her mind, and she would shrink among the throng, trembling and faint, and gasping with her emotions. Her agitation encreased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her, when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting. As the boat approached the shore, many enquiries were made, and lacoric mswers returned. 12 At length Aimatte heard some enquiries made after her Her heart palpitated; there was a moment's pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assist-A piercing shrick broke from among the crowd; and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness, was too much for her harassed fame. She was carried home senseless. Her life was for some time despaired of, and it was months before she recovered her health; but she never had perfectly recovered her mind: it still remained unsettled with regard to her lover's fate.

"The subject," continued my informant, "is never mentioned in her hazing; but the sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as if there was some fagure than of emprecious in her

mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish those gloomy images from her thoughts.-They assemble round her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh as formerly; but she will sit silently among them, and will sometimes weep in the midst of their gaiety; and, if spoken to, will make no reply, but look up with streaming eyes, and sing a dismal little song, which she has learned somewhere, about a shipwreck. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

"She passes the greatest part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood. The poor girl seems, as formerly, to make an effort to be cheerful in her company; but will sometimes gaze upon her with the most piteous look, and then kiss her gray hairs, and fall on her neck and weep.

" She is not always melancholy, however; she has occasional intervals when she will be bright and animated for days together; but there is a degree of wildness attending these fits of gaiety, that prevents their yielding any satisfaction to her friends. At such times she will arrange her room, which is all covered with pictures of ships and legends of saints, and will wreath a white chaplet, as if for a wedding, and prepare wedding ornaments. She will listen anxiously at the door, and look frequently out at the window, as if expecting some one s arrival, it a supposed that at such times she is

looking for her lover's return; but as no one touches on the theme, or mentions his manie in her presence, the current of her thoughts is mere matter of conjecture. Now and their she will make a pilgrimage to our Lady of Grace, where she will pray for hours at the altar, and decorate the images with wreaths that she has woven; or will wave her handkerchief from the cornece, as you have seen, if there is any vessel in the distance."

has by To be continued.]

Just 1 910 4

- TOTSTR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore was the eldest of four sons of the late Dr. Moore, and was born at Glasgow, in 1762, where his father practised as a physician till he accompanied the late Duke of Hamilton on his travels. He took his son along with him, and thus he was early introduced into the first society in Europe. Having his education and pursuits guided by so able a director, and so accurate a judge of mankind as his father, every improvement was to be expected. How completely these expectations were fulfilled, the military history of his country will sliew. Sir John Moore from his youthembraced the profession of arms, with the sentiments and feelings of a soldier, He felt that a perfect know-ledge, and an exact performance of the humble but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundation for subsequent military fame. .. In the school of regimental duty; he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession, so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldiers; and he was emabled to extablish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking secumple

others. In a military character obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any point as a preferable subject of praise. The life of Sir John Moore was spent among his troops."

"During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and the soldier. In war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him as the post of honor; and by his undaunted spirit and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory."

Every soldier's heart must warm in reading so just a tribute from a Commander-in-Chief to the memory of this brave man. He was a soldier of the best mould, and was endowed with a vigorous mind, improved by west accomplishment which an anxious and intelligent parent could suggest, or bestow. With a face and figure uncome monly handsome, he was active and capable of bearing great fatigue; but in his latter years had a considerable. stoop and was much broken down hy. wounds and service in warm climates : His keen feelings of honor, and anthusiastic zeal for the duties of his : profession, often raised his indignation at any dereliction of conduct or duty. Hence, with the mildest and most aminble temper imaginable, he was considered by many who did not suffice ciently know him, as herce, intempent rate, and unnecessarily severe while in truth, no man was more indulgent and easy, when strictness was murecessary; at the same sime, when more rity was called for, as the correctness.

of the discipling which he enforced in Patenty, 1808.

- Digitized by Google

and propriety of his own mind led him I biscuit, and slept on a cloak underla was on such oceasions very severe; and in this he greatly resembled the eminent men by whose example he was always anxious to form his habits and character.—Sir Ralph Aber cromby and Sir Charles Stewart.

It was under General Stewart, in Corsica, that Sir John Moore, then Lieutenant Colonel of the 51st, was first distinguished at the storming of Calvi; he headed the grenadiers, and in the face of an obstinate and gallant resistance, carried the place by assault. General Stewart, who witnessed the attack, rushed forward and, with an enthusiasm which only such minds can feel, threw hinself into the arms of Colonel Moore, the surrounding soldiers shouting and throwing up their caps in the air for joy and exultation.

In 1796, during the operations of the army under the command of Sir. Ralph Abercromby, in the West Indies, Sir John Moore particularly dis-tinguished himself. At that time the tinguished himself. At that time the mortality among the troops was so great, that hardly a sufficient number, ht for duty, were left after the capture of St. Lucia. Brigadier General Moore was appointed to the command of the island; and as considerable bodies of the enemy continued in the woods, and refused to surrender conformably to the capitulation, he, with that zeal which so eminently distinguished him, penetrated into the most difficult recesses of the woods and compelled the enemy to surrender at discretion. Here his exertions were unremitting. He visited, in person, every post, of which there were a great many established in different parts of the island. He was, in fact almost always in the woods, so careless of any comfort, and so anxious to shew an example of privation to his men, that he fared as they did, on salt pork and supporting him in an easy posture.

never to excuse neglect of duty, he bush, Several officers had obtained leave to go to other islands for change of air, and so many were dead or distin abled there was not a sufficient number for the duty. He therefore issued or ders, that none, except in the last necessity, should quit the island. length he was himself attacked, and when informed that if he did not go on board ship, he could not survive four days, he referred his advisers tous his orders, saying, that he was determined to remain at any hazard; and it was not till he was insensible that he was carried on board where he fortunately recovered.

The scene which closed his mortal career, took place at the battle of Corunna. While animating the 42d regiment, a cannon ball struck Sir John Moore in the left shoulder, and beat him to the ground. He raised himself and sat up with an unaltered countenance, looking intently at the Highlanders who were warmly engaged. Captain Harding threw himself from his horse and took him by the hand; then observing his anxiety, he told him the 42d were advancing, upon which his countenance immediately brightened up. Assisted by a soldier of the 42d he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham of Balgowan and Captain Woodford of the Guards came up, and perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for surgeons. He consented to be carried to the rear, and was put in a blanket for that purpose. Captain Harding attempted to unbuckle his sword from his wounded side, when he said in his usual tone and manner " It is as well as it is I had rather it should go out of the field with me." He was borne, continues Captain Harding, by six soldiers of the 42d and guards, my sash

Observing the resolution and composure of his features. I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal, and remarked that I trusted when the surgeons dressed, the wound, that he would be spared to us and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said, " No Harding, I feel that to be impossible." I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said "You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear." A serjeant of the 42d and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave General to Corunna. As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter, judging that the enemy was retiring.

Colonel Wynch being wounded was passing in ha spring waggon.-When he understood the General was in the blanket, he wished him to be removed to the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or blanket best ? When the soldier answered that he thought the blanket best. think so too," said the General; and the soldiers proceeded with him to Cornna, shedding tears all the way.

Colonel Anderson, his friend and Aid-de-camp for twenty years, thus describes the General's last moments: After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows :- Anderson, you know I always wished to die in this way." He then asked, were the French beaten? and which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. " I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my rounty will do ma justice. Anderson,

you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing say to: my mother." Here, his voice quite failed and he was excessively agitated. At the thought of his mother, othe firm heart of this brave and affectionate son gave way—a heart which no danger, not even his present situation could shake, till the thoughts of his mother, and what she would suffer, came across his mind.

As Sir John Moore, according to the wish which he had uniformly expressed, died a soldier in battle, so he was buried like a soldier, in full uniform, in a bastion in the garrison of Corunna, Colonel Graham of Balgowan and the officers of his family only

attending. שימניוובים ביל Shortly after the accounts of his death reached Glasgow, a meeting of his fellow Citizens was called, and a liberal subscription entered into for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. An elegant statue, executed by Flaxman, was placed in George Square with the following inscription : Jonus di tau villia

TO COMMEMORATE dod of be THE MILITARY SERVICES OF

- I crive to a pure bed mind

LIEUT. GEN. SIR JOHN MOORE. NATIVE OF GLASGOW, HIS FELLOW CITIZENS

HAVE ERECTED OUTPERED A THIS MONUMENT, DOT Madura 1817

listed, nover been thank!

sideograp Lad actail

To the Edelor of the Millange. a knowledge of it was no

An athor has advissd peeple to here much & spak little, i wish sum of your riters would folo that plan. in your last number, there are account of our maridge riten by som wan that had no buznes with our afayes. i think it right to tell you Sir, that my

husbend did not sweer so much, as the riter says & that it is an habbit which he has almost got red off. "He tells me & i Join him, that he wil be hapic to giv you a sale in the Marget lichter, when you pleas and that as we are now towd by Stimbot you git up and down sam day—but expeks you will not publish no more about him—no mor at presit

Diou entar 11th 21 Marget Ryan
Late Murphy.

Brandaw 9 Agust 1822.

REVIEW.

The YOUNG ARTISI'S ASSISTANT, or Elements of the Fine Arts.—
BY WILLIAM ENFIELD, M. A. Author of "Elements of Natural Theology." Scientific Amusements," &c. &c.—London, 1822.

Drawing, says Mr. Enfield, "forms to elegant and agreeable an amusement for eisure heart, and has to wide a range of general utility, that it cannot fail to be attractive to a polished mind. It is equally dapted to both societain to all ages: and thether it be employed in embodying the forms of fancy, or delineating the beauties of nature, and the inventious of art, it never fails to be a source of amusement. It is the basis of Painting, Designing, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, Modelling, Carving, and most of those are that are the offspring of fancy, and that embellish civilized life."

The usefulness and agreeableness of this set have, indeed, never been denied; but, people in general, have excel most egresiously in their ideas of the manner in which a knowledge of it was to be acquired many supposing it to consist in looking at petures, reading large books about pictures. That it was to be acquired by string down with a pencil, and practising with the hand, never once entered their leads.

requires consideration, the quackery of hackney-teachers of the art—this has for a long time been very remarkable.

The " art of Drawing" has frequently been, for the nine hundred and ninety ninth time, " made" (to use the puffing language of these quacks) " completely easy," in We never however heard of a single instance in which the use of these " easy" works was productive of any good; indeed, their non-success is not to be won-. dered at, for if one of these books be examined, of what should we find it to consist 2-Will it be found to contain such instructions as may enable the pupil to become a proficient in the art to which he aspires?-No.-What then, shall we find it filled with? - Absurdities. A collection of trash, "of no use to any one," divided into portions; (on, as we are speaking of quacks, we may say, doses,) which are gent nerally headed with the term " Secrets." Yet, notwithstanding the utter worthless-ness of these books, the titles are taking, they in consequence sell, the quacks pocket the cash, and the poor youths' heads are 211 filled with crudities which are not reductble to any law whatever-instead of being, as was so much hoped-for, illuminated by the rays of science, every unfortunate noddle is found to be in possession a mere dead stock of half-formed ideas a chaos of monstrosities.

When we find that the absurdities, sported by these creatures as new inventions and discoveries, have not so much as the plea of originality in their favor, it appears still more astonishing, that people should have been found silly enough to pay even the slightest notice to their pretensions.

Know, gentle reader, that we happen to have in our wery good keeping," a volume, of a most antique and venerable appearance, which beareth upon the beginning of it the following words: " Artes Mysterys: being a rare and curiouse assemblage yn one boke of ye secretes of nature and arte. J Moreover, tretytige notedlie of ye plesante arte of payntynge, the verie notable portraietures. London, Imprinted at ye Sygne of ye Rede Rogue yn Easte Cheap 1560." The very title page is curious! But the work itself is still more so. Old as this book is, superseded, as (according to modern improvements made in the method of teaching the science,) its contents should have been by those of later works, we find the same-yes, reader,

from the time that the above-mentioned stupid with the ingenious. Mol

ply. No they are not. It is the absence recipes, to end by turning a painter."

what should be taught, than of what should not we shall now change our plan a little. out a very pretty book on Landscape Paintlent artist.

creats. It is highly ridiculous, though very we have prefixed to it then shall those imagines lumself to be just on the point of fore thee with the was start succeeding. He will probably begin to Chapter first, and, in our opinion, chap-

the enthusiasm of youth; but it is the same give plain and concise directions, and point with every science, and probably it is for out such a mode of study as we trust the best that it should be so if it were render the task of acquiring it plea not, there would be an end to the glory of and remove many impediments, which,

the very same "secrets," and frequently have no object in view, to obtain which it in the very same words, that have appeared need exert uself, and it would therefore as original in every " whole art of Drawing | become of no avail—the idle would then made completely easy, that has appeared be on a par with the industrious, and the

work was published, till the present day! " But we might as well hope," contin-But, (it may be argued,) these articles, wed he;" to make an astronom r of a bow to which you object, as not being news are by setting him to look at the reflection of probably such as cannot be omitted—the the heavenly bodies in a pail of water, as first principles of instruction—the very less to expect a boy who has been condemned, sentials of the art? To this we only re- and forced, to read a large book full of

of these essentials, and the substitution of Our friend here ended, to be sure it was useless and absurd recipes in their place, time he should do so, having made; what which forms the subject of our complaint. the Americans would call a somewhat The quotation of a few of these recipes lengthy speech. But whenever a man gets would at once convince the reader that we astride and gallops off on his boulty, how do not complain without cause; but, as is it possible—tell me, ye who can tell, we shall have occasion to speak of them; how it is possible to stop him? Our hereafter, we shall, for the present, spare, friend's hobby was Painting, and whenever the reader the trouble of reading what anybody set him on that subject, he never he is warned before hand will be nothing left off without letting all his hearers know but specimens of absurdity ward un good a "bit of his mind?" There was however, Hitherto, we have been speaking less of some good sense in his arguments, and we entirely agreed with him, that youths who were to be artists should be set to work About four or five years ago, there came with their hands, in preference to their eyes; that, in this case, pointedly, it Great ing, written by a Mr. Alston : this book books" (that is, of recipes for copying (we should remark, by the way, that the pictures, and grinding colours) were "letter-press part of it was very meagre- great evils;" that "Royal Roads" to bht as we were saying—this book) we re- this art, any more than to any other, there member showing to a friend of ours in were none everything being acquired by London, and asking his opinion. He was study and manual practice, and, that the a man of considerable taste, and an excel- botheration about " Secrets" was " All my range and is start ever and is some Hold enough

He read the book. "Sir," says he, to Reader, we here request of thee, to turn of this book, little as it is, contains all that thine ove to the beginning of this most lucan be said upon the subject of which it minousarticle, and read the title page which common, to write a large book upon what know that we designed to write with contain the learned by reading a book. The pen on paper, and to get imprinted, yes. art of Drawing, Sir, can only be acquired stamped with types, a Review of " Empeld's by constantly practising with the hand .- Fine Arts." And, foresmuch, as we have The young arust will find much difficulty now on our hands, leisure to proceed onat his outset, he will find his best things to wards with what we had designed it shall, be very poor; and will often fail, when he straightway, illustrious reader, be hid be-

feel discouraged, but to discouragement her ter the most important, is headed " Drivemust not give way; his attempts must be ing." Our author here say. To enable referented, and he will eventually succeed, those who may not have the assistance of nobit cannot be denied, that this difficulty a skilful instructor, to become masters of at the commencement is a great damper to this desirable accomplishment we shall overcoming difficulties; perseverance would without such assistance, would retard their

improvement. This now is reasonable, a tobacco pipe." Again, at page 168, she and we hope we shall find that he not only will find a quart of the bile of oxen, talks of being concise and perspicuous, but fresh as possible." What effect is it likely that he really is so. After the above pathat these passages would produce? why ragraph, follows " Implements and man they must produce disgust." Instead terials used in Drawing,". Then, " General Instructions," which we must say, are really good; and so far, all is well. The next chapter, however, " Mechanical Drawing," is one which we are exceedingly sorry has been admitted-we wish the art of Mechanical drawing could be cut out. cut up, and consigned to utter oblivion. For, we are persuaded, that to this, and to this only, are the failures of many individuals to be attributed; a person who accustoms himself to the use of tracing paper, and copying materials of any other kind, instantly loses all freedom of hand, and command of his pencil. It is the most miserable excuse for skill that ever was invented; with a professor of it, taste, and gentus are quite out of the question-it is the insiduous, inveterate, enemy to success in the study of the Fine Arts.

We come next to " Painting." This is an article which we carnestly recommend every young artist to peruse with attention: the first part of it contains a short, but interesting, account of what are termed the Schools of Painting, and also of the various excellencies of the most distinguished painters. In the second part, the author proceeds to lay down a succinct view of the

principles of the art.

" Of the different classes of Painting," is the next division. We think it would have been better, had this been headed "On the choice of a subject," and placed nearer the beginning of the book. We shall only observe of it, that what is said in it, is pretty well said, and should have an early perusal,

"The method of preparing the various kinds of colours used in painting" is forty pages of recipes the whole of which, to those persons into whose hands this book is most likely to be put, are entirely useless. Just imagine now, for the sake of illustration, a young lady to take up this book with the expectation of obtaining useful information; she opens it, by chance, at page 145, and stumbles upon "quicksilver, eighteen pounds; brimstone, (we beg pardon, flowers of sulphur,) six pounds," she is directed to " melt the sulphur in an earthen pot, and pour in the quicksilver gradually; being also gently warmed," she is then to

finding pleasure in the first perusal of the work, and of being encouraged to proceed in reading it; she will instantly close the book, lay it down, never to take it up again. It is this kind of colour-making "Secrets," and the copying "Secrets" which do so much harm, where they pretend to do good. Either the student's brain is muddled by them in the manner we have before described, or he imbibes what, perhaps, is ne-ver afterwards, got rid of, a dislike to the

art of which these scribblers profess to treat.

That part of the work in which "the different methods of painting" are describe ed, contains a great deal of useful information, and is well worthy of the reader's serious perusal. When a youth has not made up his mind as to what branch of the art he shall pay his most sedulous attention whether to oil, or to water colourscrayon, or to enamel—he may, by reading this, find what will direct his choice, fix his attention, improve his taste, and go far-

to ensure success.

The next division is on "Transparencies," and the succeeding one on "Perspective." All we shall say of these, at present, is that they are short but good,

We come now to the last article, "Engraving:" this we should denounce as being unnecessary, but for one consideration; the book bears the inclusive name of Elements of the Fine Arts; and it may be proper to give the student some idea of the arts which are connected with drawing and painting. Moreover, it is short, and it contains useful information; we will therefore tolerate its admission.

We have now gone through the work -Speaking of it as a whole, we must say, that it is one of the best we have seen on the subject. The style in which it is written is familiar and pleasing; and the directions for practice, such as may easily beunderstood by every one who can read them. To sum up its merits, it contains almost " all" (according to our London friend,) " that can be taught by a book,"

The insertion of those recipes to which we so strongly object, was probably occasioned by a wish to make the book as come plete as possible; and we hope, that when the work comes to a new edition, which we stir them well together with the end of have no doubt it will soon do, the ingenious

editor of it will perceive the necessity of employing the scissors a little. Might we presume to suggest any further improvement, it would be the splargement of the chapters treating of Perspective and Transparencies, we should likewise wish to see a coloured Transparency as a specimen of the effect produced by the recommended method of painting them.

To conclude, it may be proper to observe, in justice to the publishers of the work, that it is got up in a very clegant manner; and that the Engravings with which it is illustrated, are the most beautiful specimens of the art that we have ever seen inserted in a work of this nature. In a word, it is the handsomest, cheapest, and

most useful work, that has passed under

with their ins, ris as boing

N. N.

Portry.

alode off toomic the lode.

"Hang out the banners"—proudly wave
The Pennons, in the evening ray—
Proclaim the coming of the brave—
This—this is Scotia's proudest day!

A thousand voices shout afar—

A thousand voices "welcome" sing—
"Hail Brunswick's fam'd and brightest

"We hall thee Father, Prince, and King!"

Though roses may not deck the bow'rs, On Scotia's bleak, and barren shore— Say, where are hearts more warm than ours—

Where hearts that love their Sov reign

Where'er thy Scotish realm extends,

A people's love, proclaims thee their's.

Oh, could'st thou know, such ardent

Oh, could'st thou hear, their anxious and onlying property of the country of the

We boast not, of a verdant soil-

Of flow'zs-whose balm loads sophyr's wing-

But HEER, thou wilt see beauty smile—
And men who THINK—and Bless their
KING.

M. T.

St. Vincent Street, August, 1822.

NOTICES

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would be happy to insert Mathew Mushroom's letter, which is written with considerable point, but it contains personalities, which, though general, would we are afraid give offence.

Perambulatory Literature will appear in our next; we have been obliged to curtail it a little.

The Poor Man's Funeral, though very beautiful, is not exactly calculated for the Melange.

Nemo's communications have been received. If possible they will appear in our next.

If the Gentleman who signs himself Amicus, will favour us with a call, we will be happy to arrange with him the plan he has mentioned.—It seems to be judicious, and apparently not very difficult of execution.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:

Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley; Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Melcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY

MELANGE

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

.No. 10.

WEDNESDAY, 21st AUGUST, 1822. PRICE 31d

SKETCH OF A TOUR

TO THE

HILL OF BALLYGEICH. &c.

To the Editor of the Melange.

The rage for foreign travelling, to the neglect of places comparatively speaking near to our own doors, does not seem in us, at all very justifiable. Foreign travelling is perhaps considered an appendage without which there cannot be a finished education. I agree to this, but apprehend that it would he much more reasonable to argue for this point, of first being versant in what is to be seen in our own country, as, with the exception of rather fewer specimens of antiquity to gratify the classical scholar, there are in it innumerable objects, as well worth the quistemplation of the man of taste and actionce, as in any country under the sun, and those who wilfully neglect the opportunities of research, justly lay "themselves open to its censure. There is a good story illustrative of this, which I have somewhere read, if my memory would serve me correctly to Crelate it.—A gentleman was quite in terram. raptures with a view from some hill in

in the strongest terms, to an Italian who accompanied him, yes as being the finest in the world, yes, replied the Italian, I believe it is, except Mount Damietta, (Demiet) at Stirling. These words operated like an electric shock on the nervous system of the enthusiast, for he had spent almost the whole of his life in the vicinity of the hill without ever having ascended it. he been so unfortunate as to have let the cat out of the pock, he certainly would have been a good subject for a display of the risible faculties of the Roman. I myself have known young men who boasted of having lounged in a Parisian caffe, and promenaded on the Boulevard St. Denys, yet living within a few hours walk of Lochlomond, never have been speciators of its solemn grandeur, which have set all the world a running. This blameable conduct evinces, either a want of real taste or a determination in the person of for ever being in love with the epithet of Blockhead. Ancient Philosophers earnestly inculcated the maxim nosce teipsum, with which I would beg leave (not in the least undervaluing their profound sapience) to couple another, nosce tuam propriam

I am one of those executiv beings who Italy, and expressed himself about it, fond of practising the doctrines Lteach, take at intervals short excursions to visit some of our neighbouring scenery, the greatest part of which I have seen, and I may be permitted to say that I believe there is no large town in the kindom, about which a greater variety of it can be enjoyed. A friend and I, both equally fond of escaping the amurky abodes of our dense-peopled city, projected a short tour to the Hill of Ballygeich, which we lately accomplished. This hill, of pretty general resort with the amateurs of fine views, stands about 12 miles to the south of Glasgow, in the muir, on the east road to Kilinarnock, and is celebrated, not without justice, as commanding a more extensive prospect to the west, than To judge any other in Scotland. from the appearance of the hill, we would almost conceive this to be improbable, but the traveller must remark Jus gradual ascent from Clarkston Toll, no that we are indebted for the supemority of the view, not so much from the height of the hill itself, as this natural advantage of the country. In our .progress while ascending the hill—to the east Tintock gradually elevates itself. From the summit -to the south-east, at argreat distance, the horizon is seen resting on the dark tops of the Moffat hills: the view directly to the south is limited, from the height of the interjacent lands, but turning to the west, we are delightfully astonished. Here the ocean appears one intermineable sheet of white surf rising into the clouds; the eye lost in the apparent infinite expanse must now retract, caught perhaps in its ceturn by a glidsing vessel, which though seen a mote in exertion, or a form as empty as the shubble, may contain all the reality of the merchant, and the golden anticiipstishs of the emigrant to other shores. Weire it the lot of the visitor to have mountains of the north, which appear a perfect unclouded sky, on some par- crouded on each other, peak surmount-

might take a range to the lowest verge of the horizon, but this can seldom be obtained in summer, from the vapours which thicken the atmosphere, though in clear weather, with the assistance of a telescope, the coast of Ireland must be distinctly observed. Stretching the eve progressively north-west, the isolated Craig of Ailsa rears its gigantic and venerable head—to the right of which, appear the lofty protruding ragged peaks of Arran, till obscured by the intervening hills. New appear the mountains of the Highlands, the sovereigns of our Isle, who, with an affected dignity, reign unrivalled—the range of Campsie and Strathblane hills, shading off to the north-east, form a boundary to the north. The intervening landscape is extensive, rising gently towards the north, and presents a picture not devoid of beauty. On the sea coast, to the west, the site of several towns may be distinctly traced, but as we approach nearer to our station, the general aspect of the country is dreary and forbidding, save, when in relief to the eye, a scanty crop on the side of some little hill, seems struggling to cover the red soil. tent is the grand feature of the prospect from Ballygoich, and it may be there enjoyed in its excellence. traveller, when looking around from its summit, may say with propriety-I am an admirer in the wide Temple of Nature, environed by the mountains which are its walls.

It may be worth while to step aside for a moment, and ascend the Melkle Binn, a hill about 14 miles to the north of Glasgow, which commands a prospect to the east, nearly as extensive as the other does to the westfrom the summit of this hill, the first prominent objects of attraction, are the cticular places, the sphere of his vision ing peak, in matchies grandour;

and to the west, the picturesque village of Mintry, terminates an agreeable vista, edged on each side by the neighbouring hills. The view to the east, which principally enhances this hill, is magnificently comprehensive-Berwick Law-the Bass Rock-and Arthur's Seat are distinguished, with a considerable part of the sweep of the German Ocean, and to the south the Pentland hills. From the Meikle Binn, to the boundary of the landscape on all sides, the country is one continued level tract, but singularly interesting from the universal fertility of its appearance, and as it embraces rivers, towns, and villages, with whose names and history there have been associated may an early idea. The field of Bannockburn is in view—Carron Work, like some Tartarean Regions, emitting from its fiery bowels darkening masses of smoke, is seen considerably in the distance, generally half obscured. Falkirk, with several places of less eminence and magnitude, stands consnicuous. sober gliding Carron, and the more majestic Forth heautifully intersect the view, giving life, grace, and effect to the panorama so that in one comp d'æil are concentrated all that is ornamental in nature, which is useful in the arts, and beneficial to man; the memorable spots where battles have been lost and won, where the illustrious achievements of Bruce and Wallace add worth and dignity to every inch of the ground. Both of the prespects which we have been consemplating equally deserve attention, shough it must be confessed, the latter charms us more by its interest. As to the personal gratification and imprevenent of the traveller, none will contest the virtue of such scenes, they are edifyng and instructive in the highest degree. Among our ancient profane writers mountains seem to have been held in a sort of religious vene-

ration, as perhaps no where could their minds become more abstracted and bent to a particular purpose, and it must be well known to every reader of sound history the important transactions which took place upon these sublime portions of our globe.

Descending from Ballygeich, our attention was differently aimed. We proceeded southward, over the muirs. to Lochgoin farm, to see some Relics of the conscientious Covenanters of former days, preserved there. This family of many centuries standing, have resided here, in regular descent, still remaining strict adherents to the Covenanter's cause, so zealously main-The tained by our pious forefathers. present generation of the Lochgoin family, consisting of three persons, are a true portrait of the early staunch Religionists who fought, bled, and died for their cause, indeed so much so, that we might almost challenge any one to produce a better likeness the accumulation of ages his not diminished one whit of the fer-Living in a wilderness place, in almost monkish austerity, the puritanical rigidity of the sect settled down upon them into constitutional habit, yet we cannot but admire and love the piety, honest simplicity, and genuine worth which, in a kery great degree is visible among them. while we lament that in our own day, there is universally found so little of the sterling ore of non conformity to the world, and independence of soul-The father of the present family; was a man quite of patriarchal manuer big erudition was considerable, sperimens of which he has left behind him in sketches of the lives and transactions of the Covenanters, one of the most popular books of the religious class of our peasantry, and in other selections. all of which do his memory much henour. It is not without feelings of

respect and reverence that, we look to the garden bower where this good man meditated, and we cannot help cherishing an inward dignity, when inmates of the domicile which has harboured; from the persecutions of tyranny, the sacred heads of those who may well be denominated the " Scots worthies," but of whom indeed the world was not worthy. The Relies (of which we are hereafter to speak) of any of these men, may indeed appear to some of little value, but to their Biographer they would not so. They were the property of men whose lives he had spent much time investigating-whose deeds and memories were precious in his eye and the every incident and minute characteristic and traditionary story connected with them, handed from father to son; all could not fail to give to these so many identities, a zest which no other than he could savour, and which would make them, to be regarded by him little short of the persons themselves. These, like the bones of the Patriarch Joseph carried through the wilderness by his people, have doubtless, with injunctions no less sacred, been produced as a memorial of the times of firy trial. -077 11; 1 ; 1 7. CO

bano" - RELICS.

"Captain John Paton's Bible," octavo size, Printed at London, 1652. On the back of the Frontispiece the following is printed in capitals with a pen Captain John Paton's Bible which he gave his wife down of the scaffold where he was executed for the cause of Jesus Christ, May 9. 1684." (Here follows andoubted testimonials of its authenticity.) aweb class c.

" Captain John Paton's Sword," with sheep-head handle, 26 inches long, blade about It inch broad, with which Captain Paton is said to

there were formerly on it 28 notches said to denote the 28 years of persecution, but these are now worn out by rust-Captain Paton used this sword on all occasions.

" Linen Flag," on the left side near the top, is a representation of an open Bible, with the words "Verbum Dei" on it. To the right side, on a line with the Bible, is the Crown supported by a Thistle. Beneath is read in antique capitals

PHINIGK FOR GOD

0 1125 CWNIRY

AND COVENANTED WORK OF REFORMATION

"Drum."—The cylinder is made of oak, the rims of ash, the place for beating on, appears to be some kind of prepared skin, known to be used at the battle of Bothwell and Drumclog, and always taken out with Captain Paton.

" Pair of Drumsticks" made of a sort of black mahogany. " :: trall !!

· " Books of Manuscripts" apparent ly written by different hands, seemingly containing Sermons, Oaths, Do-On the board of one cuments, &c. of the books we found the names of Cargil, Bruce, and Wm. Guthric, &c. Part of the sermons have been published. MR-really - wint

order of the

The life of Captain John Paton is fully detailed in the " Historical account of the Scots Worthies," where those who feel an interest, may read-He was born at Meadow-head, in the Parish of Fenwick, and Shire of Ayr, and it is supposed he received his Captaincy from Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, for his heroic achievements in the wars of Germany. Notwithstatiding an Asthmatic disorder which he early caught, the whole after period, of his life, with the exception of a have killed 28 persons in one day, few breathing times, appears to have

been one scene of conflict, so that his spirit became so wearied out, and broken down, that he seems to have relaxed in the wonted diligence which he formerly exercised to preserve his life. In his history are recorded many marvellous " hair-breadth scapes"remarkable instances of his intrepidity, perseverance, and single handed valour. Like those Christian Heroes of old, whom he attempted to imitate, "he stopped the mouths of Lions—out of weakness was made strong-waxed valiant in fight-turned to flight the armies of the aliens." He was at last apprehended in one of his hiding places, in the parish of Mearns, by five soldiers—speedily brought to trial—convicted of what was then called Rebellion-and condemned to be hanged in the Grass-market of Edinburgh, which sentence was accordingly executed .-As his Biographer adds, "though his extraction was but mean, it might be said of him That he lived a Hero and dled a Martyr."

When we departed from the friendly and hospitable roof, the sun had sunk into rest, bequeathing his dying ray to the twilight on the east—the curtain of night had began to settle a sombre shade, which was mvisibly expanding -the cattle lowed for the bughts and the milk-maid—and the toil-worn rustic, with the unharnessed companion of his long day labour, wound slowly to their home. Thus terminated a day, the future recollection of which, will never damp the spirits or cloud the mind. May all the pleasures of our existence be as sweetly mingled, and as innocently drunk.

Lam, SIR,

Yours, &c.

CAMMINATORE.

Glasgow, &k July, 1822.

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

[Continued] 18 50

Upwards of a year, he informed me, in had now elapsed without effacing from her mind this singular tains of instantly it still her friends hoped that it might wear gradually away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with the story might have a salutary effect; but it when her periodical melancholy religious when her periodical melancholy religious without the became more restless and it wretched than usual, and, secretly estand to the chapter.

This little story entirely drew my had attention from the gay scene of the other fete, and fixed it upon the beautiful of Annette. While she was yet standing of on the terrace the vesper-bell was thing of from the neighbouring chapels a She'r listened for a moment, and the house was a small rosary from her besong red walked in that direction. Several of the peasantry followed her in allendary and I felt too much interested west to and do the same.

The chapel, as I said before is in 13 the midst of a grove, on the high pro-The inside is hung round montary. with little models of thips, and rude ... perils of wrecks and perfits at lea, and providential deliveration will the street of tive offerings of resptains and crews that have been saved. On chtering, Annette paused for a moment before a picture of the virgin, which I ob served, had recently been decorated with a wreath of artificial flowers to sellar When she resched the middle of the chapel, she knelt down, and those who followed her involuntarily did the same at a little distance. The evening sup shone softly through the circquered grove into one windew of the chapel. A perfect stillness telgaed within for and this stillness was the more impressive; contristed with the distant sound of music and merriment from the fair. I could not take my eyes from the poor suppliant; her lips moved as she told her beads, but her prayers were breathed in silence. It might have been mere famey excited by the scene that as she raised her eyes to heaven I thought they had an expression truly scraphic. But I am easily affected by female beauty, and there was something in this mixture of love, devotion, and partial insanity, that was inexpressibly touching.

As the poor girl left the chapel, there was a sweet serenity in her looks; and I was told that she would return home, and in all probability be calm and cheerful for days, and even weeks; in which time it was supposed that hope predominated in her mental malady; and that when the dark side of her mind, as her friend calls it, was about to turn up, it would be known by her neglecting her distaff or her late, singing plaintive songs, and

weeping in silence.

She passed on from the chapel without noticing the fete, but smiling and speaking to many as she passed. followed her with my eyes as she decended the winding road towards Honfleur, leaning on her father's arm .--"Heaven" thought I " has ever its store of balms for the hart mind and wounded spirit, and may in time rear up this broken flower to be once more the pride and joy of the valley. very delusion in which the poor girl walks may be one of those mists kindly diffused by Providence over the regions of thought, when they become too The veil may fruitful of misery. gradually be faisted which obscures the horizon of her milid, as she is enabled steadily and calmly to contemplate the sorrows at present hidden in mercy from her view."

On my return from Paris, about a year afterwards. I turned off from the beaten route at Rouen, to revisit some of the most striking scenes of Lower Normandy. Having passed through the lovely country of the Pays d'Ange, I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre, the next morning, and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of our Lady of Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Amette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers, after which I accosted him, and learnt the remaining circumstances. He told me, that from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health Her cheerful inrapidly declined. tervals bécame shorter and less frequent, and attended with more incoherency. She grew languid, silent, and moody in her melancholy; her form was wasted, her looks pale and disconsolate, and it was feared she never would recover. She became impatient of all sounds of galety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with a patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own. times as she sat looking on her pallid face, the tears would fill her eyes, which, when Annette perceived, she would anxiously wipe them away, and tell her not to grieve, for that Eugene would soon return; and then affect a forced gaiety, as in former times, and sing a lively air; but a sudden recollection would come over her, and she would burst into tears, hang on the poor mother's neck, and entrest her not to curse her for having destroved her son.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news were received of Eugene, who it appeared, was still When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he found himself on board a vessel, bound to India, but so ill, as not to be able to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced may vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes, and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hapless a kind, that her friends had always forborne to tamper with They had never even her feelings. hinted at the subject of her griefs, nor encouraged the theme, when she adverted to it, but had passed it over in silence, hoping that time would gradually wear the traces of it from her recollection, or, at least would render them less painful. They now ne felt at a loss how to undeceive her, Topven in her misery, lest the sudden unarecurrence of happiness might confirm the enstrangement of her reason, or affected when the story of Annette

might overnover her enfabled frame. They ventured, however, to probe those wounds which they did not dare formerly to touch, for they more had the balm to pour into them. They led the conversation to those topics which they had hitherto shunned, and endeavoured to ascertain the current of her thoughts, in those warving moods that had formerly membered They found however, that her mind was even more affected than they had imagined. All her ideas were confused and wandering. Her bright and cheerful moods, which now graw seldomer than over, were all the effects of mental delusion. At such times she had no recollection of her lover's having been in danger, but was only anticipating his arrival. "When winter has passed away," says she, " and the trees put on their blessome, and the smallow comes back aver the sea, he will return." When she was drooping and desponding, it was, in vain to remind her of what she had said in her gayer moments, and to 49sure her that Eugene would indeed return shortly. She wept on in silence, and appeared insensible to their words, But at times her agitation became violent when she would upbraid be self with having driven Eugene from his mother, and brought sorrow on her grey hairs. Her mind admitted but one leading ides at a time which nothing could divert or effice; or if they ever succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, at only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness that preyed upon both mind and body. Her riends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her acuses were irrecoverably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the mean time Eugene naturned to the village. He was violently was told to him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his own rashness and infatuation that had hurried him away from her, and accused himself as the author of all her woes. mother would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette; the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavoured even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son, and the touching expressions of affection that were intermingled with her most incoherent wanderings of thought, until his feelings would be wound up to agony, and he intreated her to desist from the They did not dare as yet, to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was asleep. The tears streamed down hissun-burnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made; and his heart swelled almost to breaking, as he beheld round her neck, the very braid of hair which she once gave him in token of girlish affection, and which he had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to adventure upon an experiment; to take advantage of one of her cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavour to ingraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of fancy. These moods had now become very rare, for nature was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principle of reason was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of her most favourite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gaily; they laughed, they sang; and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and holloweye, and took no part in their gaiety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swal-

lows began to build in the eaves of the house, and the robin and wren piped all day beneath the window. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreath a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. " What," said she with a smile, " have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding dresses in blossoms? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is coming for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at He directed that this idea should be encouraged and acted upon-Her words were echoed through the Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was renewed. -She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the "Eugene is coming," was village. the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream; to whom a tide of unlooked for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed her waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, shewed that her senses were wandering.—There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gaiety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlour her eves were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing like one endeavouring to recall a dream. Eugeneentered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sank upon the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsetted state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Engene should keep constantly in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present, she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near He formed the real object round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeful disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent, and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if her mind would make some attempts to follow up a train of

thought, but would soon become confused. She would tegard every one that approached her with an auxious and inquiring eye, that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes, as her lover sat holding her hand, she would look pensively in his face without saying a word, until her heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exection, she would sink again into lethagy.

By degrees this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost death-like caline. For the greater part of the time her eyes were closed, her face was almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects.—There was an awfulness in this tranquillity that filled her friends with apprehension. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that, if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently fulled. The account of the child, by some favourite time.

She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breath, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still.—
The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers.—
Her lover sat by her side, watching her with painful arisitety, and tearing that every treath that stole from her pale lips would be her last and apparent.

At length she heaved a deep sigh; and from some convusive motions, appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an indistinct morning. One of her companions, remembering the physician's instructions, endeavoured to full her by singing, in a low voice, a tender air, which was a particular favourite of Amette's. Probably it had some connexion in her family, with her own story; for every fond girl has

some ditty of the kind; linked in her thoughts with sweet, and sad remembrances.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint colour came into her cheeks, her eyelids became swollen with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, stealing forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was finished, she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

" Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, " it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream : what has happend, and what has been the matter with me?

The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered. She took him by the hand, looked up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavoured to put her off with some evasive answer ;- " no, no!" cried she, " I know I've been ill, and I have been of dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us, and that he had gone to sea, and that, and that he was drowned! But he has been to sea!" added she carnestly as recollection kept flashing upon her," "and he has been wrecked, and we were all so wretched; and he came home again one bright morning, and ah!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead with a sickly smile. "I see how it is; all has not been right liere, I begin to recollect, but it is all past now, - Eugene is here! and his mother is happy, and we ad shall never never part again, shall vidwe Eugene,?" d and have to seeme

ania she sunk back inher chair exhausted; the thirty or thirty five monks of the 3w the tears streamed down her cheeks. establishment, we found about fifteen Her companions hovered round her, resident; scarcely three of these were munotoknowing what to make of this above the age of thirty. The superior, on studen dawn of reason. Her lover who is a venerable and dignified old

again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgement. "You are all so good to me," said she, faintly.

The physician drew her father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he, " she is sensible that she has been deranged: she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present, all that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health be re-established, and then let her be married in God's name."

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last fete during the honey-moon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife and mother, now live on a fine farm, at port l'Eveque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering to our Lady of Grace, for having listened to our prayers, and protected her lover in the hour of peril.

CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

The lives of the Monks of the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard are passed in spiritual and temporal activity; and the common reproaches of monkish ease and indulgence would be very ill applied to their little community. This is no place where "slumber abbots purple as their vines." The climate is so severe that none but young men can support its rigour: of morsobbed aloud. She opened her eves man, was only there by accident: a

general chapter having been held the He ordinarily resides at day before. Martiguy in the valley. Even the young men are frequently afficted with cramps, rheumatisms, and other disorders. The superintendance of the temporal affairs and duties of the establishment finds ample employment Their rents (now for a large number. dreadfully diminished) are to be received--provisions laid in-wood fetched from the forests in the valley: twenty of thirty horses are generally employed in these labours. Strangers are to be lodged and provided according to their rank and appearance, --- ceven or eight thousand persons are computed to pass the St. Bernard in a year, the greater part of whom spend the night at the Convent; and shove all, during seven or eight months of the year, several of the monks and servants of the establishment are emplayed in the humane and perilous office of exploring the most dangerous and difficult passages among the glaciers and snows in quest of distressed travellers. The celebrated dogs, which they use on these expeditions, are indeed noble animals. We saw two or three stalking about the Convent in temporary repose. They are large, strong and muscular, short-heired, and "of a dull sandy colour, with black "muzzles and thick heads, resembling both a Newfoundland dog and an English mastiff, with a character of great strength and sagacity. They carry, in their perambulations, a basket furnished with provisions and weelen elothes, which seasonable comfrom have often been the means of saving the lives of half-frozen and fa-"imished sufferers. They have a quick pacent, and are easily attracted to the Repot where a human being lies. Their Thataral sagacity is improved by trainking; and they either lead their mas-* sees to the place, or, where its situa-

tion has been quite inaccessible to the monks themselves, they have freedontly dragged frozen persons cover the shows to their masters, by whose timely care they have been restored to Me. A magnificent dog, from the St. Barnardy is preserved stuffed in the Mus seum at Berne, who is said to have been the means of saving the lives of twenty eight individuals. Unhaptily these noble creatures suffer, like their masters, from the severity of their lives They are short-livedy and labours. and old age soon comes upon them I A dog of seven or eight years the Superior informed the is generally in-At the hour of firm and disabled. supper we met all the misphe in the refectory, and were presented to the Superior, an interesting men shir in person, somewhat bowed in years. wearing the collar mad tross of his dignity over the ordinary garb of the Convent, and whose manners and conversation had a grace and reliabilitient. which rendered his good schooled itselligent remarks peculitry interesting; atour visit happened unlickily on a Friday, we were not able to form a fair estimate of the Convent kitchen Soups omelettes, and other dishes of birds. and vegetables, formed the bill of three which to say the truth, was not of the most satisfactory kind to travellers who had rode ten long leagues on mides, and found themselves, at the end of their journey, in a climate of a most. animating rarity. An'agreeable wine from the vineyards of the Convent in the Vallais, called the St. Borhard wine, was a pleasant accompaniment to our lenten; and the conversation of the Superior and his breshrens and bly enlivered our potestions. In About nine o'clock the Superior withdrew, and we presently retired to our chambers, situated in a vast gloomy corridor, running the whole length of the building, divided in the middle by a heavy from

grille, and adorned with old dusty picture of a long line of superiors, priors, protetting popes, and princely benefactors of the house. My bedroom was a spacious lofty chamber, with double casements, a wainscot hung closely with fresh pictures of mitred, croziered, and cassocked churchmen, frowning in all the stiff outlines of the exteenth century; and a lofty bed of nearly the same date. with heavy red maroon hangings, and vallances; whose old-fashioned solidity I found extremely serviceable in fencing out the cold of the apartment. few old Latin volumes of Theology were ranged on a shelf, and a fine modern telescope of Dollond's was placed on a stand, which appeared, from the inscription, to have been presented by an English general officer to the Convent. No chamber in the Castle of Otranto could possibly have been, in all respects, a more fitting scene for an encounter with a bleeding nun, or the shadg of a departed prior. As I lay downlined drew the maroon curtains very close wound the bed; I could not help thinking 4 If ever I am to be gratified with "a spectral visit, for which so many have signed, this is certainly the time and place-seven thousand feet nearer heaven than my friends in England-many leagues from the abodes of man—under a roof which has weathered the alpine blast and the avalanche for three centuries grey frient and pale muss, in effigy, all aroundime, and perhaps the troubled spirite. birthe poor beings who bleach on the rocks without sepulture, flitting about in the winds which moan against the casements? If I see no ghost here I am certainly ghost-proof. That I did see mone, that I slept soundly, undistribed by any eminous rattling of the casement, or rustling of the old pictures (which must infallibly have

occurred to a German student, or a young lady well-read in Mrs. Radcliffe). I can only ascribe in part to bodily fatigue, and in part to that provoking scepticism which has hitherto marred all my efforts to see a ghost.

I awoke early next morning, and went to mass in the chapel situated at: one end of the long corridor. It is a neat handsome little building, with a decent organ—one of the monk's performed mass, and several others attended. Three Vallaisanne girls, dres. sed in the singular costume of the canton, attended the service, having come up to the Convent for a day to ... see a relation among the monks, and to gratify their curiosity as to this wonder of the neighbourhood. On one side of the chapel is placed a simple and elegant marble monument to the memory of General Dessaix—a sin-1 gular place of repose for the ashes of ... a French republican General and the bosom friend of Napoleon Description fell at the battle of Marengo, at the head of the victorious army which he are and Napoleon had just conducted over the second conducted over the sec the St. Bernard. The army consisted:::1 of 50,000 men, with fifty-eight pieces '1' of cannon. On commencing the as-mur. cent, every soldier was provided with L. a supply of biscuit for three days, and each man received a draught of wine il on passing the Convent. At St. 119. Pierre the cannon were dismounted reand drawn on sledges; it being impossible to use horses, forty four men? were employed in dragging each piece in ... to the summit of the passage. Na- w poleon and his Staff passed one night veit at the Convent. The monks described by ed their sufferings during the constant rs passage of the armies as beyond allowing conception. For one year, a garrison and of one hundred and eighty men was in h constantly stationed in the Conventiguies and sometimes not less than eight in ! ी अपने के नुकार तो नेन्साहरू **संख्**ता है।

hundred men were crammed into the cells and chambers for several days to-

gether.

Although there is no kind or shade of picturesque charm, which an exploring traveller does not find in the Alpine scenery, from the pretty simple home view, full of peace, and love, and rustic repose, to the wildest magnificence of overpowering nature; and its scenes are not merely to be visited and wondered at, but to be dwelt upon, contemplated, and inhabited; yet it is singular to see how either habit or phletmatic temperament, or both, frequently render the Swiss indifferent to its charms, and indeed to those of their country in general. They appear to me to possess singularly little enthusiasm. You scarcely find one person in twenty, among the cultivated clastes, who has explored much of his country, or who takes any warm interest in its curiosities and beauties. A German, from his dull sandy plains, and certainly an Englishman who never saw a mountain higher than the Brighton Downs, is far more alive to grandeur of scenery than these mountaineers. I cannot think that habit and use make the difference. Highlander has none of this phlegm: he loves his mountains and glens for their own beauties, as well as because they are the home of him and his ancestors: he is proud to shew his crags and lakes to strangers, and feels a poetical and enthusiastic attachment to every wild scene of his native land. I have seldom seen any of this glow and romance in an inhabitant of Switzerland "He is a good patriot, and attached to his canton and the confederacy 4 but it is a staid phlegmatic, and calculating feeling, connected with no romattic love of its alps, and lakes, and mountain-circled valleys, but built upon the sober bases of home and its comforts-his snug cottage, his inde-

pendence, small taxes, paternal government, and his consequence in the Canton council. Certainly there cannot be better or surer foundations for patriotism than these-and it would be absurd to expect any people to forget these excellent reasons for loving their country, and to dont upon it only for its barren rocks and frozen mountains; but the Swiss appear to: love its comforts along, and to have no soul for its beauties. You find persons who have passed their lives within fifty miles of Mont Blanc, and have never visited Chamounize and half the people of Berne have never taken (1) the trouble to travel forty miles to see the Glaciers of Grindenwald and the Jungfrau. The mal du pays, or home sickness, which affects a Swiss, in sore markable a manner, when out of his own country, appears little connected with any ardent recollections of its sublime scenes. It is a yearning for the snug secure comforts, the little branquily primitive habits of life, so contracted with the bustle and turmoil of greater countries. It is not the wild mound. taineer sighing for his bleak but mative at " rocks, but the soben thriving peasant, the or burgher, regretting his republicace comforts and consequence, and long ing to fly from aristocratical splendour and noise, to the confined circle of his ordinary pursuits and homely pleasures. It is the household gods, not the trophies of the republic, or the sublimi ties of nature, to which he is attached.

Do not imagine that I wish tolumed devalue the soher patriotism wish to me Swiss—their history for five centuries is its best eulogium. It is not the less constant or sincere for being like all their sentiments singularly reflected and unimpassioned.

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,

Their level life is but a mouldering fire Heaptened'd by want, unfann'd by swong

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from Ms. Heiena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most maportant events of his Life and Government, in his own words.

By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., achie late Burgeon. 2 Vols.—Continued?

2: The very extraordinary character of Bonanarte a the vastness of the plans, eret the execution of which he presided; the effects produced upon the Ministration Europe, or rather of the morld, bytthe military power of France under his direction, and the strange exents and variety of obsercters with which he was conversent, give an intesesti to the beek of Mr. O'Menn thich induces us to continue our netion and extences. We would not. however, be thought to attach an undue ripportance ta the opinions, or rather the expressions of Bonapaste; sinof me perceive that a thousand things were said by him for the purpose of producing an effect. He well know that whatever was published concoming him in England, would create soachtain laterest. The examples of se publications of Warden and Santhe best not lost on him. It is eviof he knew that Mr. O'Mears intended to broake a repeat semestion shorts white and be spoke, and, in many instances, acted accordingly. We believe it impossible for the warmest admirers of Bonaparte—those who are renelved to see in him to the last enty a magnanimous bero of a sublime and mobile mind, incapable of coatri-

vance-to read these volumes without being thoroughly persuaded of this, unless they are thoroughly blinded by prejudice. We know not how to frame a censure sufficiently strong for the conduct of Mr. O'Mears in publishing the most shameful things of a number of individuals merely because Bonaparte uttered them, if indeed he uttered all that is set down for him. man who is so tenacious of his reputation as to horsewhip the first person he meets in the street, that happens to bear the same name with a party that has charged him with having inserted falsehoods in his book, should be much more chary of the reputation of others than Mr. O'Meara has shown himself. In the mean while we would have him recollect that a horse-whipping proves nothing more than that the party inflicting it is a stronger man than the party receiving it. The only character to be established by the argumentum baculinum is that of a certain kind of courage. Though he should horse-whip fifty men, he will not thereby persuade us that he is justifiable in imputing the taking of a bribe to any editor of a newspaper, merely on the ground of being able to affirm that Bonaparte assured him of the fact. Mr. O'Meara is guilty of many improprieties of this kind, which cannot be sufficiently reprobated. But we return to Bonaparte.

The following passage needs no comment from us:

I mentioned the retreat of differents; and saked if he had not displayed greinhalling; talents in it? if That repeat, trapiled discompany, inited of heing which you may was the greatest blunder that ever districted on the committed.— If he had, intend of retraiting, and a sake, and shirolted in the rear of Prince Charles, (I shink he said,) he would have destroyed or taken the Austran army.—The directory were jestous of too, and wanted to divide, if possible, the calling reputation; and as they could not

give credit to Moreau for a victory, they did for a retreat, which they caused to be extolled in the highest terms; though even the Austrian generals condemned Moreau for having done it. You may probably hereafter,' continued Napoleon, 'have an opportunity of hearing the opinion of French generals on the subject, who were present, and you will find it consonant to mine. Instead of credit, Moreau merited the greatest censure and disgrace for it.—As a general, 'Pichegru had much more talent than Moreau,'

The following observations prove neither the penetration of Bonaparte, nor the justness of his views, nor the propriety of his estimate of the character of the Emperor Alexander.—They prove simply the extraordinary facility with which he himself could resolve on similar enterprises:—

' By invading other countries, Russia has two points to gain,-an increase of civilization and polish, by rubbing against other powers, the acquisition of money, and the rendering friends to herself the inhabitants of the deserts, with whom some The Cossacs, years back she was at war. Calmucks, and other barbarians who have accompanied the Russians into Prance, and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the south, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of places where they had such fine women. fine living, and not only will not themselves be able to endure their own barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer these delicious countries. In all human probability, Alexander will be obliged either to take India from you, in order to gain riches and provide employment for them and thereby prevent a revolution in Bussia; or he will make an irruption into Europe, at the head of some hundred thousand of those barbarians on horseback; and two hundred thousand infantry, and sarry every shing before him. What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages, during which'd has been invariably observed, that whenever these bushedout tince got a taste of the south of Europe, they always returned to etteripi siew conquests and tavages, and have finally succeeded in making themselves masters of the country. It is nettral for man 40 desire to better his condition; and The literal Phighsh of his words.

those canaille, when they control their wan descript with the fine previnces they have left, will always have an itching after the latter, well knowing also, that no nation will retaliate, or attempt to take their deserts from them. Those canaille,' continued he, 'possess all the requisites for conquest. They are brave, active, patient of fatigue and bad living, poor, and desirous of enriching themselves. I think, however, that all depends upon Poland. If Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia, that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian government, and not merely subduing the country, he has gained the greatest step towards subduring Iridia. My opinion is. that he will attempt either the one or the other of the projects, I have mentioned, and I think the last to be most probable.

We think Madame do Steel owes much of her brilliant reputation to her powers of conversation. Their style is one of the chief merits of her writings: she was, probably, vain; though old on think that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the instant of drowning she might have no opportunity of saving them; White tally disbelieve the assertious made by Bonaparte, that she offered to said herself, and become black and white for him.—See pp. 66-7.

The following account of Muratile interesting:

I answered, it was asserted that Morat had imputed the loss of the battle of Wasierloo to the cavalry not having been pre-perly employed, and had said, that if ha (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have galasidate violety. If will provide probable, replied Napoleon if a continu be every where; and Munst man the b cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you to gain the day for mey to destroy we three battalions, and in all probability Mus would have effected that There were not I believe, two such officers in the world we Murat for the cavalry, and Drougt for the artillery. Morat was a 'most' suigular Four and twenty years agos character. when he was a captain, I made him yare aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to what he was, He loved, I may rather

say, adored me. In my presence he was, as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an imbecile without judge-I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so lache. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. There he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was, always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgement or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the canaille.

Poetry.

SONG OF WELCOME.

---> --- ×

God Save the King.

->>044-

- God save the King!

God save the King!

God save great George our King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Welcome on Scotia's strand!
Welcome to Scotia's land!
Welcome, with heart and hand!

King of an ancient race,
Hail to their dwelling place!
Hail to our King!
King, whom all Scotsmen own,
Welcome on Scotland's throne!
Up with the loyal tone,

Welcome to every clan!
Welcome to every man!
Welcome, our King!

Welcome in Highland dale!
Welcome on Lowland vale!
Chieftain of Albyn, hail!
God save the King!

Welcome in peace to us! Long may old Scotland thus

Welcome her King! Yet should e'er wur be nigh, Ne'er should one Scotsman fly! Up with the battle cry,

God save the King!

Hail, hail, on Scotia's strand! Hail, hail, thro' Scotia's land, Hail to our King!

Hark, hark, her children sing,— Hark, hark, her mountains ring,— Long live our noble King!

God save the King!

Buchanan Street.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Camera Obscura will appear in our next.

We feel obliged for the good opinion expressed by our Dalry Correspondent, and are sorry we cannot insert his communication.

Secundus will be gratified as soon as it?

Perambulatory Literature is necessarily deferred till our next.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library , Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:

Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley; Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothessay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY MELANGE

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 11. WEDNESDAY, 28th AUGUST, 1822. PRICE Sad

THE CAMERA OBSCURA. No. I.

SHIPWRECK.

Of all the misfortunes which occur 'in life, none are so frequent and so distressing to the natives of a maritime kingdom as losses at sea. Death by the ordinary course of nature we can endure. They come on, as it were, with warning, and step by step the sufferer is carried to his last repose. He is not hurried off amid the con-That of contending elements—nor his ear stunned with the horrid voice of agony and despair. He is not flung like a vile weed into the great abyss, to perish unknelled, uncoffined, and He lies on the bed of unknown. death, and is taught to view his approach with composure. Friends weep around him and solace his sufferings with the voice of comfort. The hand of affection holds forth every earthly relief, and closes the eye when it can no longer look on worldly things.-The grief of friends is great, but it is supportable. It is not the impetuous burst of passion which in a moment overwhelms the heart. It is more · mild-more tempered-more gradual. It was wound up to the highest pitch long defore the beloved object had our conjectures. In our imightaly

departed—his departure was expe and looked for-affliction had embtied the bitter cup of somow and could drink no more.

But in shipwrecks infinitely g is the distress to the bereaved friends. There is no time for the slow approach of grief. In an instant the heart is assailed by the calemitous news. Perhaps an hour before all was joy and lightness of spirit. The world wast gaily before us-we joined in its amusements and were happy. We have a husband, or a father, or a brother at sea, but what of that: they have braved many dangers and will brave this. The vessel they sail in is stout, the pilot is experienced, the seamen are active. Even their very absence gives rise to pleasurable sensetions—we feel a happy kind of anxiety for their arrival; and in the buogancy of fancy we anticipate the welcome and love they are to receive when we must them again. But decadful must the transition be when the measurger of woe announces, that they are no more -that the sea holds in its bosom all that was dear and beloved. Perhaps we were happy and smiling perhaps we were talking of our friend and wondering what can stay his consing. Nothing of misfortune clouded appr The first of the state of the fifth

he was still alive and we were happy. som heave with agony no more? Nor But the countenance of the messenger is the first three of anguish the only dispels every dream. It wear's the affliction to be endured. No-every leaden aspect of death and we shudder thought embitters calamity—every as if a spectre stood before us. We glance gives a retrospective view of would be cheerful before him but we new horrors. We could not say that are unable—and feel a load at our the sufferer died in his bed surrounded hearts yet we cannot tell why. Why is by affectionate relations. We could not he afraid to deliver his message? He say that the word of consolation was was always wont to bring us good tid- poured into his dying ear, and that ings, and when he met us a smile the last glance of his languid eye was adorned his lins. But now he is on those he loved. We could not troubled. He sits down and rises up, and sighs heavily, and looks on us with sorrow. He has something to my, but he will not speak it out.-His appearance is talismanic, and throws over us a cloud of uncertainty whose dim and doleful mistiness we cannot penetrate. At last the awful, the overwhelming presentiment rushes upon us. Trembling, pale, and unspeakably anxious we let the unwilling question escape our lips. A strugtring tear-a stifled sigh-an ominous shake of the head are our only showers-but they are enough. cop of sorrow is full-affliction has done its worst. The guety, the splenider, the prospects of our former exintence are in an instant eclipsed and forgotten. They fly away like the ymeteor bubble of midnight, and burst - in milenes and in darkness. No effort vta bacomposed or resigned, while the velseedful extraggle continues, can be beaccessful. : Neither harp nor pealtery, smor sengy ner cumning tale of consolasion an relieve the sufferer. There ids no channer to chann away his agony prompo believe to heal his wounds of af--fliction. The tide of nature must have went in anguish and in tears. Philosoby cannot check its current nor make . make the sufferer more resigned, but ments and the convulsions of nature. 1 see aver religion root out the worm of Such are the thoughts of the survivors,

say that he was carried with sorrow and with tears to his rest, and that those who saw him laid there were his father and brethren. If ever we angered him we could not ask his forgiveness. If ever we did him injury we could not repair it on his dying couch. If he cast his sad eye on any side, nothing was visible but the boundless foaming abyss of waters which tossed the vessel as their plaything-There was no time—no place for meditation here. None cared for himnone thought of him. No voice of prayer or repentance was sent up to heaven. The only sound that argued of mortality was the profaneness which the maddened crew sent forth as in derision of the elements. Stunned, deafened, confused, and shocked, what were his feelings? Did he think of those he left behind him? Did the tear start to his eye at this moment of calamity? Did he think of wife, or child, or brother, or father? He thought of all these, and they were so many arrows to his soul. But his cruel destiny he could not alter. Its thread was wound up and he must perish. The spirit that looks over him is the demon of Instead of being soothed the storm. with the music of grief and sighs, he it glide more smoothly. Religion may expires amid the dih of rushing elesituations preys upon the heart, and such must have been the desolubid the tear cease to flow, and the bo- tion of spirit which pervaded the wild

habitants perished in the Frith of Clyde. isle. This melancholy and deplorable accident was occasioned by the Hercules steam-boat running against a wherry of these only three escaped. darkness of the night, the suddenness of the accident, and the time which elapsed ere the steam-boat could be stopped, rendered it impracticable to save a greater number. With the above small exception all perished .-If any thing could add to the greatness of the misfortune, many of the sufferers were related to each other, and these whole families are thus bereaved of several of their members .-Sisters and brothers -wives and husbands clung to each other in agony till the waters closed over them for The cries of the perishing victims surpassed all description—they were heart-rending in the highest degree, and were even heard on the shore though a considerable distance All felt for the sufferers and compassionated their misfortune. No one who heard it but could have wept for the poor inhabitants of Iona. to us who live together in multitudes -where the face of one man is scarcely known from another-where even our names have never been heard beyond our thresholds-faint must the impression of sorrow be in comparison with those who inhabited the same isle, and to whom every one was as a sister and a brother-our thoughts here may wander into a thousand channels.-We may cast them from us at pleasure and enter into new associations. Every day-every hour brings us fresh faces and fresh enjoyments. Unless the grief be great indeed, we may guile it away and deaden its force by a succession of novelty and enjoyment .-But far different is the heart in such

island of Iona when so many of its in- perished but was known in the classic Not a house but had often held them within its walls-not an humble board at which they had not. at one time or other sat. Nay there containing forty-six men and women, is scarcely a single family but could The claim some one as a relation. were known every where, and have left behind them those who will long preserve their memory from being forgotten. In Iona there is no new object to drive away the dismal recollec-What scenes existed vesterday are to-day and shall be to-morrow. There is no variety-none of that light ever-changing scenery which drives away melancholy. The mind must recoil as it were upon itself, and look to its own resources for consolation. Is the wretched survivor bid to wander about his island and enjoy nature?-If he goes forth, what objects meet his eyes but the cottages of those whom he knew rising here and there like so many tombs around him. they are indeed tombs, for their owners are no more, and they are the only standing memorials that they ever existed. Perhaps his fancy in the hour of midnight may people the neighbourhood of these cottages with the spirits of the departed. Perhaps he may see them glancing on the mountain's brink or rising up from the sanctified cemetries of Scotch, Irish, and Norwegian Kings. Time will undoubtedly deaden the memory of this calamity—but it can only deaden. It never can efface it. In a crowded city or in a populous country side it would soon fade away-But in Iona it shall be spoken of in ages to come, and every repetition of the story shall be so many coronachs or dirges to the dead.*

*- Every body knows that the little island of Tona was the retreat of learning in the dismat era which succeeded the fall of place as Iona. Not a person who the Roman Empire. There are many tombs

PARIS.

In approaching Paris we saw nothing that deserved the name of a villa; -we stepped at once, as it were, out of the silent lonely fields into a noisy and bustling capital; and if the aspect of Calais, and of the provinces through which we had hitherto passed, appeared to have carried us back two or three centuries, we seemed, upon our entrance into Paris, to have jumped forward at least as much. The rattling wheels of equipages, cabriolets, and hackney-coaches—the cries of numerous hawkers and pedlars—the denser population—the rows of shops with their handsome signs and fantastical decorations, soon convinced us that we were traversing a great and busy city; and as we passed under the noble gate of St. Denis, to the spacious Boulevards, flanked with double rows of trees, and crossed the Place Venilome with its bronze column to our hotel in the Rue St. Honore, beholding on every side lofty edifices of fine design, and stately streets of stone, we felt as instant a conviction that it was a gay and magnificent capital. A walk in the morning after our arrival delighted us with the variety of grandeur which was accessible within the immediate vicinity of our hotel. As a piece of modern architecture, the Louvre is justly rated high, and the facade which looks up the river, with its open gallery and beautiful colonnade, is truly admirable, though it has been objected that the almost Doric plainness of the lower, hardly accords with she rich Corinthian of the upper, part. In the Place Carousel stands the arch built by Napoleon, formerly surmounted by the celebrated Vene-

tian horses; but it is every way unworthy the majestic objects by which it is surrounded. Here as elswhere, our eyes were offended with the sombre effect produced by the closed shutters or blinds of the building; but they were not much recreated by the few that were left open, for the coarse quality and dirty colour of the glass, as well as the clumsy construction of the frames, seemed totally inconsistant with English notions of a palace. the present we had not leisure to feast our eyes with the treasures of art deposited in the halls and saloons of the Louvre, but passed through the spacious but antiquated Thuileries, on the centre of whose lofty roof the white flag was flouting the sky, into the front gardens, with their numerous marble statues, formal parterres of flowers, circular fountains and stone basons for gold and silver fish and swans, clipped avenues, rectilinear plantations of chesnut and lime, and regularly distributed boxes of orange, pomegranate, oleander, and rose laurel trees, all trained by tonsure into a circular form. This I found less offensive to the eye than I had anticipated, and though I would never defend verdant sculpture, and the introduction of peacocks, pyramids, and griffins of evergreen, yet I cannot help thinking, that, with certain limitations, the French style may be very appropriate in the immediate precincts of such a palace as this. Statues and architectural decorations evince that we are still within the verge of the court:—it would be too sudden a transition to emerge all at once from the most elaborate triumphs of art to the blackness of unassisted Nature. The hand of man should still be rendered perceptible, until, as we recede from the scene of its exertion, we relapse gradually into the unadorned scenery of the country. As far as was practicable, this has been realized at the

containing the ashes of the Kings of Scotland, Ireland and Norway, and the Lords of the Isles; also the ruins of a nunnery, monastery, cathedral, &c.

A succession of noble gateways, entrances, and terraces, surmounted by bold statues and marble horses that appear to be leaping into the air, conduct you through the beautiful Place Louis Quinze, affording a fine view of the Palace of the Deputies and other handsome buildings, until you find yourself on the broad, far-extending, and well-planted causeway, which leads to the Champs Elysees, the avenue of Neuilly, and the triumphal arch which crowns the hill This is assuredly and closes the view. a noble assemblage of objects, to which the clearness of the sky, and freshness of the vegetation, gave full effect.

Retracing our steps, we crossed over to the Palais Royal, another vast piece of architecture, forming an oblong square, whose enclosure, of about six acres, is laid out in parterres, and formal rows of trees, with a jet d'eau in the centre; while the whole of its lower arcade is divided into innumerable shops, and its upper stories, as well as subterranean abodes, devoted to all imaginable purposes of business, amusement, and profligacy. As I recalled the fate of its first owner, recollections of the various scenes which had been enacted on the spot where I was standing crowded into my mind; but we had no time to indulge them, even if the succession of new objects would have permitted reflection, for we proceeded to inspect the brazen column in the Place Vendome. its effect, when contemplated at a little distance, I was much disappointed.-Its proportions are not majestic; the reliefs, with which it is encrusted, roughen its outline, and give it the appearance of a huge trunk of a tree; the eagles at the bottom are sparrows; the gallery at the top is a miserable tin-looking affair, and the summit, which is conical, but should certamly

tory finish, not improved by the dirty white flag that crowns it. Napoleon's statue, fifteen feet high, was doubtless a handsomer termination; but nothing could ever have enabled it to bear a comparison with our Monument, the most beautiful piece of architecture in London, though nearly invisible from its unfortunate position. Columns on this large scale must always have a heavy effect if they be not fluted, and the dingy colour of that in the Place Vendome aggravates this tendency. I am aware that in that case the elaborate basso-ralievo must have been sacrificed, (which, however, is already unintelligible except in the circles immediately above the base;) and that the example of Trajan's column may be pleaded; but this is a question of taste and opinion, not of precedent On approaching it, the delects become less obvious and the merits more soil for, independently of the value of the material and the historical associations which it awakens, the workminglift on the plinth, and as far up the simil as it can be distinctly followed, is exquisitely delicate and spirited, though: we may doubt the good taste of the hussar-boots and jackets which have been so liberally introduced upon the former. I was assured, that, in order to prove its stability at the time of its: completion, a rope was employ flour its summit to the Rue de la Paix and that twelve stout homes sould astrolis. place a fragment of the coincillated mass. It is impossible not to attach a profound interest to this micromoret. when we reflect, that from its duri-? bility it will probably carry down to the remotest ages the name and exploits of the extraordinary man by whom it was erected, and prove, when ' we and many generations to succeed: us shall have perished and become feegotten, the same source of inquiry and have been flat, forms a very unsatisfuc- ladmiration to races yet unborn; that Trajan's pillar now is to us. Nor is it easy to forget the terrific scenes in which the materials we behold were once such fatal actors, in the form of cannon; but, as the representations of the victories in which they were taken, are seen winding spirally up the thicklyembossed shaft before us, we can almost fancy that we hear the roar of their brazen mouths, vomiting out fire and thunder; while through the dust and smoke we discover waving banners and gleaming swords, and catch the neighing of steeds, the groons of the wounded, and the dealening shouts of victory. Such are the associations this trophy appears, to awaken in the minds of the French, and they are proud of it, in proportion as they are blind votaries of the false glory which it illustrates. The most common engraving exhibited on the Boulevards and the different walls of Paris, is a representation of this pillar, with the inscription-" Ah I who is not proud of being a Frenchman, when he beholds this column?"—while a youth is delineated in an heroic attitude swearing to conquer or die at its foot. With a self-satisfied inconsistency peculiar to this country, one of the warriors is holding the white flag at the hase, and the same irrefragable evidence of the futility of all their conquests is seen waving at top.—A ramble on the Boulevards afforded us the same subject of delight with which we had been struck in the gardens of the Thuilleries, fresh and verdant vegetation, as well as beautiful flowers, in the very heart of the city, forming a pleasing contrast to the dingy leaves and sickly aspect of the London gardens; and wherever we could get a view of any extent, sharp and distinctlydefined masses of stone buildings stood out in the clear atmosphere, with a lucid effect never to be observed in our smoky metropolis. Having seen

in the course of a short morning's walk a richer assemblage of palaces, gardens, statues, magnificent hotels, noble streets of stone, and extensive avenues of trees, than we could have viewed in the whole circuit of Loudon.

LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place.

Itas seen "Lodgings to Let," stare him full in the face;

Some are good and let dearly, while some 'tis known,

Are so dear and so bad, that they are best let alone.

Colman.

I have been lately under the necessity of looking for Lodgings, until sundry operations should be performed in my own habitation, which I have deferred so long that I began to be afraid of literally fulfilling the proverb of "pulling an old house about my cars." To remain under the same roof with a host of bricklayers, plasterers, painters, plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, smiths, and all the rest of the numerous tribes which modern refinements render necessary personages in the constructing or repairing of a dwelling would be almost impossible; I had therefore to choose between two evils,-to go to an hotel, or to take a furnished lodging. "At an hotel one has perfect liberty,' said I to myself,-": aye and comfort too,"-but then it is comfort that must be paid for, and enormously; one has not the liberty of keeping one's purse in one's pocket,—and every time the waiter calls out briskly " coming sir," he reminds me that my money is going. A writer has described the pleasure of being at an Inn, but he does not say a word on the disagreeables attendant on leaving it; therefore, as I cannot expect to share

in one without a due proportion of the other, I must content myself with a more moderate accommodation of ready furnished lodgings. But how many pro's and con's are to be considered, in entering upon this kind of uncertain home! The situation; the air; the neighbourhood; the outside of the house; the inside; the furniture; the landlady, generally a weighty consideration; and last, though seldom least, the terms. Innumerable are the fears, and doubts on taking a lodging. Does the house smoke? Never, but for the first time. Is the family quiet and orderly? Are the fellow lodgers in this modern Ark (for a man on ship-board, and in a lodging house are alike, in being fixed, for a part of their short passage through life with com-What sort of a woman is panions.) the landlady likely to be? If boisterous, a man wishes to endure the gale as short a time as possible; if talkative, she is the bore of his studies and reflections. Yet there is a degree of humanity as well as complaisance, in enduring garrulity, when it has kindness or attention for its main object. Is she curious? (she generally is) that becomes troublesome always, and sometimes dangerous. Is she handsome? still more dangerous. Very ugly? that's disgusting. A large family? very hostile to a thinking man. scold? one must move in a week.-Has she a drunken husband? or does she herself in the decline of life, discover that Cupid is a treacherous and mischievous urchin, and therefore turn to Bacchus for support or consolation? But these queries are endless. And now, conceive I have knocked at the door, which was opened by the landlady.-She was a plump woman with a fine healthy complexion. Not a votary of Bacchus, thought I from the clear tint. She had in her countenance nothing sharp, which always augurs ill.

man may then expect to be fleeced directly or indirectly; directly by an exorbitant price, or indirectly by the never-ending outlay for necessary trifles, most of which he neither wants, or are they got for him. Neither had she a saucy cocked up nose; for this a man always pays through the nose, either in money or comfort; and may expect a volley of sharp shot in the way of reproach, if he submit not to the lady's humour, be it what it will. She had a warm sinde, a sun-bright eye, and something of benevolence, which made all bargaining impossible.

After mildly showing the apartments, she asked me those unwelcome questions-" are you a married gentleman, or single? a family or not? an establishment, or are you to be done for? Now all these are disagreeable questions because they often remind a man of what he fain would forget; namely, of his misfortune if he be single, and perhaps of his wife, if he be in the holy banns of wedlock, but separated by fate, by misconduct, or by narrowed circumstances; and the having an establishment or not, is another question of uncomfortable tendency; for it may either remind a man of heavy charges and tradesmens, lengthened bills, or cost him a blush for his want of fortune; and lastly, the being done for, has such an equivocal sound, that it might puzzle a conjuror to solve the meaning in a moment.

In answer to these kind inquiries, I stated my solitary lot in the world, and begged to ask, in return, if the good lady was married herself, since she came to that —Whether I might expect matrimonial concerts of vocal performance? and whether she could afford me the attendance which I required? She smiled at these counterquestions: which proved that she was not an unmarried person; because then she would have thought it neces-

sary to blush, or to hang down her head, or to look archly, or to play with the ring finger. Neither was she a widow; for then she would have sighed, and looked as interesting as she could. Nor had she a bad husband: else she would have looked grave, and probably have begun a chapter of grievances. She replied, that she was married, that she had a small family, and that her husband was struggling with the world, and opposing industry to hard times. I immediately felt an interest in their mutual welfare, and paid, with tenfold pleasure, the stipulated price of my apartments.

A man may proudly enter an Inn, command about him, treat all with indifference, from mine host, or fat hostess, down to the flippant waiter and John the hostler. He may be so absent or self-important, as not to know the man of the house from boots, or boots from the bull dog: but in a lodging it is otherwise. The objects are fewer; they are more immediately proximate, and assume a more important form. The rattling of fresh post horses, the mail horn, or Dolly the chambermaid, does not perpetually ring in your ears, so as to make you wish to be off, giving you at the same time an inimical feeling towards the maker-out of the bill. There one coup de chapeau at parting does for host, hostess, family, and all the tribe of charges; but in a lodging you have to pass the landlady daily, and bows and inclinations of courtesy may be exchanged very frequently in the course of each week between you; so that a man must be void of all sensibility, if he be wholly uninterested about the family in which he lodges.

The common race of lodging-letters it is true, are guided by self interest, and are callous to delicacy and scrupulous feeling towards their lodger:

but yet there are many exceptions to the rule. How may widows of clergymen, of officers of the army and navy, -- how many reduced gentlewomen are forced to let lodgings? How many half-provided females, or unmerited unfortunates, derive benefit from this resource? How many wives of men of talent and genius, struggling to establish the fame they well deserve, cheerfully endeavour to assist their husband by this means, during the season of obscurity and hardship?— Such characters know how to act towards the inmate of their roof; can feel for his wants, take an interest in his welfare, and respect his situation, whether retired, studious, sick, or solitary. Can a true gentleman, then, be too delicate towards such as these, too correct in payment, too nice in blending good breeding with his conduct in every respect.

The man who makes an Inn of the humble roof of genteel poverty, is an ignorant ruffian. Nay indeed I could never enter an Inn without a feeling of interest for my fellow-men there; and if good treatment and fair charges accompanied my fare, I considered that I owed a subordinate debt of gratitude to my landlord, for the remote species of hospitality, namely civil

and kindly accommodation.

A fellow traveller once asked a surly cynic whether he did not observe that the Inn-keeper at which they had rested, had a remarkably open countenance? The latter replied, that he observed nothing open in the house, except an open door and open hands. One who could thus close his heart and his accounts with his fellow creatures, should travel through life alone. To the child of sensibility, there is no class, no situation, no abode which excludes the movements of the heart, which forbids kindly intercourse, or prevents his sympathies from coming

into action, whether in a lodging-house an Inn, a stage coach, or a passageboat, for the journey is always that of life; man is our companion, and humanity is the first and most pleasurable duty.

PERAMBULATORY LITERATURE.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes; Though meek, magnanimous, though witty, wise. Lyttle ton.

We have already had the iron age, the golden age,—and the dark age, and we discover no reason why the present should not be yeleped the the Literary age. The spread of learning is now amazing. Charlemagne we are told could not subscribe his name, whereas there is now scarcely a felon who cannot " subscribe his banishment."-Did the benefits of Clergy still exist, the body of laymen would be limited indeed, and our temporal courts might be gazetted. terature and Science have now obtained a most imposing eminence, and little indeed seems left to our children. We now bridle the ocean and defy the tempest. We now walk upon the water and skim through the air. Our deaf and dumb are taught the polite arts. blind are more favored than those of Palestine—for our Pool of Siloam is itinerant. Our hardened felons are reformed by being obliged to grind the air, and indeed it is even projected to banish vice entirely from society, by compelling the poor to live in quadrangular buildings, and to cultivate kail yards of a certain dimension and We are now no longer annoyed with wars, yet (thanks to the Glasgow Courier) disturbed with the "rumours." In perfect peace ourselves, we are making rapid progress in the extirpation of war, utterly from the world,

penny tracts. We have literally "beat the sword into the ploughshire." slay whales with Congreve rockets, and we conduct the powerful gas through the bowels of the deadly musket.

With this exordium we proceed to the subject we design more immediately to pourtray, viz. the Perambulatory Literature of Glasgow. Whether it was from our lengthened rains, or continued east winds we know not, yet somehow or other this our western climate has been -and by many a southern is still-held ungenial to the growth of the plant of Literature, even under the fostering protection of the hot beds of the University and Andersonian Institution. We grant that from some cause Glasgow generally calls up to the imagination the association of checks and bandannas with far greater alacrity than disertations, polemical, philosophical, or literary. Lately however, we hail a higher stretch in our literary horizon, -the harbinger we trust of a rich har-We have now our Literary Society, where all, without distinction of class or talent, may for the small honorarium of one shilling, descant on the various important topics announced We have only, in like for debate. manner, to glance at the correspondential columes of the Chronicle to discover innumerable seeds of embryo genius, under the names of Civis, Aliquis, Readers, Constant Readers, and other the like Classical appellatives There we find our civic literati discuscussing all the grave questions of political economy, even from the question of the Czar's balance of power, down to Captain Black's system of watering the streets—or cosmographical topics, even from the north-west passage to that from Monteith Row and philosophical subjects, from the principle of Newton to the propriety of the Albion Steamboat sailing precisely at the hour.by means of the circulation of two- We have also a vast variety of minor

literary rarities, which, like Colonel Hunter's Skirmishers pounce at our face and then quickly disappear. Thus we must have every Justiciary trial published in a variety of forms and editions. . Every parliamentary debate or assembly speech condensed into a pamphlet -and these accompanied with statements and answers, and sometimes branching out into catholic contentions, Oben controversies, and Socinian disputes, and all the etceteras of literary hostility. Before introducing our ' main subject, our readers must learn that until these few years our reading population consisted of the gentlemen ...subscribers to the coffee room or public newspapers, and it comprehended no part of the great bulk of our manufacturing multitude, save indeed, where asome lean weavers joined their penny Linto a fund and in deep divan read the pages of the Chronicle or Scotsman for their radical advantage. . days the useful class of literary labourers now to be lauded were almost concentrated in the redoubted "BlueThumbs" who held an undisturbed monopoly of this branch of Literature. The only productions too which then issued from the plebeian press were pe-_ riodical " lest dying speeches and confessions," with prophetic details of "behaviour on the scaffold," This dreary. waste might betimes be enlivened in in the said months of winter by some -cightester appearance in Cock Lane of ilol qudon or Sneddan of Paisley-yet besides was barrenness, and no enc: livening ray cheered the populace-Now " how altered is the theme!"the multitude of Planatory Stationers amount to near a hundred, and two or three presses groan under the diurnal burden of matter to support their erratic demands. Thus all that is acted on the stage of the world is cheaply retailed to the greedy multitude. Now

we have an account of the Coronation. and then of an Air Balloon—this day we read a parliamentary contest-and the next day of a great battle between Turner and Cooper—in the forenoon we have a melancholy shipwreck—in the afternoon a funny marriage, and in the evening a Turkish masacre. These we have interspersed with frequent executions---processions-murdersmarriages-sea serpents-piraciesduels-shipwrecks-nermaids-prophecies and songs. Now laying jest aside, we ask what a delightful prospect does this afford of the spread of knowledge and the rapid strides of literature. When we consider that knowledge is thus conveyed into every alley and hovel; and when we consider too, the character and occupations of those who read with avidity these sweet morsels, we must say here indeed is truly THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

X. Y. Z.

SPECIMEN OF A

PRÖSPECTIVE NEWSPAPER

The North American Luminary, 1st July, 4796.

A celebrated professor of chemistry has discovered a method of composing and decomposing the surrounding atmosphere, so that any farmer can, with the greatest facility, and at a small expense, avert rain, or produce it in any quantity necessary for the perfection of his crops. The professor recently dispelled the clouds over the city of New York and its suburbs for the space of a week, converting the cold, damp weather of our winter into a clear and comparatively warm season. By this useful contrivance, any mariner may allay the violence of a hurricane,

gree of force best suited to the objects of his voyage.

The corporation of Baltimore have subscribed a sum for erecting one of the newly-invented telescopes. to be liberally appropriated to the use of all the citizens, so that the meanest mechanic may amuse himself in his leisure moments by viewing the different occupations of the inhabitants The effect of this inof the moon. vention upon morals is beyond all cal-The labouring classes now give up the enjoyment of spirituous liquors, for the superior pleasure of contemplating the wonders which this invention exposes to the human senses.

The army of the northern states will take the field against that of the southern provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine, that the whole of these balls were lodged in a space of twenty feet square.

According to the census just taken by the order of government, the populalation of New York amounts to 4,892, 568 souls, that of Philadelphia to 4,981,947, and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half.

Our celebrated travellers Dr. Clarke and Baron Humbold have just arrived

or give the wind the direction and de- from their researches into two of the countries of ancient Europe. By means of a new invention, Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days. He sailed up the ancient river Thames, to a spot which our antiquaries are now agreed must be the site of the once renowned city of London, but not a vestige of a human habitation remained. existed the mutilated portion of a granite arch, which Dr. Clarke conceived might be the last remains of the once-celebrated bridge of Waterloo.* Doctor proceeded further up the river, to an elevated situation on the left bank, which commanded a view of savage but delightful scenery. our antiquary conjectured might be the ancient Richmond Hill, but he could not procure a single coin, or discover any one object of antiquarian research. Our traveller was extremely desirous of ascending the river yet higher, in order to reach the ancient Windsor, once the proud abode of England's monarchs, but he was so annoyed by the tribes of savages, that he found it impossible to proceed.— Dr. Clarke intends next year to renew his travels in this once glorious, and now almost forgotten, island; and he will take with him a body of five and twenty of the United States' troops, which will effectually repel any force that the savage inhabitants can bring against him.

Our traveller Baron Humbold directed his researches to France. 1 He discovered the mouth of the ancient river Seine, and attempted to ascend as far as the site of the once-famed city of Paris, but he found the river entirely choaked with weeds; and af-

The origin of this name of Waterloo is now irrecoverably lost, unless it be a corruption of the terms water low, or low water, the bridge perhaps having been built at a spot of less depth than the contiguous parts of the river.

ter he had proceeded about thirty the stream became a mere muddy brook. The baron, however, found the inhabitants of the country so inoffensive and communicative that he proceeded to his object by land, protected only by two servants and three American sailors. The people could give the baron no information whatever, but seemed by far more ignorant than the savages of England: making up for this ignorance however, by a cheerfulness of disposition at once admirable and ridiculous. These poor harbarians appeared fould to excess of decorating their heads and bodies with feathers and skins died in the most gandy and varied colours. The baron observed numberless groups of these people using the most ridiculous grimaces, and twisting the body into a dozen ridiculous attitudes. then began to dance, an exercise which they seemed so attached to, that it appeared to be their only recreation. The musical instrument to which these poor creatures were so fond of jumping and dancing, was about two feet long, and consisted of a hollow body, with a solid handle of about the same length, and curved at the extremity. It had four strings, extending from the extremity of the handle, beyond the middle of the instrument itself, and being held between the chin and the collar-bone by the left hand, was played on by the right with a bent stick, curved at the two ends, being drawn together with horse-hair. This we have no doubt is some species or description of that instrument so celebrated amongst the Europeans between the . sixteenth and nineteenth centuries under the name of fiddle or violin: for the Society of Antiquarians, in . their last report, have given it as their "decided opinion that the ancient fiddle, viola, violin, violoncello, and bass-viol, vere merely different kinds of the

same instrument; and they very ably refute Dr. Camden's conjecture that the violin of ancient Europe was an instrument of parchment and bells, played upon by the knuckles.—Vide Report of the Antiquarian Society of New York, folio, vol 1783, p. 860*.

The late voyage of Professor Wanderhagen to the moon took up a space of nearly seven months, but the present expedition, it is expected, will take up much less time. The body of the balloon will be filled with the new gas discovered by our chemist Dr. Ætherly; and which is 800 times lighter than the lightest gas known to the ancient Europeans. The body of this balloon will not be circular, but a polygon, of an infinity of angles, and at each angle, a pair of wings, all of which are worked with the greatest precision. and facility, by the most simple but beautiful machinery. These wings at once create a draft, and determine the direction of the air at the will of the seronaut, whose halloon is easily steered by a newly-constructed air-rudder. The boat of the balloon will contain twenty-five persons, and provisions for a twelvementh. This boat has two immense self-acting wings, which, like a bird's, condense the air underneath the boat so as to assist in supporting the machine. The boat itself will be covered with a paste made of the essence of cork, as a non-conductor of heat; and Professor Wanderhagen, having suffered so much from the cold in his previous voyage, will provide himself with a store of the " condensed essence of calorie," a cubic inch of which will

The ancient fiddle, with its cognomen, or monoxyllabic præfixture, was, we fancy, a low instrument, very generally played upon by the vulgar. Professor Von Helmont conceives if to have been not a stringed, but 'a wind instrument; but this is little mere than conjecture.

keep up a brilliant light and an intense heat for four-and-twenty hours.

The new mechanical steam-coach left Philadelphia at eight in the evening of the 3d. ultimo, and arrived at Parrysburgh, Greenland, at noon on the 5th, a distance of 893 miles in 40 hours. It carried eighteen in, and twenty-seven outside passengers, besides a great quantity of luggage.

By the method of instruction which has been followed for nearly two centuries by the professors of our various universities, a gentleman is made thoroughly acquainted with literature, philosophy, and the sciences, in less than two years; but according to the new plan proposed by Professor Swift, the same perfection of knowledge may be acquired in less than twelve months.

Advertisement.-Shortly will be published, price two dollars, The Complete Farmer; shewing the art by which the earth is made to produce four crops in the year, and the crops preserved from any possibility of injury by season or weather.

In the press, and shortly will be published, price one dollar, A Description of the Patent Safety Machine, by means of which Dr. Boreum descended through the crater of a volcano. and discovered the cause of volcanic eruptions.

The present maturity of the medical science is beautifully displayed by the last report of our College of Physicians. By the assistance of the optical glasses

all the most secret functions of the animal economy, and by the perfect state of the various sciences, relating to medicine, the modern physician is not only able to recover the human body from the various attacks of disease, but he is able to enticipate its causes, and to prevent its approach to a But more even than moral certainty. this can be effected by the magic of modern science. The physician can prolong life to treble that time which was formerly considered its natural period of duration, and can at once render the human body secure from disease and free from deformity.-Those medicines which, with infallable security either, totally prevent, or if not applied in time for prevention, will rappidly cure the gout, stone, phthisis pulmonalis, and other disorders, are But, does Nature now known to all. make us feeble and diminutive, the physician calculates the means by which he can effect the accreation of particles to the various parts of our bodies, and thus render his patient perfect in symmetry. If our teeth are not to the model of perfection, they can be extracted without pain, and by taking those elements of which by analysis teeth are found to be composed, they may be regenerated, and during their growth they can be formed to the standard of ideal beauty. Is our vision imperfect, the medicines which are found to affect the size and colour of our eyes are applied, and in a week those organs are both beautiful and of perfect operation. Thus we are brought to a state free from disease, a state of longevity, in which our form and features have no model but that formed by our ideas of perfection and beauty.

The manner in which the numerous productions of the earth are now exwhich enable us to perceive minutely changed between man and man, is

beautiful from the simplicity of its cause, and from the effect it has upon human happiness. It was a plausible theory amongst the ancients, that a statesman of wisdom should sit in his closet as in a focus of knowledge, to which should be brought all the returns of custom-houses, with the various reports and date of commerce—that, weighing these in the balance of wisdom, he should be able to instruct corporate bodies as well as individuals, as to the various channels into which their capital and industry should flow. From hence had arisen commercial treaties, bounties, drawbacks, imposts, licenses, &c. until the simple principles of trade were lost in the most complex and absurd systems of commercial polity. But the experience of ages has at length proved what the speculations of ingenious men had previously advanced, and man is now very properly left to direct his capital and labour according to his own knowledge and discretion. Is it not the height of impertinence for a statesman to say to him who enters a commercial city for the purposes of trade, "Sir, you shall not employ your capital according to your own knowledge and experience, but according to my conceptions of commerce: you want to trade to the West; I think it better that trade should flow to the East, and I have therefore laid heavy duties, and even prohibitions upon western trade, whilst I will encourage eastern trade by drawbacks, bounties, and special immunities?" Thus every thing was forced out of its natural channel, and every country may be said to have been in a sort of peaceful eiege. Now things are left to their own level. The common principles of demand and supply are now acknowledged to regulate markets much better than legislatorial calculations and

the common principles of our nature are found to constitute the best barometers of commercial policy; and individuals are permitted to trade with their wealth, according to their own knowledge and calculations. Thus we have no circuitous channels of communication—no licen sing—bonding—no unloading to load again, no entering one port as a passport into another, no waste of labour; man freely exchanges with man, and the bounties of providence are diffused over the whole earth.

Last year, no less than 734 vessels sailed from Alaska, and the western coast of America, through the chaunels separating America from North Georgia and Greenland. It is curious to reflect that the very existence of such a passage was a probelm of diffi. cult solution to the Europeans from the 16th to the 19th centuries. was then called the North-west passage, and was first discovered by a navigator of great celebrity amongst the ancient English; but whether his name was Parry or Croker it is now impossible to ascertain, from the imperfect state of our records at that period.

The Honourable Mr. Northerly, we understand, intends to take his lady and their children in their yacht this summer to traverse the North Pole.

channel, and every country may be said to have been in a sort of peaceful ences of the middle ages, (the 16th and 19th centuries of the Christian own level. The common principles of demand and supply are now acknowledged to regulate markets much themselve much upon their discovering better than legislatorial calculations and the means of making, brilliant lights interference. Human necessities and

of oil and coal burnt in various des-How these pigcriptions of lamps. mies would have hid their diminished heads, could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere, by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The aerometer of New York, at a trifling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moon-shine. So that darkness is unknown to the moderns, and we experience only the gradations between the light of the moon and that of the sun.

Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING.

Ye friends of my bosom, how oft has my fond heart,

Beat at your breathings and lept at your smiles;

Oft in the dreams of my soul have I ponder'd,

On friendship like yours, when I've slumber'd the while.

Cast in the depths of life's dark-heaving ocean,

Circled with wretchedness, horror and care; Still 'midst the clouds of each low'ring commotion,

I feed on your fond glance, and laugh at despair.

May the double-edg'd darts of a tongue loving slander,

Ne'er poison those kind hearts, so warm and so true;

And oh! while the wilds of existence I wander,

My hope and my heart shall still linger with you.

And though far from the land of my birth many a day,

I should journey unfriended, still destin'd

I shall think of your love, and forget not to pray

Ever sweet be your rest, ever hallow'd

Yes e'en though abandon'd by hope's every promise,

Spurn'd by the rough wave, uncherish'd, alone;

It recks not the mansion in which my sad

Provided its hardships to you are unknown.

N.

VARIETIES.

14 - 185118 17 - 1860 Aug

11777

THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS.

When this Noblemen was Ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite in dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a heavy shower of of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor ouracy, added the care of a few scholers in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted the clergyman not knowing his rank begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chessboard hanging up; and as he was passionstely fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The other told him he could protty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the Duke,—"With all my beart," says the parson ;-- "And if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat The day continuing miny, the vou." Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he This was so far from won every game.

fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at hisfavourite He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs, -and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the metter: wheh, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following hillet :-

The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. is and, as a remembrance for the good "h drubbing he gave him at chess, begs "that he will accept the living of worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Mewcastle on Friday next, to thank " him for the same."—The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it stay thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable matisfaction.

A MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman of narrow circumstanoss, whose health was on the dedine, finding that an ingenious physician . occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself vis-a-vis the Doctor, in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the Doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last mentured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," said : hé, "I have, for a long time been . " very far from being well, and as I Dick, Irvine, for ready money only,

" belong to an office, where I am " obliged to attend every day, the " complaints I have prove very trou-" blesome to me, and I should be " glad to remove them."—The Doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eve, while he proceeded: " I have but little appetite, " and digest what I eat very poorly:-"I have a strange swimming in my head," &c. In short, after giving the Doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question :- " Pray, Doctor, what shall I " take?" The Doctor, in the act of resuming his newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription: " Take; why, take advice.

NOTICES

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will insert with pleasure the communication that Juvenis has sent, which we think highly of.

" The lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e" is not fit for the Melange.

Our best thanks are due to our lively friend Agrestis.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD, Bvery Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & CQ.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principel Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS: Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Raisley; Bobert Mathic, Kilmaynock; Michalm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M.

THE LITERARY

MELANCE

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 12.

WEDNESDAY, 4th SEPT. 1822.

PRICE 31d

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

It often happens, that although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of soclety may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, of literary and political eminence, than in any metropolis of Europe; yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, " is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But in London it is equally difficult to get any body to lovs very much, or to see those often we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest

of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James's Street; or see them near you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so quick; that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time, the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some " very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and warm. alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence was hear continually of such convergations, as the following :- " Ah! how d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?"—She is very well. I thank you."-" Has she any more. friends may walk round and round all children?"—Any more! I have only might without ever meeting. If you been married three months. I see, see at dinner a person whose manners you are talking of my former wifeand codversation please you, you may she has been dead these three years, with invein to become more intimate; Or "My dear friend how d'ye do for the charice is, that you will not you have been out of lown some time, where have you been in Morfolking. for three months, when the dice-box " No, I have been two years in Indix.

Thus, ignorant of one another's in- the host and hostess are employed terest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting card. Nor is it helping fish, or carving large pieces much better, -indeed it is much worse, if you renounce the world and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connections; if you go to see them at one o'clock they are not up; at two the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the ball of the night before, and of course are sooner listened to than yourself; at three they are gone shopping; at four they are in the Park; at five and at six they are out; at seven they are dressing; at eight they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening .-Thus you are left in solitude: you soon begin again to try the world :let us see what it produces.

The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. Po pass the day nearly fasting, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and commonstomachs. Some learned persons. indeed, endeavour to support the practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but these-suppers were at three o clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon at three or four: if men could do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its most weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great inter-Liption from the manner in which Liptish dinners are managed. First

during three parts of the dinner, in doing the work of the servants, of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's power of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face.-Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if. he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the plateau, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession; so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that this last manner of engaging society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do, so that you may have no further trouble, than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink, at your own time, of the wines that are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before hand on the silence, dulness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions. like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

Some time after dinner comes the hour for going to a ball, or a rout; but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob in a ballroom. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the

room without a possibility of your communicating, except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak; whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are obscured: wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation: indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particular undrest ladies, all are in the case of Dr. Clarke, who says, when in the plains of Syria, some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than " Have you been here long?"-" Have you been at Mrs. H-'s?"-" Are you going to Lady D-'s?" But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare to do so, when twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot; nay even if, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and, by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often diamiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying " My dear Mr. how do you do?" and then continue a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At two or three o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours you already have had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening.

It has been said very justly of science, that the profound discoveries of the day, with all the labour and polish the greatest philosophers of one age which the richest gent could deserve.

become the elements of knowledge to the youth of the next. It is nearly the reverse in conversation. The anecdotes which form the buz of card parties and dinner parties in one contury, are, in the lapse of a hundred years, and sometimes less, transplanted into quarto volumes, and go to increase the stock of learning of the most grave and studious persons in the nation; a story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting woman to Lord Rochester's valet, forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian; and you may hear an assembly of scholars and authors, discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper.

The appetite for remains of all kinds, has certainly increased of late to a most surprising extent! every thing which belongs to a great man is eagerly hunted out, and constantly published. If Madame de Sevigne wrote some letters when she was half asleep; if Dr. Johnson took the pains of setting down what occurred to him before he was breeched, this age is sure to have the benefit of seeing these valuable works in hot-pressed paper: all that good writers threw by as imperfect, all that they wished to be concealed from the world, is now edited in volumes twice as magnificent as their chief works. Still greater is their avidity for ana; it is a matter of the greatest interest to see the letters of every busy trifler-yet who does not laugh at such men? To write to our relations and friends on events which concern their interests and offections, is a worthy employment for the head and heart of a civilized man : but to engrave upon the tittle tattle of is a contemptible abuse of pen, paper, and time which is on our hand.

It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there among the rubbish, we find hints which may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind, than a whole library of metaphysics.

CALAIS.

- Notwithstanding the merited reprobation to be met with in every traveller, of French beds and French chamberlains, we had no cause to complain of our accommodation in this respect at Dessein's. This house though it has changed masters, is conducted as well as formerly; and there was nothing in it, which could have made the most determined lover of ease repent his having crossed the Channel.

After our breakfast on the morning following our arrival, I began to consider with myself on the most suitable way of executing my purpose-of see ing France and Frenchmen, the scenery and manners to the best advantage. I called in my landlord to my consultation; and having explained my peculiar views; was advised by him to purchase a Norman horse, one of which he happened to have in his stables; a circumstance which perhaps suggested the advice. Be this as it may, I adopted his recommendation, and I had no cause to repent it. The pargain was struck upon the spot; and fer twenty-seven Louis I became master of a horse, upon whom, taking into the computation cross-roads and occasional deviations, I performed a journey not less than two thousand miles; and in the whole of this course. without a stumble sufficient to shake me from my seat. The Norman to live very comfortably, not to say

horses are low and thick, and like all of this make, very sready, sure, and strong. They will make a stage of thirty miles without a bait, and will eat the coarsest food. From some indications of former habits about my own horse, I was several times led to conclude, that he had been more accustomed to feed about the lanes, and live on his wits, as it were, than in any settled habitation, either meadow or stable. I never had a brute companion to which I took a greater fancy.

Having a letter to a gentleman resident about two miles from Calais, I had occasion to inquire the way of a very pretty peasant girl whom I overtook on the road, just above the town. The way was by a path over the fields: the young peasant was going to some house a mile or two beyond the object of my destination, and as I have reason to believe, not exactly in the same line. Finding me a stranger, however, she accompanied me, without hesitation, up a narrow cross-road, that she might put me into a foot-path; and when wehad come to it, finding some difficulty in giving intelligibly a complex direction, she concluded by saying she would go that way herself. I was too pleased with my companion to decline her civility. I learned in the course of my walk that she was the daughter of a small farmer: the farm was small indeed, being about half an arpent, or acre. She had been to Calais, to take some butter, and had the same journey three mornings in the week. Her father had one cow of his own. and rented two others, for each of which he paid a Louis annually. two latter fed by the road-sides. father earned twenty sols a day as a labourer, and had a small pension from . the Government, as a veteran and wounded soldier. Upon this little they seemed, according to her answers,

substantially. Poultry, chestnuts, milk, and dried fruit, formed their daily support. " We never buy meat," said she, " because we can raise more poultry than we can sell."

The gentleman to whom I had brought a letter of introduction was at Paris; but I saw his son, to whom I was therefore compelled to introduce myself. The young man lamented much that his father was from home, and that he could not receive me in a manner which was suitable to a gentleman of my appearance. All these things are matter of course to all Frenchmen, who are never at a loss for civility and terms of endearment. young English gentleman of the same age with this youth (about nineteen,) would either have affronted you by his sulky reserve, or compelled you as a matter of charity to leave him, to release him from blushing and stammering. On the other hand, young Tantuis and myself were intimate in the moment after our first introduction.

Upon entering the house, and a parlour opening upon a lawn in the back part, I was introduced to Mademoiselle his sister, a beautiful girl, a year, or perhaps more, younger than her brother. She rose from an English piano as I entered, whilst her brother introduced me with a preamble, which he rolled off his tongue in a moment. A refreshment of fruit, capillaire, and a sweet wine, of which I knew not the name, was shortly placed before me, and the young people conversed with me about England and Calais, and whatever I told them of my own concerns, with as much case and apparent interest, as if we had been born and lived in the same village.

Mademoiselle informed me that the neople in Calais had no character at all; that they were fishermen and smugglers, which last business they carried on

in war as well as in peace, and had no reputation either for honesty or industry; that she had no visiting society at Calais, and never went to the town hut on household business; that the price of every thing had doubled within four years, but that the late plenty, and the successes of the Emperor, were bringing every thing to their former standard; that her father paid very moderate taxes; her brother stated about five Louis annually; but they! differed in this point. The house was of that size and order, which in England would have paid at least thirty pounds, and added to this was a domain of between sixty and seventy arpents.

The dinner, whether in compliment. to me, or that things have now all taken this turn in France, was in substance so completely English, and served up in a manner so English, as almost to call forth an exclamation of surprise. When we enter a new council try, we so fully expect to find every thing new, as to be surprised at almost any necessary coincidence. This characteristic difference is rapidly wearing off in every kingdom in Europe. A couple of fowls; a rice-pudding, and a small chine, composed our dinner. It was served in a pretty kind of china. and with silver forks. The cloth was removed as in England, and the table? covered with dried fruits, confectionary, and coffee; a tall silver epergne supporting small bottles of capillaire, and sweetmeats in out glass. The fruits were in plates very tastily painted in landscape by Mademoiselle; and at the top and bottom of the table was a silver image of Vertumnus and Pomona, of the same height with the epergne in the centre. The covering of the table was a fine deep green cloth, spotted with the simple flower? called the double daisy.

I am the more particular in this description, as the dinner was thus served, and the table thus appointed, without any apparent preparation, as if it was all in their due and daily course. Indeed, I have had occasion frequently to observe, that the French ladies infinitely excel those of every other nation in these minor elegancies; in a cheap and tasteful simplicity, and in giving a value to indifferent things in a manner peculiar to themselves .-Mademoiselle left unafter the first cup of goffee, saying, that she had heard that it was a custom in England; that gentlemen should have their own conversation after dinner. I endeavoured to turn off a compliment in the French style upon this observation; but felt extremely awkward, upon foundering in the middle of it, for want of more familiar acquaintance with the language. Monsieur, her brother, perceived my embarrassment, and becoming my interpreter, helped me out of it with much good-humour, and with some dexterity. I resolved, however, another time, never to tilt with a French lady-in-compliment.

Being alone with the young man, I made some inquiries upon subjects upon which I wanted information, and found him at once communicative and intelligent. The agriculture of the country about Calais appears to be wretched. The soil is in general very good, except where the substratum of chalk, or marle, rises the near the surface, which is the case immediately on the chiffs. The course of the crops is bad indeed fallow, rye, oats. In some hind it is fallow, wheat, and barley. In no farm, however, is the fallevilland aside; it is considered as in- in her hund, appeared to have walked dispensable for wheat, and on poor some distance. Her brother, doubtlands for rye. The produce, reduced less from a sympathetic nature, guessed to Efiglish Winchester measure, is in an instant the object of her walk. about nineteen bushels of wheat, and "You have been to Calais," said he. twenty-three or twenty-four of barley. "Yes," replied she, with the lovely

Besides the fallow, they manure for wheat. The manure in the immediate vicinity of Calais is the dung of the stable-keepers and the filth of that The ront of the land around town. Calais, within the daily market of the town, is as high as sixty livres; but beyond the circuit of the town, is about twenty livres (sixteen shillings.) Since the settlement of the Government, the price of hand has risen; twenter Louis an acre is now the average price hi the perchase of a large farm. There are no tithes, but a small rate for the officiating minister. Labourers carn thirty sous per day (about fifteen-pence English) and women, in picking stones, &c. half that sum. Rents, since the Revolution, are all in money; but there are some instances of personal service, and which are held to be legal even under the present state of things, provided they relate to husbandry, and not to any servitude or attendance upon the person of the landlord. Upon the whole, I found that the Revolution had much improved the condition of the farmers, having relieved them from feudal tenures and lay-tithes. On the other hand, some of the proprietors, even in the neighbourhood of Calais; had lost nearly the whole of the rents, under the interpretation of the law respecting what were to be considered as feudal impositions. The Commissioners acting under these: laws had determined all old rents to come under this description, and had thus rendered the tenants under lease propriétors of the lands.

The young lady who had left us returned towards evening, and by herheightened colour, and a small parcel

smile of kindness; " I thought that thucken, slices of chine, caken, sheet-Monsieur would like some tea after the manner of his countrymen, and having only coffee in the house, I walked to Calais, to procure some." again felt the want of French loquacity and readiness. My heart was more eloquent than my tongue. I arose, and involun tarily took and pressed the hand of the sweet girl. Who will now say that the French are not characteristically a good-humoured people, and that a lovely French girl is not an angel? I thought so at the time, and though my heart has now cooled, I think so still. I feel even no common inclination to describe this young French beauty, but that I will not do her the injustice to copy off an image which remains more faithfully and warmly imprinted on my memory.

The house, as I have mentioned, opened behind on a lawn, with which the drawing-room was even, so that its doors and windows opened immediately upon it. This lawn could not be less than four or five English acres in extent, and was girded entirely around by a circle of lofty trees from within, and an ancient sea-stone wall, very thick and high, from without. The trunks of the trees and the walls were hid by a thick copse or shrubbery of laurels, myrtles, cedars, and other similar shrubs, so as to render the enclosed lawn the most beautiful and sequestered spot I had ever seen. On the further extremity from the house was an avenue from the lawn to the garden, which was likewise spacious, and surrounded by a continuation of the same wall. In the further corerected on the top of the wall, so as to look over it on the fields and the truly picturesque. he distant sea.

Tea was here served up to us in a thus protracted to a late hour, I remanner neither French por English, turned to Calais; and was accompan-2. ant partaking of both. Plates of cold ied to the immediate adjacency has one

meats; and the whitest brendy compesed a kind of mixed repatterbetween the English tea and the French Sub-The good-humour and vivacity per. of my young friends, and the prospect from the windows, which was as extensive as beautiful, rendered it tefreshment peculiarly cheering to the spirits of a traveller.

Before the conclusion of it, I had another specimen of French manners and French benevolence. A party of young ladies were announced as visitors, and followed immediately the servant who conducted them. Speaking all at once, they informed Mademoiselle T-, that they had learned the arrival of her English friend (so they did me the honour to call me,) and knowing her father was at Paris, had hurried off to assist her m giving Monsieur a due welcome. They mentioned several other names which were coming with the same friendly purpose; a piece of information which caused the young Monsier T- to make me a hasty bow, and leave me with the ladies. He returned in a short time, and the sound of fiddles tuning below on the lawn, rendered any explanation unnecessary. We immediately descended; the promised ladies and their partners, soon made their appearance; and the merry dance on the green began. As the stranger of the company, I had of course the honour of leading Mademoiselle T. In the course of the dance other visitors appeared, who formed themselves into cotillions and reels; and the lawn being at length well filled, the evening ner of the latter was a summer-house, delightful, and the moon risen in all her full glory, the whole formed a scene

After an evening, or rather a night,

of the parties, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman. I was assailed by many kind importunities to repeat my visit; but as I intended to leave Calais next day, I made my best possible excuses.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

I was sitting one day in company with a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, an Englishman, and a German, when a conversation began upon the merits of their respective nations. As I found the argument growing warm, especially on the part of the Frenchman, who was pouring a shower of small shot upon the Englishman; and of the Italian, who was near touching the ceiling with his hands, in order to wake the vengence of heaven upon the German, I bethought me of a method to temper the discussion; I proposed that each should set forth his reasons for preferring his own nation in a continued speech, and that I, as an impartial hearer, should be the judge among them. My proposal was soon accepted, but harmony had like to have been again destroyed by a dispute who was to begin. Frenchman talked loud, the German muttered, and the Italian spouted .-Amidst the confusion of their voices I could now and then distinguish the words, comedie, boulevards, esprit empfindungen, genus, bequemlichkeit, contatrice, capo d'opera, casa superba, &c.; only the Spaniard and the Englishman looked upon the contest with seeming indifference and contempt; at last I succeeded in stopping them, and prevailed on them to speak in the following order:

I addressed myself first to the Spaniard, who was by no means a Liberal, and said, "Tell me why you consider your own nation as the wisest, the happiest, and the best?"—he answered, "I consider the two former epithets as entirely superfluous: for if we are the best, we must be the happiest; and if we are the happiest and best, we must be the wisest."

Now, I believe, there is no man who performs, so well as a Spaniard, his duty to God, and to his neighbour-He worships in the most exact, and even the most splendid manner, the Divine Creator, the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin, and he does not forget to pray for the intercession of the least of the Saints whom the church has admitted; he is loyal to his King, to the utmost stretch of Christian patience and submission; he is kind and charitable to his fellowcreatures, helping the needy, and feeding the hungry; he reaps the reward of his good services in a perpetual cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is the habit of the good ; gaiety is but the delirium of the wicked. Nor let it be supposed, as declamatory writers have asserted, that the Inquisition has diminished the happiness of Spain. It is only through the acts of the Inquisition, that the Spanish people have been preserved in an unanimous faith. Now even granting, for argument's sake, that altho' religions may be equally good for a future life, there is nothing which tends so much to union and harmony in the present, as worship at the same altar, reliance upon the same means of salvation, obligation to the same duties, and hope of the same final reward. Much has been said of the victims of the Inquisition. The care which that holy tribunal employed not to hurt the reputation of families, by publishing their proceedings, has served to spread a clamour against them; for that which is secret is always magnified by report. It is thus that fame revenges herself on those who wish to keep her out. But, in

reality, are the victims of the Inquisition to be compared to those of the day of St. Barthelemi, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz?-such are the effects of admitting the infection, and then endeavouring to stop it. Or are they to be compared with the thousands who suffered in England under Henry VIII., Mary, and Eliza-Such are the consequences of admitting without controul, the preschers of heresy and schism.

If we do not want the religious toleration of England still less do we stand in need of her political liberty. The sun which favours our country with its propitious influence, gives us eujoyment sufficient without seeking to busy ourselves in the affairs of Government, Liberty is, in fact, a poor substitute for a fine climate. The people of the South only require the presence of that power which raises the corn-ripens the grape, in order to be satisfied with their position. To ask if they are happy, you need only ask if they exist. But the people of the North find it necessary to dig mines, to hew forests, to build space of a few feet, that warm comfortable sensation, which a southern peasant feels in the large mansion, of nature; they are obliged to look for some stifficial source of pleasure, to political contention. such advantages. to the hicks capable of supporting of Newton; it demands as much skill in the execution as the formation of a time-piece, and when finished it at tracts the admiration, and gratifies the senses of thousands of spectators for

dour of Seville, the fertility of Nalont cia. You know our land and cando que tice to it! Having thus spoken the? Spaniard folded his arms in his disaft. which he always wore; and I observed? that he never listened to a word that was spoken afterwards.

Having put the same question to the Italian that I had addressed to the Spaniard, he answered to the following purport :- That what had fust been said concerning the pleasure derived from climate, applied with equal force to Italy, and set these two comtries above all the rest of Europe " Indeed,, he said, "the native of London, or Hamburgh cannot conceive, unless he travels to our land, the pleasure to be derived from the touch of a cisalpine atmosphere. Our nerves 3 seem to swell and extend themselves to receive the delightful sensation; our eyes dwell without fatigue or pain up-" on the beauties of a rich and warm landscape; even the voice maintains its clearness only in the air which the sun has blessed. But if we had merely this advantage, we should rival and not precede Spain in happiness. houses in order to attain, in a small to another circumstance that Italy owes her glory, her occupation, her delight:—to taste. With justice it has been said, that this is the only pursuit of which the pleasures far outbalance the pains. A man may meet intoxicate themselves with the poison with an unfaithful mistress, or be reof distilled spirits, or the tumult of jected by an ungrateful sovereign, but We want no nothing obliges him to gaze at a bad To those who love picture, or dwell upon a disproportioncare to the trouble of governing; ed building. A great work of art and vermond think it as absurd to may be said to be the most successful man insist thou electing deputies, and result of human effort; a fine statue to do it, as to carry burdens because ception as the most difficult problem.

thousands of years. It is, I hope, needless for them to prove that Italy · it this respect excels all other nations. The sublimity of Michael Angelo, the grace and expression of Raphael, in fine, the innumerable ments of our great architects, sculptors, and painters, are not to be insulted by a comparison with the smoky buildings of London, the monuments of the Musee Francals, or the lusty goddesses of the Belgian painters, In music too we me without a rival; and for the prize of wisdom I think we may lay a fair claim. The greatest natural philosophers, the most skilful negociators, the most gifted poets, own Italy as their birth-place. The discovery of the laws of motion, of the resistance of of the air, of the barometer, of the tolescope, and fately of galvanism; the knowledge of a fourth quarter of the globe; the history of Italy, of Florence, of the Council of Trent, and of the Civil Wars of France, the Inferno, the Goffredo and the Orlando Furioso, "form a portion of the share which Italy his contributed to the civilization of Eullope: It is for you, Sir, he condiffed tirring to the German, " to prove that the universities of Halle and discident have done more."

The German, though he seemed to be smoking his pipe with girest abathy, was not insensible to the reprouch: and, like a skilful general, immediately changed the field of action. -- " I can "That but one fault with your discourse, "Signor" he replied; it is that you have entirely emitted to answer the princi- gave the first ten minutes to those who phi question, namely why you consider had spoken before him, and tried to some nation as the Best? To this improve that France excelled them in " the very particulars on which they had "A designated that the Germans are the insisted. He said that there was no Best people, because they do not as climate in Europe equal to that of the satisfact secretly, or murder openly; south of France, and that even in The winter was over in frem deal. Paris the winter was over in February. which have their debte, whether to As for the fine arts, he quoted Lalgovernment or individuals, with con- aude, who had spent coveril years in

science-calming punctuality. Hamburgh to Clagenfurt, there is scarcely a village which has not its schoolmaster, while the capital of a province is almost ignorant of the name of executioner. Our fruit hangs on the trees by the road-side, without being touched by any one; and the streets of our largest towns become still as sleep early in the night. Other nations, indeed, may boast of great discoveries in science, and of a rapid progress in political philosophy, but we furnished them with the means. They have sown a great part and resped the whole; but we gave the field and invented the plough. It is to us that they are indebted for the art of printing, without which knowledge could not have moved; and for the Reformation, without which it would have been arrested in its march. In modern times, too, our literature has taken a far-extended springing leap, which leaving behind it the long past glories of Italy and France, place it by the side of England in the race towards the spectator-girt laurel-surrounded goal, which is always in the horizon of those bright genuses, who have a heart-convulsing sense of immortality. I bearing the said

These last words caused a patise: even the Frenchman took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed twice before he would begin. At last he started with such volubility in praise of France, and of Paris, that I am quite incapable of representing his harangue. He

and written several volumes upon Italy, tion by D'Alembert, and Laplate; and who mentions there is nothing to and in pure mathematics and imputation be seen there equal to what is to be for a long time produced an initial to found in France. In modern times, Lagrange. Impartial putgess (Scotting he thought it beyond a question, that to me) will agree, that in the most the French Painters were the first in profound and abstract of human selthe world, which however was not to ences, the people whom you that as be wondered at, as the English had frivolous and superficial, have going file not at all turned their attention to the beyond you. Your mathematically of conceived, expressed a sublimity to acquainted with that form of the salwhich Raphael, born in a barbarous culus which we use for our investigasee, never could attain; in music the tions. Frenchman für excelled the Italians, knowledge, there is still less deilst As for virtue, which his German friend that we are superior in practical bephad introduced somewhat mal a pro- piness. For happiness comment in per into the discussion, he, like the nothing so much as in a single of Delphine of Mathane de Stael, defined mind fixed for pleasure, on the alle a it to consist in a succession of gener-chemical phrase, in having a capacity our impulses And these impulses for enjoyment. A man may define street no where with such vigour, as in himself of this, by travelling the same the commy where an officer sacrificed road when he is gay, and when he is his life in order to give the alarm to gloomy. In the first case, the solding his regiment, and a tather went cheer- will appear to him smiling, beautiful, fully to execution to save the life of or sublime; in the second, it will his son. Having thrown out these appear tame, dull or savage bemarks, heput on a more Sociatie look, Now the disposition of a Freuchmen as he addressed himself to the English- is to see every thing agreeably. I felmone. "It is with your nation, that ours is most fit to be compared. Regland, and in France, knowlege is generally spread like the rays of the must be other countries it is editored likes flushes of lightning. Big it is more especially in French that elementary books in every art and science are written; it is in French that the restling of the world profound or trivial, is carried on. If a mathdensticion wishes to read the deepest books of seignos, he studies the Mecusique Celette; if a Russian noble-Tienes desires to know what is meant by the words feeling or wit, he takes Top the Tragedies of Racine; or the sales of Voltaire, and learns to smile and to dry like a civilized being-Even the discoveries of your great Newton have been brought to perfect mother more to be commended than

The works of David, he Oxford and Cambridge, are not even If we excel you he allettalet member being in a wretched prison; guarded by Spaniards, who, who in the week, might have taken stand to cut our throats, yet we laught all day, and acted plays in the see An Englishman would have talk loles in the wall, and have been showing the attempt to escape. If we know how to bear adversity, we also know he back enjoy prosperity. What in the world is so good as the Bossartteles and the Theatres of Paris? what could be the compare with France for wines, for dress, for dancing, and for plays?

You will affirm that these stiffed and marketable enjoytheuth destroy the tuste for domestic happiness; but it is not so : no people are more attached than the French to their near rela and England cannot easily produce &

Madame de Sevigne. It is the same with all the domestic relations: and it is sufficient to go to the cimetiere of Pere la Chaise: to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, and sons, and sisters of France have for each other! How simple, and yet how tender the inscription upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With you the dead are never mentioned, never visited, and, I believe, seldom remembered. With the kindest feelings to their relations, the French it is true. do not think it inconsistent to mix the sociability of a larger circle, and they endeavour to be happy through the short period of existence allotted them.

The Englishman began with the most diffident air, by refusing any comparison with the Spaniards, the Italians or the Germans. The first, he said, had no political liberty, the accond had not even independence, and the Germans could scarcely be said to possess a classical literature; without every one of these advantages no nation could claim the pre-eminence. It was now his duty to show that the English nation was the wisest, the happiest, and the best.

The only mode of estimating the rank of England in science and literature, was to enumerate the men she had produced. Whatever claims the Parisians (for Paris was France) might have to distinction in the annals of modern science, they would not dispute that Bacon was the first theoretical teacher, and Newton the greatest practical discoverer of sound philosophy. Nor could England be said to be inferior to any in the science of the day, namely chemistry; when Priestly and Cavendish made discoveries contemporary with those of Lavor.

sier, and Davy had pushed his rescarches to a distance, which none of his rivals or fellow labourers had reached.

"If we turn from physical science," he continued, "and look to history, which, joining the investigation of fact, with the exercise of moral judgement, and thaurse of a cultivated style, seems to form' the link between the exact sciences and polite literature, we shall find that Hume is the most profound, and Gibbon the most learned of modern historians. I will not compare them with De Thou or Rapin; D'Anquetille or Lacretelle; but I will assert, without hesitation, that they have far surpassed Davila, Guicciardini, Mariana, and Schiller.

" In the region of poetry we fear no comparison with France; in fact, except the Tragedies of Racine, two or three of Voltaire, and some passages of Corneille, France has no poetry of the higher class; but not even in those, have they any thing so sublime as the conceptions of Milton? or any character so true, or an invention so various as that of Shakespeare. Every man can with us speak, think, and write as he pleases; no previous censorship of the press prevents the general communication of facts and of ideas; truth is not squeezed under the hat of a Cardinal, or screwed by the vice of an officer of police, but carried into the broad day-light, and appreciated by the general judgement of inlightened men.

Nor have we stained the cause of liberty by innumerable murders and prescriptions; our revolution was fruitful in great qualities and great virtues; it produced but few orimes.

to be inferior to any in the science of the day, namely chemistry; when constitution has presented to us, none restly and Cavendish made discoveries more considerable than the freedom ies contemporary with those of Layon of industry. The consequence is a

perfection in the arts of life a solidity and completeness of happy comforts unequalled in any other part of the world.

" Nor have the English been less remarkable in foreign war; during the late war they gained by sea the battles of Camperdown, St. Vincent, Alboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar."-"Oh, but then" said the Frenchman, "your nation are islanders, and cannot cope with us on the land." Talavera, Barrosa, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo are the answers to this objection."

When all the parties had been heard. I said, with the gravest face, and the most solemn tone I could put on, that I would read over my notes, and give my judgement another day. I did not say, however, that I would give the case another hearing, as they do in the English Chancery Court, although it might have been done, in this case, without putting the parties to an hundred pounds expence each.

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from The opinions and St. Heena. reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words .-By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—Con tinued.

Wehaveno doubt that the following testimony to the merits of our gallant countryman, Sir John Moore, whose military, talents it has for sometime been the fashion to undervalue, if we are correctly informed, even among some of those who misled him by false intelligence, will be duly appreci-

friends of that most perfect model of a soldier.

He then spoke of some English officers. " Moore," said he, " was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent, He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." This culogium he repeated more. than once; and observed, that he hadcommanded the reserve in Egypt, where, he had behaved very well, and displayed talent. I remarked, that Moore was always in front of the battle, and was generally unfortunate enough to be wounded. "Ah!" said he, "it is necessary some-He died gloriously-he died like times Menou was a man of courage. a soldier. You ought not to have but no soldier. taken Egypt. If Kleber had lived, you: would never have conquered it. An army without artillery or cavalry. The Turks signified nothing. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France and to me. He was a man of the brightest talents and the greatest bravery. I have composed the history of my own campaigns in Egypt, and of yours, while I was at the Briars.-But I want the Moniteurs for the dates.

A report having been industriously circulated, that Napoleon hated the. appearance of a British soldier, been cause it reminded him of the loss of Waterloo, he sent for Captain Poppleton, the officer on duty at Longwood, and thus addressed him :-

"Well, M. le capitaine," said he, "I believe you are the senior captain of the 58d?" "I am." "I have an esteem for the officers and men of the 53d. They are I have brave men, and do their duty. been informed, that it is said in camp, that I do not wish to see the officers.-Will you be so good as to tell them, that . whoever asserted this told a falsehood .-I never said or thought so; I shall be always happy to see them. I have been told also, that they have been probibited 2 by the governor from visiting me:"" Captain Poppleton replied, that he believed the information which he had received. was groundless, and that the officers of the 53d were acquainted with the good opinion which he had previously expressed of them, ated by the numerous admirers and which was highly flattering to their feelings. That they had the greatest respect for him. Napoleon smiled and replied, "I love a brave soldier, whatever nation he may belong to.

Our next quotation must apeak for

"Truly," said he, "it requires great resolution and strength of mind to support such an existence as mine in this horrible abode. Daily he imagines modes of anneying, insulting; and making me undergo fresh privations. He wants to shorten my life by daily irritations. By his last restrictions, I am not permitted to speak to any one whom I may meet. To people under sentence of death this is not denied. A man may be froned, confined in a cell, and kept on bread and water, but the libeinty of speaking is not denied to him. It is a piece of tyranny unheard of, except in the instance of the man with the iron mask. In the tribunals of the Inquisition, a man is heard in his own defence; but I have been condemned unheard, and without trial, in violation of all laws divine and buman; detained as a prisoner of war in a time of peace; separated from my wife and child; violently transported here, where arbitrary and hitherto-unknown restrictions are imposed upon me, extending even to the privation of speech. I am sary," continued ne, "that home would ministers, except Lord Bethurst, would continued he, "that none of the 100 their consent to this last act of tyranny. Bis great desire of secrecy shows that he is affuld of his conduct being made known, even to the ministers themselves. Instead of all this mystery and espionage, they would do better to treat me in such a manner as not to be affeld of any disclosures being made. You recollect what I said to you, when this governor told me, in presence of the admiral, that he would send any complaints we had to make to England, and got them published in the journals. You see now that he is in fear and trembling lest Montholon's letter should find its way to England, or he known to the inhabitants here. They profess in England to farvish all my wants, and in file does some out many things: this man then cames out, reduces every thing, obliget me to sell my plate, in order to purse these necessaries of life which he either denies altogether, or supplies in quantities an small as to be insufficient; impenes slaily near and arbitrary restrictions; insults me and my followers; con-

cludes with attempting to deny me the faculty of speech; and then has the impudence to write, that he has changed nothing. He says, that if strangers come to visit me, they cannot speak to any of my suit, and wishes that they may be presented by him. If my ton came to the island, and it were required that he should be presented by him, I would not see him. You know, oontinued he, it that it was more a trouble than a pleasure for me to receive many of the strangers who arrived; some of whom merely came to gaze at me, as they would at a curious beast; but still it was consoling to have the right to see them if I pleased.

We give next, a sketch of character:-

I asked him, whom he thought had been the best minister of police, Savary, or Fouche? adding, that both of them had a bad reputation in England. "Sayary," said he, " is not a bad man; on the contrary, Savary is a man of a good heart, and a brave soldier. You have seen him weep. He loves me with the affection of The English, who have been in France, will soon undeceive your nation. Fouche is a miscreant of all colours—a deist, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes in the revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calm and of unconcern. He is very rich," added he, "but his riches were badly acquired. There was a tax upon gambling houses in Paris, but, as it was an infamous way of gaining money, I did not like to profit by it, and therefore ordered that the amount of the tax should be appropriated to an hospital for the poor. It amounted to some millions; but Fouche, who had the collection of the impost, put many of them into his own pockets, and it was impossible for me to discover the real yearly sum-

The following is his account of the affair of the infernal machine

I saked some questions about the infirition machine trainsaction. Nepolests replied in the following manner: "I is that about Christmas time, and great-festivities were going on. I was much present to go to the opera. I had been greatly eccupied with business all the day, and it the event ing found myself eleepy and steel." I three myself on a notation my wide automit

and fell asleep. Josephine came down some time after, awoke me, and insisted that I shouldgo to the theatre. She wasan excellent woman, and wished me to do every thing to ingratiate myself with the people. You know, that when women take a thing into their heads, they will go throughwith it, and you must gratify them. Well, I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lasacs and Bessieres. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I swoke, experiencing a scrisetion as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contrivers of this were a man named St. Regent, Imolan, a religious man, who has since gone to America, and turned priest, and some others. got a cart and a barrel, resembling that with which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was put cross-ways. This be had filled with gunpowder, and placed it and himself nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass.-What saved me was, that my wife's carriage was the same in appearance as mine, and there was a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolen did not know which I was in, and indeed was not certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this. he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assured himself of my presence. One of my guarda a great, tall, strong fellow, impatient and angry, at seeing a man stopping up the way, and staring into the carriage, rode up, and gave him a kick with his great book crying, Get out of the way, pekin, which knocked him down. Befere he could get up, the carriage had percent a little op. Imolan being confused I suppose by his fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed, ran to the cart, and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards, and wounded that rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and we unded shout forty or fifty badassds, who were gaining to see me pass. The police collected together all the remnants of the cast and the machine, and invited all the something proces were recog-and look staken. The pieces were recogdell the markinen in Paris to come on braverel. One said, I made this, another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who, by their accent were Bag Butent, but nothing more could

Shortly after, the huckney be ascertained. coachmen, and others of that description, gave a great dinner in the Champs Elvaces to Cesar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion; which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time. It was the guardsman who saved it, by knocking the fellow down. Possibly, my coachman may have assisted, by driving furiously round the corner, as he was drunk, and not afraid of any thing. He was so far gone, that he thought the report of the explosion was that of a salute. fired in honour of my visit to the theatre. At this dinner, they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cesar's health .-One of them, when he was drunk, said, Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the first consul up the other day. In such a street, and such a house, (naming them) I saw on that day a cart like a water-cart coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one I observed the men and the there before. horse, and should know them again.'-The minister of police was sent for; he was interrogated, and brought them to the house which he had mentioned, where, they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the. barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little also was found The master of the bouse, scattered about. on being questioned, said, that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added, that they were Bas Bretons, and that one of them had the appearance of being masterover the other two. Having now a description of their persons, every search was made for them; and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed. was a singular circumstance, that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing at the corner of the street for a long time, and had ordered the person who wes with it to drive it away; but he had made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other steing what he thought to be a water cart with a miserable horse not worth twenty france. did not suspect any mischief." in a min egel la perlitario

Poetry.

Written in September, 1820.

A MOONLIGHT VIGIL.

-->**>**---

I gaz'd as I stood on the pale moon's height Rais'd aloft in her tremulous glory; I look'd till my eyes were bedimm'd with her light,

And my fancy had dwelt on her story.

And aye, as the light of her beams

The heaven's blue zenith illumin'd more
clear.

The clouds sail'd along, while her bright'ning beams

Pierc'd through as the light in a forest drear.

And ever anon her glory was crost By clouds of a misty and sombre hue; And the light of her splendour afar was lost

In the untrod fields of etherial blue.

But she shone through the gloom that attended her train,

And scaled the high vault in her queenly pride;

Till her strength burst forth on the fields

Like lava stream on the dark mountain side.

And oh! how sweet thus to muse in her beams,

When lightly careering the azure sky, While she smiles in the breasts of the dimpling streams,

And woos their gentle murmuring by.

But mark: and the murky drapery veils Her silvery glare from mortal eye; And the moaning night-wind mournfully

While she sinks far off in the black'ning sky.

I turn'd from the gloom that portentously lowr'd,

And o'ershadow'd her far glimmering light;

I sigh'd that the orb which so lately had towr'd,

Was entomb'd in the blackness of night.

Alt: such said I then is too often the fate

Of the lights which our fond hope unrears:

Of the lights which our fond hope uprears; And the fabric which rises in loftiest state, Hathits cope-stone bedew'd with our tears.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A YOUNG PORTESS WEEK SOME PLOWERS.

....

Accept dear maid, these flow'rest few,
Which friendship's hand hath call'dfor yest,
Nor give their boast of crimson'd dyes
To sun, or soil, or nursing skies;
But view them as by fancy drest,
And own her magic flow'rs the best;
Then in thy soft, thy melting lay,
Do them a gracious tribute pay;
And ne'er may meaner theme inspire
Thy breathing thoughts, thy words of fire.

N.

NOTICES

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will always be happy to receive communications from our esteemed correspondent NEMO, as those he has already furnished are excellent; and we feel obliged for his advice, and the interest he appears to take in the Melange. The paucity of our Poet's corner in the two last numbers, was owing to particular cfreumstances.

Phocion's remarks are better fitted for a Newspaper than the Melange. We wish to keep free from politics.

Before we insert Jonathan Sharp's first letter, we would like, as he promises us a series, to see one or two to re of them, that we may be better able to judge of their scope.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library. Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glaegow.

ALSO OF THE POLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:
Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street,
Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock;
John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley;
Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock-, Malcolm
Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M.
N. Dick, Irvine, for randy money only.

THE LITERARY

MELANCE

OR.

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 13.

٤.

WEDNESDAY, 11th SEPT. 1822.

PRICE

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. 2

JULÍA DE RONCEVALLES.

On a summer evening while walking in one of those beautiful vallies which abound in the mountains of Switzerland, I was attracted by a female figure sitting on the banks of the stream that runs through it. did not observe her till she was close upon me; and perhaps I should have passed her without notice had my curiosity not been excited by the elegance of her dress and the extreme beauty of her countenance. gasing upon the stream with a fixed look of contemplative meditation, but on my approach she turned found and fixed her eyes upon me in curiosity and wonder. She seemed to be about the age of nineteen, and her countenance was beautiful in a high degree. On the first glance, however, it was easy to discover that she was the victim of mental delusion; and that, in the midst of lovely features, was planted an expression which they were never meent to weer. It was imposaible to survey her without interest, for in the midst of an illusive thoughtleasness that was spread over her face which conveyed a pathos of feeling

might be traced the marks of a deeple Her buie eye thoug rooted sorrow. wild and visionary was yet beautiful. Her complexion had an interesting paleness, and her hair, of a light maken colour, hung down her temples, in artless ringlets, and shaded her cheeks, which to all appearance glowed once with the vermilion of health. Her dress and her mein bespoke her some thing above the vulgar. In her bosom she wore a miniature that was suspend? ed round her neck, and her head was fantastically adorned with bell-heath and flowers. As she gazed upon me she drew the ministure from Rer bosom and kissed it while the tears fell from her eyes. 'Are you' said she' Albert de Navarre who was once the pride of this valley? No you are not Albert—he never looked on Julia de Roncevalles without speaking to Ket. Albert fought for Julia in this valley. and died for her. No he did not die. He has only gone to the wars and will return when they are over. Stranger, if you see Albert tell him to make haste, for the bridal feast waits his coming.' As she pronounced these words she kissed the little picture, returned it to her bosom and sar doll again on the bank. I was struck with the affecting simplicity of these actions

infinitely more profound than I ever witnessed before. Hurrying on therefore to the little inn of the glen where I lodged, I learnt the following particulars of this ill-fated beauty.

Her father was one of the first persons in the canton of Berne, and before the breaking out of the French irruption had been one of the richest. But being among those who abetted the patriots of La Vendee he became an object of destruction to the hirelings of Bonaparte; and so effectual were their efforts, that, from possessing an opulent fortune, he was reduced to great narrowness of circumstances. His estate was siezed and confiscated, and he himself thrown destitute upon the world. In any situation this would have been a great calamity, but it was peculiarly so in his, as it involved not only himself but his wife and beautiful daughter in distress .-Often was he obliged to beg a night's shelter in the cottages of the peasantry; and had it not been for their hospitality the once opulent and liberal Roncevalles might have perished from want. These distresses he would have borne with fortitude had he alone been the sufferer; but the thoughts of those who shared his grief, rung his soul with agony, and plunged him into unfathomable despair. The tender frame of his wife sunk at length under these misfortunes and she died. Roncevalles had now only his daughter to claim his affection. Julia was the pride of her father and of the wide valley where she lived. While a child she was remarked for her extreme beauty; and riper years but confirmed her claim to the title of the flower of Berne, by which she was universally known.-Every month of her existence added fresh charms to her person, and rendered her more and more an object of admiration. As the child insensibly blended into the woman, her beauty

increased, and in her sixtcenth year shone forth in full maturity. Nor was her mind inferior to her person.-With all the polish and dignity of rank-with all the unpresuming demeanour of the humblest life, she possessed a neincte, an intelligence, and an irresistible winningness of manners which stamped her far above the ordinary level of her sex. Thus blessed more than others with the most desirable qualities Julia lived happy—the only child of her parents. The world and all its concerns were to her as an ideal creation. She held no converse save with the few friends whom fortune placed around her. Nor had she any wish to widen the circle of her acquaintanceship. The pomp of cities and the glare of courts never met her eyes. They were accustomed to nobler objects: to the streams of her native rocks, and the surrounding Alps whose clear summits were dipped in the blue ether of heaven.

Among the youthful friends of Julia was Albert de Nevarre, the son of a gallant officer who was slain while fighting in the forces of the republic. The latter had been the friend of Roncevalles, and in remembrance of their friendship, he took his son into his family and adopted him as his own-Albert proved every way worthy the regard of his foster father, and turned out a fine, stately, gallant youth. As he lived under the same roof, he became the constant companion of Julia. He was three years older—they grew up like brother and sister and were cducated together. Julia would wreath garlands of flowers and place them upon the head of Albert. The latter too might often be seen climbing up the most dangerous precipiees in search of falcon's eggs for his young mistress, while she, unconcious of his danger, was laughing and imusing herself far below.

In this manner the children were brought up, and years of mirth and happiness passed over their heads. During these early periods when all is guilelessness and sincerity, they loved each other with the fondness of children, but this early intimacy was the foundation of a more deeply rooted feeling in the bosoms of both. Year after year flew by and saw them advancing in beauty and maturity. Their hearts expanded with higher feelings. Their eyes mutually met with new de-Yet neither knew they were in light. love. The passion stole upon them so insensibly that they were ignorant of its approach, and before they suspected its vicinity, it had planted in each bosom its faccinating sorcery.-There were times however, in which had their years permitted, they might have detected the existence of a secret affection. The absence of one for a single day rendered the other unhappy. Nothing could so effectually damp the ardent mind of Albert as when Julia was removed for a few days on a visit with her mother. He would lose his buoyant lightness of spirit-would sit disconsolately by the banks of a stream and wander in cheerless silence into the deep recesses of the neighbouring rocks. Or if he were absent with Roncevalles in the hunt of the chamois, Julia would droop in silence and anxiety till his return, and would strive to beguile the heavy hours by weaving a flowery garland for his head. But if their parting was sorrowful their meeting was full of joy. The beautiful young fairy would rush into the arms of Albert with the fondness of a woman when she has not learnt to conceal her affections.

Albert was a man and panted after ing there.

more ambitious scenes than his retired home, and when Julia was a woman and was taught to look to wealthier lovers than Albert. But in this Roncevalles erred. As they grew up the latent spark which unknown to themselves had lain within each heart, burst As reason began to displace imagination, and youth to succeed the reign of childhood, they suspected its existence. So soon as this became known they were changed to each other. Not that their first fondness abated but that it altered its character, became more rarefied -- more intellectual-more refined. The undiquised display of early fondness which was exhibited in the embraces of childhood became less and less. Julia no longer made the garland she was wont for Albert; nor did he now climb the precipice in search of curiosities for Julia; when they parted even for days, it was with less appearance of uneasiness, and when they met again their joy was not so decided. They were less frequent in company together, and even then there was not that free developement of the heart which was wont to characterise them Julia would frequently detect Albert gazing silently upon her, and each detection was accompanied on both sides with a blush and a sigh. Their former frankness of demeanour wore away, and a natural distance, not unaccompanied with awe, took itsplace. These changes came upon both sq insensibly that they scarcely remarked them. They were the clranges of a love which had assumed a more elevated form. and wove a deeper destiny around its votaries. As the outward emblems of affection diminished the inward in-Roncevalles and his lady saw this creased. Their souls became knit but they regarded it not. Twas but closer together, and every idea which the fondness of children which would was denied utterance recoiled back to be obliterated by riper years—when the heart and spoke with double feelThese changes were not unnoticed the Rossevilles, who now saw that the hillowey between Julia and Albert had been soo long continued—Will the penetration of experience he to what second this change was to be laid. He resolved to check it is the party of the penetration of the change was to be laid. He resolved to check it is the party intended that he havild senior to the hand of his daugh-

One marning therefore he led Alert out to the top of a neighbouring which commands a vast prospect the wild summits of mentions of Brunk appeared in distribute before the eye, rising in the places with luge splintered rocky breads shining like sparry columns to the start of the gyprops west rounded protuberances to the shining the shining over the shin me imminits of many of the loftier were completely covered with white fleacy clouds, which were per-Math side investing with a downy the risk well whatever spot they fell the bright rays of the morning the fell keenly upon the mountains. in many places were il-**Invinited** by his light, and hung like Though rolden veils on their sides. the plains all was silent, yet the thank rolling of thunder could be hand like the voice of the mountain The whole scene was so viand breathed such an unspeakcalling over the soul, that it seemto be the land of spirits—too pure, menthly, and intellectual to hold communion with mortals.

Albert,' says Roncevalles, laying portunity he had, of revealing his heart,

He avowed his love, she wept and activities to a ridge of mountains knowledged her's. The days of childthat fring like clouds on the brink hood started in retrospective review
of the horizon, 'Albert do you behold before their eves. Albert pressed for

those hills whose distance almost mocks our sight. They are the boundaries of another nation? Within them lies our beloved Switzerland. On the other side hes the Kingdom of Italy. Have you never wished to go beyond these mountains - to see other nations -understand foreign customs, and make yourself a man? or do you desire to dwell for ever a hermit in this region of rocks and see no other sight but the ridges of Brunik and St. Gothard?' I wish' said Albert, ' to view the countries beyond these mountains. I wish to visit that Italy I have heard so much about, and oh how my heart beats to join my countrymen in the Austrian army.'- Your wish shall be gratified' said Roncevalles, presenting him with a commission in the Swiss division of the Imperial forces. Albertaccepted it with astonishment he could scarce believe in its reality. It was nevertheless real, and his acceptance made him a soldier.

The bustle of preparation though it blunted, could not deaden his feel-Though he felt himself exalted as it were in the scale of manhood, and though his heart beat high at the prospect of a military life, yet he could not banish from his mind the idea of Julia de Roncevalles.—In his sleeping and waking hours she was ever present the angel of his thoughts. Her loveliness appeared to his imagination even more lovely. In proportion as the prospect of losing her increased, he invested her with new graces and charms. On the day of his departure, he conversed with her privately for a short time. In despite of the awe which he had long felt, he seized upon this, the only opportunity he had, of revealing his heart, He avowed his love, she wept and ac-

to his bosom. in his arms. The ecstacy of love was complete, and so was the bitterness of grief which bewailed their separa-Albert gave to Julia his miniature, and she in return bestowed on him a ringlet of her hair. Having given and received these tokens, Julia retired to her apartment, and Albert with a heavy heart bade adieu to the hospitable house of Roncevalles.

It was exactly three years after his departure that Roncevalles was stripped of his possessions. The French dynasty in that deplorable time extending to Switzerland carried its usual ruin along with it. The opulent lord of leagues of territory after many hardships was reduced to take up his habitation in a lowly cottage, and here with Julia, he passed a precarious and His daughter as usual, humble life. was the ornament of her station, and shewed herself equally calculated to shine in palace or in cottage. Though deprived of her former splendour, nothing could deprive her of her elegance. Instead of sinking under misfortune, she only seemed to rise above it, by comforting her father. While the old man was wrapt in sorrowful meditation she would snatch up her lute, and accompanying it with her voice, pour forth the most blythesome airs. Though her heart was breaking at the misfortunes of her parent, she constantly wore the aspect of cheerfulness. These arts of Julia revived her father's They made him endure misfortunes gone by, but they could not hide the prospect of those which might follow. He trembled for his daughter; for among the lawless banditti by which he was surrounded, what security had he that so much beauty and innocence could escape?—what pledge that there was any sanctuary so sacred they might not defile—that there was | beconsummated she was sitting alone in any critely however enormous that they the cottage. Her father was at the

She sobbed and wept | would not perpetrate? He saw before him murder and lust daily committed on the innocent. Every day some new tale of Gallic brutality rung on his ears—every repetition of these enormities made him tremble the more for his beloved daughter. On this account he felt a relief when Captain Jarnot, a respectable French officer, who had repeatedly seen his daughter offered to take her in marriage. The proposal which before he would have turned from in disdain, was, in his present situation too precious to be neglected. That opportunity of saving Julia gone, she might be undone for Need it be told what were her thoughts on receiving this proposal: what the contest between love, fear, and duty, which agitated her bosom. Would Jarnot brook refusal from one in her defenceless condition. If she dared even to hesitate, what power could prevent him from seizing her and using her as hundreds had been used. If she wed him her lot she knew would be unhappiness if she refused him it would be dishonour. In the midst of these conflicting thoughts, the image of Albert perpetually haunted her mind. She wept bitterly on account of him-she gazed with fondness on his picture which hung round her neck. He was so beautiful, so kind, so faithful—the companion of her early years could she leave him? no it was impossible. But then what could she do?—she could never be his.—He was a rebel Swiss who had fought against the French, and to appear among them was destruction. She tried to drive, away his memory from her breast, but it was in vain. His image glided .. perpetually before her, and would not be denied.

The night before her marriage wasto

French quarters making arrangements of te moon they pursued their way mind brooded painfully on the denew lot that awaited her, she heard a footstep approach the door. - The door opened gently, and a tall military man entered. She shrieked at his appeararice, and sunk upon the floor. It was Albert whose hard lot and absence she was bewailing, and who through innumerable dangers had of his mistress. Though only four years had clapsed since she saw him last, he was much altered. The sprightly youth was changed to the vigorous man. His sun-burnt countenance was marked with deep sorrow, which contributed to make him appear older than he really was. He was simply dressed in a slouched hat and feather, a military cloak and sword.-He raised Julia from the ground and embraced her tenderly. He saw that intervals above their heads. her beautiful features were shaded with unutterable sorrow, but in the midst of every distress he found her true to him. He had heard of the misfortunes of Rondevalles, and came to remove her to some place of safety in the Imperial dominions. He urged her to fly with him out of her distracted country. There was no time for reflection. The first thought rung Julia's heart, as she reflected on the misery of her solitary parent when she was away. But the calls of love overcame those of duty, and the hopes of escaping from perpetual misery with a husband, not of choice but of necessity, prevailed over every prudential consideration. Packing up a few articles for her journey, and breathing from her heart a blessing on her father she supported herself on the arm of Albert and left the cottage.

He had provided horses for their escape. In silence and by the light

with his future son in law; As her through a deep valley, girded on each side by lofty mountains and having a struction of all her hopes, and on the stream of water running through it. They held their course by the windings of the stream : sometimes they were lost among the trees which in many places were growing by its banks. At other times they held their way on the narrow footpath between the water and savage rocks-which rose up hideously almost from the borders of found his way in disguise to the cottage the stream. The moon shone brightly along the whole vista of the glen, and the gigantic shadows of the rocks were reflected darkly upon one another. The huge trunks of trees covered with ivy, might be seen projecting from the precipices in every quarter. As the two travellers wound along, a solitary bird, scared by their presence, would fly off from some bush on which it had perched, wille the hoarse dismal screeching of the owl was heard at whole scene was so solemn, so sublime. so full of deep toned feeling, trat Albert and Julia paced it in silence, and held their way by a sort of mysterious and instinctive sympathy. But a hollow voice which burst upon them from the solitude shewed that it contained other beings besides themselves. In the French language they were commanded to halt. Looking to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, they could see the glittering of swords and muskets, which shewed that a French picquet had been placed even there. Heavens, oried Julia, we are discovered, that is the voice of Jernot; fly Albert and save yourself, I cannot be worse than I was before.' 'I can die,' replied Albert, 'but I cannot leave you in extremity. Let us make for yonder thicket, we may escape them yet. So saying he laid: hold of Julia's horse by the rein, and gave the spur to his own. This acwill talled

tion was fullowed by a volley of musketry from t' epicquet which resounded through the solitude, and was re-echoed from a thousand caverns. Almost at the same moment a party of French soldiers rushed to the spot. Spies, 'traitors,' rebels, were in the mouth of each. Tuey found both lovers lying on the ground-Albert was mentally wounded, and Julia in a deep swoon: Jornot came up to witness the scene. He was struck, with surprise when he found that one of the midnight wanderers was his betrothed bride. conveyed tome to her father's cottage, but ter reason had fled, and a tide of new, ideas occupied her once-placid wind on a

Concevalles is still alive. The lesitimate government of Switzerland is pestered, and he has resumed his former possessions. But what are wealth and onours when all within is sorpowful. Julia resides with him, but the world is to her a blank, and a seeled sphere with which she has no relationship. Se lives in a world of fancy, where wild ideas supply the place of reality. Her greatest delight is to linger in the glen where Albert died to talk about 1 im-to weep when a transient ray of reason exhibits him dead, and to smile when in her magination he is alive and happy.... Often in the moonlight she may be seen like a fairy form glancing down the allay, and singing wild love songs to berself. This is all that is left of the ence-admired, and still levely 4 Flower of Berne, no. Maria Barrell

ें अधिक हैं है MIST PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Vita whatever sentiments a stranmany enter Paris, his feelings must e the same with regard to the mon-

modern taste, which it contains that the vanity or patriotism of a to series of Sovereigns could affect if the embellishment of the conf which they resided are there professed to the eye of the stranger with a verfusion which obliterates every prejudice, and stiffes the stab national emulation in exultation at greatness of human genitts. 2 3 32 20 2

93

The ordinary buildings of Parisitas every traveller has observed, middle all the world knows, are in general mean and uncomfortable. The height and gloomy aspect of the houses to the didu rowness of the streets and the water of pavement for foot passengers! This vey an idea of antiquity, willow # 100 cords with what the imaginator had anticipated of the modern white of the French empire. This declarations renders the adminitude of the side greater when he first comes in with of its public edifices when he is were ducted to the Place Louis Quinto or the Pont Neuf, from wheney he has a general view of the principal hithiling of this celebrated capital. With the single exception of the view of Loudon from the terrace of the Addithi, there is no point in our own country where the effect of architectural design was great as in the situations which have now been mentioned. The view fram the former of these, combines where of the most striking objects which Pari has to present. To the cost, the lie front of the Thuillevies rists over the dark mass of solinge which hower a gardens; to the south, they aspect of the town is but is it varied objects which the fives and the fine perspective of the of Peace, terminating in the front of the palace of the die Body; to the west, the long a of the Elysian Fields are closed? pillars of a triumphal arch which the dements of ancient magnificence, or of poleon had commenced; while to the north, the beautiful facade of the Place itself leaves the spectator only room to discover at a greater distance the foundation of the Temple of Glory, which he had commenced, and in the execution of which he was interrupted by those ambitious enterprises to which his subsequent downfal was owing.-To a painter's eye, the effect of the whole scene is increased by the rich and varied fore-ground which everywhere presents itself, composed of the shrubs with which the skirts of the square are adorned, and the lofty poplars which rise amidst the splendour of architectural beauty: while recent events give a greater interest to the spot from which this beauty is surveyed, by the remembrance, that it was here that Louis XVI. fell a martyr to the revolutionary principles, and that it was here that the Emperor Alexander and the other Princes of Europe took their station when their armies passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The view from the Pont Neuf, though not striking upon the whole, embraces objects of greater individual beauty. The gay and animated quays of the city covered with foot-passengers, and, with all the varied exhibitions of industrious occupation which, from the warmness of the climate, are carried on in the open air ;- the long and splendid front of the Louvre, and the Thuilleries ;—the bold projections of the Palais du Arts, of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and the other public buildings on the opposite side of the river; the beautiful perspective of the bridges, adorned by the magnificent colonnade which fronts the Palace of from the breadth which they every the Legislative Body ;- and the lofty picturesque buildings of the centre of room for the spectator to observe the Paris surrounding the more elevated towers of Notre Dame, form a scene, which, though less perfect, is more the rows of trees with which they are striking, and more characteristic than shaded, and which combine singularly 20 63

the scene from the centre of the Place Lewis Quinze, which has been just described. It conveys at once a general idea of the French capital; of that mixture of poverty and splendour by which it is so remarkably distinguished; of that grandeur of national power, and that degradation of individual importance which marked the ancient dynasty of the French nation. It marks too, in a historical view, the changes of public feeling which the people of this country have undergone, from the distant period when the towers of Notre Dame rose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition, to that boasted æra, when the loyalty of the French people exhausted the wealth and the genius of the country, to decerate with classic taste the residence of their Sovereigns; and lastly, to those latter days, when the names of religion and of loyalty have alike been forgotten; when the national exultation reposed only on the trophies of military greatness, and the iron yoke of imperial power was forgotten in the monuments which record the deeds of imperial glory.

To the general observation on the .. infe iority of the common buildings in Paris there are some remarkable exceptions. The Boulevards, which are the remains of the ancient ramparts which surrounded the city at a former period, are, in general, beautiful, both from the circular form in which they are built, which prevents the view from being ever too extensive for the objects which it contains, and presents them in the most picturesque aspect; where preserve, and which affords magnificence of the detached palaces with which they abound; and from

well with the firegular character of the building which they generally present.

In the skirts of the town, and more especially in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, the beauty of the streets is greatly increased by the detached hotels or villas, surrounded by gardens, which are everywhere to be met with, in which the lilac, the laburnum, the Bois de Judee, and the acacla, grow in the most luxuriant manner, and on the green foliage of which, the eye reposes with singular delight, amidst the bright and dazzling whiteness of the stone with which they are surrounded.

The Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsee Hospital of France, is one of the phiects on which the Parisians principally pride themselves, and to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in that capital. institution itself appears to be well conducted, and to give general satisfaction to the wounded men, who have there found an asylum from the miseries of war. 'We were informed that these men live in habits of perfect harmony among each other; a state of things widely different from that of our veterans in Greenwich Hospital, and which is probably chiefly owing to the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which form the best feature in the French character. There is something in the style of the architecture of this building, which accords well with the object to which it is devoted. The front is distinguished by a simple manly portico, and a dome of the finest proportion rises above its centre, which is visible from all parts of the city. This dome was gilded by order of Bonaparte: and however much a fastidious taste may regret the addition, it certainly gave an air of splendour to the whole, which was in perfect unison with the feelings of exultation which the sight of this monument of military glory was then fitted to awaken

among the French people. The sectorior of this edifice was formerly surrounded by cannon captured by the the armies of France at different periods: and ten thousand standards, the trophies of victory during the ways of two centuries, waved under its splendid dome.

If the character of the architecture of the Hotel des Invalides accords well with the object to which the building is destined; the character of the Louvre is not less in unison with the spirit of the fine arts, to which A is consecrated. It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of the impression which this exquisite building awakens in the mind of stranger. The beautiful proportions, and the fine symmetry of the great façade, give an air of simplicity to the distant view of this edifice, which is not diminished, on nearer approach. by the unrivalled beauty of its ornaments and detail; but when you cross the threshold of the portico, and pass under its noble archway into the innercourt, all considerations are absorbed in the throb of admiration, which is excited by the sudden display of that is lovely and harmonious in Gre-You find yourself cian architecture. in the midst of the noblest and yet chastest display of architectural hearts. where every ornament, possesses the character by which the whole is distinguished, and where the whole possesses the grace and elegance which a every ornament presents :- You find yourself on the spot, where all the monuments of ancient art are deposited -where the greatest exertions of mortal genius are preserved -and where a. palace has at last been raised worthy of being the depository of the collected genius of the human race.-It bears a higher character than that of being the residence of imperial power; it seems destined to loftier purposes than

to be the abode of earthly greatness; and the only forms by which its halls the character of a purer belief; and would not be degraded, are those models of ideal perfection which the genius of ancient Greece created to exalt the character of a heathen world.

Placed in a more elevated spot, and destined to a still higher object, the Pantheon bears in its front the traces of the noble purpose for which it was intended.—It was intended to be the cometery of all the great men who had deserved well of their country. character of its architecture is well adapted to the impression it is intended to convey, and suits the simplicity of the inscription which its portico presents. Its situation has been selected with singular taste, to aid the effect which was thus intended. It is placed at the top of an eminence, which shelves in a declivity on every side; and the immediate approach is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and increase the effect which its magnitude produces. Over the entrance is placed a portico of lofty pillars, finely proportioned, supporting a magnificent entablature of the simplest order; and the whole terminates in a dome of vest dimensions, forming the highest object in the whole city. The impression which every one must feel in crossing its threshold, is that of religious awe; the individual is lost in the greatness of the objects with which he is surrounded, and he dreads to enter what seems the abode of a greater Power, and to have been framed for fection: but the Pantheon is adapted nius of Christianity; it is seen in that

for a holier worship, and accords with the vastness and solitude of its untrodden chambers, awaken those feelings of human weakness, and that sentiment of human immortality which befit the temple of a spiritual faith.

We were involuntarily led, by the sight of this great monument of sacred architecture in the Grecian style, to compare it with the Gothic churches which we had seen, and in particular, with the Cathedral of Beauvais, the interior of which is finished with greater delicacy, and in finer proportions, than any other edifice of a similar kind The impression which the in France. inimitable choir of Beauvais produced, was widely different from that which we felt on entering the lofty dome of the Pantheon at Paris. The light pinnacles, the fretted roof, the aspiring form of the Gothic edifice, seemed to have been framed by the hands of aerial beings; and produced even from a distance, that impression of grace and airiness which it was the peculiar object of this species of Gothic architecture to excite. On passing the high archway which covers the western door, and entering the immense sisles of the Cathedral, the sanctity of the place produces a deeper impression, and the grandeur of the forms awakens profounder feelings. The light of day is excluded, the rays of the sun come mellowed through the splendid colours with which the windows are stained, and cast a religious light over the marble pavement which covers the the purposes of more elevated worship. floor; while the eye reposes on the The Louvre might have been fitted harmonious forms of the lancet winfor the gay scenes of ancient sacrifice; dows, or is bewildered in the profusion it suits the brilliant conceptions of hea- of ornament with which the roof is then mythology; and seems the fit adorned, or is lost in the deep perspecabode of those ideal forms, in which tive of its asles. The impression which the imagination of ancient times cm- the whole produces, is that of religious bodied their conceptions of divine per- emotion, singularly suited to the ge-

observe light which fits the solemnity of religious duty, and awakens those feelings of intense delight, which preper the mind for the high strein of religious praise But it is not the does habite of hundlity and weakness which is produced by the dark chambers and massy pillars of the Pantheon at Paris; it is not in the mausoleum of the deed that you seem to wander, nor on the thoughts of the great that have gone before you, that the mind revolves; it is in the scene of thanksgiving that your admiration is fixed; it is with the emblems of Hope that wear devotion is awakened, and with the enthusiasm of gratitude that the mind is filled. Beneath the gloomy roof of the Grecien Temple, the spirit is concentrated within itself; it seeks the repose which solitude affords, and meditates on the fate of the immortal shul: but it loves to follow the multitude into the Gothic Cathedral, to join in the song of grateful praise which preals through its lengthened aisles, and to chare in the enthusiasm which belongs to the exercise of common de-Patient the first and has great to a

Bollem silvery address very dangle a comme PATAL PRAYER.

The street of the street of the

the village of Gourock, is situated on the shore of a fine bay, about two miles from the town of Greenock. I was taken with the pleasantness of its situation, when one day viewing it at a little distance on the Greenock road, and sat myself down on the dyke by the road-side to enjoy the prospect my leisure.

parently an elderly man, of a propert and a maritime appearance ming slowly along the road, came and sat down near the same place.--Liguessed him to be one of the better ches of fichermen, who had purchased,

hood, a little breathing time to look about him in the evening of his days. ere the coming of night. After the usual salutations, we fell into discourse together, and I found him to be s man who had looked well about himin his pilgrimage, and reasoned on things and feelings-not living as the brotes that perish. After a pause in the conversation, he remarked, to my thinking, in a disjointed manner, 1 Is it not strange, Sir, the thoughts that sometimes come into the brain of man sleeping or waking-like a wind that blows across his bosom, coming ha knows not whonce, and going he knows not whither-leave behind them an impression and a feeling, and become the springs of human action, and mingle in the thread of human destings? Strange indeed, said I, t what your say, has more than once occurred, to me: but being unable to reason estinc factorily on the subject, I set down altogether such ideas as baxing no better foundation than the fears and superstitions of the ignorant. .. But, it seems to me that your remark, though of a general nature, must have been made in mental reference to some particular thing; and I would fain grave to know what it is. You are right. said he; 'I was thinking at the moment of something which has sat, for some days past like a mill-stope op my mind: and I will tell it to you with pleasure.' So I edged myself closer to him on the stones, that L might hear the better: and without more add he began to discourse as follows indiv

'About six months ago a wedding took place in the village, and a more comely and better looked-on couple, never care together. Mr. Douglas, though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army—an energy I in thinking and when his regiment was disbanded, he came to live here on his half-pay, with the toil of his youth and his man- and whatever little else he might have.

Jeanie Stuart at the time was staying with an uncle, one of our folk-her parents had been taken away from her: and made up as far, as she could for her board, by going in the summer season to sew, in the families that come out from the holes and corners of the great towns to wash themselves in the sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fair to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and sugar hogshead, thought it no dishonour to have her among them: and unknowingly, as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves, Well, they soon got acquainted wour Jania and Mr. Douglas and www.kindly.together; and the end of have alrey were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point thetagou may see forms the opposite angle of the bay not far from a place called Kempock; and Mr. Douglas just employed himself like any of the nest of us, in fishing and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was the happy woman now, for she had ave a mind above the commonality; and, I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among there would be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day for no use, and would fain have retired from their foolishness unto the strength and greenness of her own soul. But now she had a companion and an equal, and indeed a superior: for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and had read both books and men, and could wile away the time in discoursing of what he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands, among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened, and listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She elung to him as the honey-suckle chings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasurebare word was her law.

One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of a touch of the head-ach; on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do: and having some business in the village, he went On coming back, however in the forenoon, he found her just on the same spot, leaning her head on her hand: but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all. He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village, to the deep-sea fishing, and would be back the next She looked at him, but said nothing; she looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not any But finally, thing that was going on. when he came to kiss her and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round. him, and when he would have gone, she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her beart would break - but still she said nothing. 'What can he the matter with you, Jeanie?' said Mr. Douglas. Stay with me today,' said she at last; ' depart not this night, just this one night—it is not much to ask-to-morrow you may go where you will, and I will not be your hindrance a moment. But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer nothing to his questions, than that a thought had come into her head and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go. and he kissed her and threw his nets on his shoulder, and went away. For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just on the same spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length coming to herself with a start, she knelt down on both knees, and throwing back her hair over, bis sorrow was her sorrow-and his her forehead, turned her faco up to-

wards heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, that she might have her husband in her arms that night." For some moments she remained motionless and silent in the some attitude, till at length a sort of brightness, resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and revefently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs, and appeared not any thing discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened. Now the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow—and indeed the air had been so sultry all day, that the sea-farers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long. As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed that the boats "could not have got far enough out to be in the mischief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the But in the mean time the wind Increased, till towards night it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time; the ships out there, at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam ends on the other side; every stick and witch on the sea made for any port they could find; and as the night came on in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts that had been brought up on the water as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days .-There was a sad lamenting and murthen, among the women folk them that were kith or to the fads on the sea; and they ent to one another's houses in the midst of the storm and the rain, and put in their pale faces through the that had gone out that day, and that

darkness, as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing close to one another like a flock of frightened sheep in their fellowship of grief and ftar.-But there was one who stried not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shileking of the night-storm, and songht for no comfort in the countenance of man-and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. 'She sometimes, indeed, listened to the howling of the sea that came by fits on her ear life the voice of the water kelpie, 'and starting, would lay down fier work for a moment, but then she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the toaring waters, "Be still," and they are still-and the glorious balm "sile had felt to sink into her heart at that moment of high and holy communion even like the dew of heaven will a parched land. So her soul was comforted, and she said to herself. . God is not a man that he can he? and she rested on his assurance as only rock, and laughed to scorn the treffblings of her woman's bootin wifer wity? the anchor of her hope was h heaven, and what earthly storm was to mighty as to remove it! "I Went's no got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the Bre-side; will stirred up the fiel, and drew in the arm chair for her weary and storm-heaten mariner. Then would she listen at the deby, and look out into the night for his coming; but could hear no sound, save the voice of the waters, and the footstep of the Tempest as he rushed along the deep. She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step but an the blanched cheek. At last the neighbours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them

her that they were going to walk down towards the Clough, even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. went with them, and we walked altogether along the road, some women and some men, it might be 20 or 30 of us; but it was remarked, that though she came not hurriedly nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her clock on her shoulders, to defend her from the night air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar.-And as we passed along, it must have trem a strange sight to see so many pale faces by the red glare of the torches ther carried and to hear so many huand mailings filling up the pauses of the store; but at the head of our snehmdhely procession there was a made hears and a firm step, and they Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back, as some ery of womanish foreboding from behind would smite on her ear, and strange thoughts would crowd into her mind; and once she was heard to mutterif her prayer had but saved her husstand to bind some other innocent miso the mysterious altar of wrath! part the stopped for a moment, as if in mounth at the wild imagination. But now as we drew nearer the rocks where the distributes is built, sounds neare heard distinctly on the shore, and mesmared the torches in the air and person rest shout, which was answered harms voices—for they were some we will own people, and our journey man at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the tocks as well as we could: Son the darkness : but a woeful tale met our ear; for one of the boats had Inen shattered to pieces while endesscoring to land there, and when we grimsge, he within call of one mother, ment down they were just dragging the old then and I parted, going each

When the women befrom the sea. hind heard it there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might be her own brother or son; and some who carried lights dropped them with fear, and others held them trembling to have the terrors of their heart confirmed. There was one. however, who stood calm and unmoved by the side of the dead body. spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her She then stepped lightly forvoice. ward and took a torch from the trembling hang that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face, it showed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and levely bloom glowed on her cheek, and a heavenly lustre burned in her eye; and as she knelt then, her white garments and long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and The next moment the light fell on the face of the dead-the torch dropped from her hand, and she fell on the body of her husband. prayer was granted. She held her husband in her arms that night, and although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast. សារមេរិជ្ជាជាត្រូវ ម៉ាន់ ម

When the fisherman had concluded his story and after some observations were made by us both, touching the mysterious warning, joined with a grateful acknowledgement that the stroke of death might be as often death in friercy as in wrath-we shook hands, and asking one another's names, as it might so fortune that we should once more, in the course of our earthly pilshe body of a comrade, stiff and stark his several way?

SEVIEW.

The Serinan By REBECCA ED-RIDGE.

We subjain a specimen of the manner in wiich the Scriniam is written, selected rather on account of their convenient length, than for any superiority it appears to have over the rest of the work :-

THE ELOPEMENT.

Among the many imprudent things which, young inexperienced females are sometimes induced to do, there is none so baneful in its consequences as an elopement, in as much as they influence the whole of the subsequent lives of those who thus deviate from the rules of decency and decorum.-Nothing can be more evident than that a man is aware of the impropriety of what he proposes; for it is obvious that he never would attempt to persuade a young lady to elope, unless he were convinced that either his own friends or hers would object to a marriage in the respectable and honourable manner in which such connexions ought to be formed; and the very first step of compliance to which a young lady yields, degrades her in the eyes of him for whom she thus lays aside duty, obedience, and discretion. In some instances I have known him the first to reproach her with the indecorous fault she has committed. In no instance have I every known it productive of happiness: but in some instances it brings on calamities of such deep aggravation, that it becomes the instigator of crimes for which there is no atonement. In proof of what I say, I will recount an event which occurred in Radnorshire many years ther and mother were born: but it pired. A dreadful shrick from his see

happened in a family with which we were all acquainted, and in which the direful misfortune was handed down from father to son, through all the generations which have passed away since that time; and it was stold to me by one of the descendants.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Presteign had among other children a daughter whom the son of another Welch gentleman requested in mar-There was every reason to riage. justify her father in refusing his consent to the alliance: but the greatest objections were the licentious riot in which the young man wasted his days and the dissipated idleness which destroyed all hope of domestic happi-He however continued his visits and attentions to the young lady, on whose affection, notwithstanding her father's remonstrances, he had a powerful sway. He was at length peremptorily forbidden the house: yet, though the girl was watched, she contrived to correspond with him, and they agreed that on a certain night he should come, attended by some of his friends, and carry her off and and he

When the time arrived, the youth with his assistants came according to appointment, determined that nothing should prevent the accomplishment of The signal was given, their scheme. and heard, not only by the young lady, but by the family. She came forth at the gate of her father's mansion whence it had been settled that she should escape, and the young man re-They were immediately ceived her. followed by the father and his eldest son, attended by several servants. When there appeared to be no chance of bearing away his prize, he turned upon his pursuers, and saying at Iam armed, and none shall make a rescue; fired. The victim of his rashness was before I was born, nay, before my fa- her father. He fell and instantly ex-

and the wild exclamation, 'O he has killed my father,' compelled them all to flee; and quitting the wretched cause of all his woes, whom he had taken in his arms the moment after he fired, the desperate young man left her alone to weep for ever over the ashes of a parent whom her folly had brought to an untimely grave. She was taken home by her brother .-Though the cause, not the perpetrator of the fatal act, it may well be supposed that remorse embittered all her days, and that she must ever have considered herself to be a parricide. add to the anguish of her mind, and increase the piognancy of her sufferings, the hapless youth was pursued and overtaken; confined, tried, condemned, and executed; and according to the barbarous custom then in practice, hung in chains near the spot where he committed the rash deed .-He perished piecemeal, and his bones whitened in the blast; a hideous spectacle to all around, and chiefly to his mistress. To her aching and weeping eyes he was a perpetual remembrancer of despair and grief; and to her terrified ears the rattling chains sounded a perpetual knell.

Portry.

ed the LINES.

TO A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

....

The infant eve hath cull'd her dews;
The lowing herd sunk down on the lea;
When freed from care I fly to muse,
Lake of my heart! to muse on thee.

Wide nature sinks to sweet repose. The leaf hangs still on the stirless tree; Lake of my heart! I fain would lose My earth-born cares to think of thee. The stars their curtain'd haunts forsake, And the moon uprears her crescent high, And throws her light o'er the rippling lake, Like a beam of hope on the dying eye.

The white cloud rests upon the bill, And the mantle of night spreads dimi around;

And save the lull of the mountain rill, Mine car doth catch, nor voice, nor sound.

Sweet O lake! is thy calm repose, While the bright moon nestles in thy breast, And deep in thy bosom doth disclose, A sphere serene as the home of the blest.

Sweet O lake! is thy strand to me, And sweet are the hills that shadow thy breast:

Long years have roll'd, but still to thee; Sick memory turns for its hallow'd rest.

N.

NOTICES

TO CORRELIONDENTS

Several Poetical communications have been received which are under consideration. Some of them will shortly appear.

The article transmitted by Agricola possesses considerable merit, but not of a description to render it admissible to the Melange.

The advice of a well-wisher shall be attended to.

PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND SOLD,

Every Wednesday, by

WILLIAM TAIT, & Co.

Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor:

Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson St.; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow.

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSELLERS:
Messrs. Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street,
Edinburgh; John Hislop, Greenock;
John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisley;
Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M.
Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

THE LITERARY MIELANGE

OR

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

" SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 14.

WEDNESDAY, 18th SEPT. 1822.

PRICE 31d

THE DAYS OF MY HAPPINESS.

The recollection of past pleasure, as well as the anticipation of future, is sweet and soothing to every mind.-We dwell on the feelings and pursuits of childhood with lingering fondness; and recount our schoolday exploits The scene of with boyish exultation. our youthful frolics is, thro' life, the The wonspot dearest to the heart. derful deeds achieved there, the daily sports engaged in there, and even the petty distresses endured there, are written on memory's brightest page: and, in after life, frequently perused with delight. I yet feel my heart tremble when I recollect how I daringly skimmed, the first, over the deep pool, while the newly-formed ice bent and crackled beneath my feet. Every one loves to tell what a sad dog he was in those days. I too have performed most memorable actions. was I who undauntedly set at defiance the skill and strength of a mighty blacksmith's boy, whose father's forge was a notable object in our school's neigh-I well recollect how the field of battle was marked out, and the terms of combat deliberately discussed and agreed to. I can yet picture to myself the anxious looks, and, in fancy,

party as they formed the awful ring. Every one applauded the prowess of the champion whose cause he espoused. I smile now to think how my wrath kindled and my courage grew hot, while, amid the vociferations of my comrades, I stripped off my jacket and dashed my cap to the ground; and how, after all was ready and the tumult hushed to silence, every eye looked eagerly on, while we advanced into the dread area, and projected the knee, and drew back the body, and raised the hostile fist. Can I help laughing at the consternation which siezed us, when suddenly the intrusion of the elder Vulcan broke up the meeting, putting the whole gang, fighting men and spectators, to inglorious flight? Great was my fame, and great my pride, in consequence of this doughty attempt. At every meeting, for months, the little bellowsblower and I regarded each other with lofty and sneering looks, which, being interpreted, might mean, how I would have drubbed you had we not been interrupted-yet to speak truth, neither of us ever display courage enough to. renew the combat.

well—the busy happy morning of and a the busy happy morning of the street of the street one brief hour of enjoyment—one had not brief hour of enjoyment.

liday of happiness ere he launch for life into that troubled ocean—the world. Of all the periods of life it will ever afford the sweetest subject for lonely musing. My little Anna! she was the morning star of my happiness -too soon banished by the more obtrusive beams of advancing day. When I first knew her she was considered by her mother to be still a child-tho' I for my part thought otherwise. cost me a world of pains to get acquainted with her, and it was long, long,—a month or so—before I accomplished it. Her father's house was two miles or more from mine.-Many a time did I watch her, and follow her, and way-lay her-to no purpose. When we met, I gazed-nay once of twice had the courage to smile, but Anna smiled not in return. acquaintance with whom I one morning happened to be walking spoke to her—but confusion scaled my lips. Oh how I could have cursed my sheepishness when I saw her lightly turn Yet bashfulness about and trip away. was not my foible. I had set my heart upon the lively little creature, and to be acquainted with her I was determined—whether she liked it or not. I set all my wits to work, but could conceive no better plan than the common one of writing a card. was written after hours of painful study. How unlike the blotching and raggedness of the present scrawl! An acquaintance (then famous for his whishers and his impudence) undertook to give it into her own hand. He promised to meet her as she returned from school, but another whim entered his brain. In the evening he boldly walked up to the house, rapped at the door, asked for Anna, and politely bowed as he astonished her with his begilt, be-painted and be-flourished sleep on that night. How could I; cult to resist the same ill-bred inclina-

when next evening, if the moon shone clear, I doubted not that Anna would comply with my solicitation, and meet me in the arbour at the foot of her father's garden walk? Many a blunder did I commit, and many a laugh was raised at my expence during the day-for my mind was absent and busy contriving how I should make my entree, and how I should first address her, and what we should talk about, and (in short) how I might best gain her favor and insinuate myself into her heart. Considerably before the appointed hour-having leapt the garden wall—I approached the spot in what I thought a very smart and striking manner-my hat cocked on one side a la blackguard-a green green twig with a few leaves on the end in my hand, and a prefatory smile on my countenance. By the light of the moon I could perceive through the leaves the fluttering of white drapery—all my fears were laid aside. I stepped briskly up and beheld—not Anna—but—but—her mother! My half-pronounced salutation ceased at once.—I stood not a moment.—I said not a word.—Never did I run with half the rapidity from a bean-field with the farmer's dog at my heels.-I cleared the wall—flew over the field—and not till I had gained the highway would I venture to stand still, and give vent to my vexation in a laugh, which was most heartily re-echoed by my friend with the whiskers, who waited there. to learn the issue of my perilous adventure. This was a grievous disappointment no doubt; but my grief did not last long. Just two days after, accident brought us together in the house of a mutual friend. I could perceive that during the whole of our. interview Anna had a great propensity to laugh in my face; and truly, every commission. I felt little inclination to time that our eyes met, I felt it diffition. The affair however was pretty ing her till the moon rose, and that was not the last time that we walked farther and talked longer than the oc-

casion absolutely required.

Thus far I love to tell my story.-The rest is between Anna and myself.—Who it was that interfered, and what it was that caused us to differ in apinion it is not worth my while to relate. My little love! we were happy while we walked together; and tho's we pirted, it was perhaps because we loved too sincerely.

I can't forget thee-tho' no more We meet upon the green sward here,-Thy voice, that nightly charmed before, Now never never greets mine car.

I can't forget thee, Anna, dear !-The soft kind looks thine eyes have given My lonely heart no longer cheer. Yet will not from my heart be driven.

We both, when first we chanced to meet, Were young-yet not too young to feel, The moonlight walk together-weet, The kiss half stolen sweeter still. In sighs and vows we did not deal-Our wooing all was smiles and glee :-To clasp thy little hand, and steal Down the burnside was bliss to me.

That bliss to me returns not now,-Oh! would it were but all forgot; I vex'd thy gentle heart, and thou Rememb'rest, but regard'st me not. My lips were foolish, -well I wot My heart another tale could tell;-Tis over. - Blessed be thy lot, And once more Anna Fare-thee-well.

15th Sept. 1822.

THE SLEEP WALKER: Or, quick as thought."

P.

hat ha waar bat 🕶

I am one of those personages, Mr. Editor, whose unlucky doings have ing while asleep. obtained for them the name of Sleep

a propensity for this unaccountable well managed; I succeeded in detain- stray ranging habit, is a question; of which I shall leave the decision to: those who are better versed in the doctrine of principles of action, and, the mysteries of habi -acquiring, than I at all pretend to be. Certain it is. that ever since I can remember—and, my remembrance carries me back to... the time when I was "scarce a hand. spike high," I have not failed to put. into frequent practice my sleep-walking functions. Many and many at time have I risen a-nights, and stalked: about the house to the infinite terror. of all ghost-fanciers and robbery-fear-Indeed, I have occasionally met with accidents of no very pleasing, complexion: sometimes I have been roused to a sense of being by applying my fingers to the only half-extinguished? embers of the kitchen fire; once I was cooled to life by falling, during a wing; ter night perambulation, into a large, washing tub-full of half frozen water ; at another time, I tumbled into exist. ence down a flight of stairs, a passage, by-the-bye, which I would rather perform on my heels than my head any day of the week. Of all the sleepwalking performances, however, that ever were done, what I am now going to narrate is the But" I think I hear you exclaim, Mr. Editor. " of what importance is all this to me to the public or indeed to any individual on the face of the carth?"-Why, 'tis of no importance to any' body, but the recital may, notwithstanding, afford some persons a little amusement; and if it should happen to meet with a reader possessing a little more than ordinary curiosity, it perhaps might induce him to bestow a little attention upon the ourious, and hitherto unaccounted for, fact of walk

It was about the middle of last Walkers." How, or when I acquired | Dannary. The weather was very boils estat 🤟 in

I had been walking about, amidst the wind and the rain, from eight o'clock Just as I passed the in the morning. Tron Church it struck seven-I hurried on for I was anxious to get home. As I turned the corner of the Saltmarket, I came right against an old crony, Sandy Bain. "Hech, man!" exclaimed he, " whar ye gaun?"-" I'm just gaun hame," returned I .-"And what for are ye in sic a hurry?" "Troth," said I, "I'm just weary an' hungered-I've been fashed wi' a hantle o' messages the-day, an' I'm gaun to rest mysel' an' get my kail." "Come awa, man, come awa, ye'se tak' a stoup o' yill an' a spelding wi' me at the Boot." I thought the offer too good to be refused. We went up stairs, and got a cosey seat by the fire-side. Scarcely, however, were we seated before Sandy, as usual, got headlong into one of his long stories; and I, as usual, even when not so tired as I then was, began to nod .--The clack of his tongue, as he told the story, continued, the ale was that night uncommonly composing, the nod sunk into a profound sleep .felt a pain at my elbow-I had run against a wall. I looked up—the stars were dimly shining about my head, and the coldness of the wind, which " blew hallowly by," quickly reminded me-that I was in the open air! How I got there was a mystery -a minute before I had laid my head down upon a table in the Saltmarket, and just then I had knocked it against a wall in the country. Upon looking round a little, as well as the darkness would permit me, I found myself to he within two miles of Dalmuir! I should not have known my situation so easily, but Mr. Collins' Paper Mill, at Dalmuir was one of the places to which I had been in the morning. At finding myself to be so far from 2007 3 1. . 20 . .

I had been walking about, amidst the wind and the rain, from eight o'clock in the morning. Just as I passed the Tron Church it struck seven—I huried on for I was anxious to get home. home, my astonishment increased. I could only account for my situation by supposing that I had walked thither in my sleep—but a walk of six miles, in the open fields, and in a cold night —it was incredible!

But though I was unable to solve the mystery, yet I was not so confounded as not to perceive that the best way to proceed in-was the way to Glasgow. I accordingly turned my head towards home, and I felt something strike my face; it was, as I soon discovered, the bar of the Toll at Partick, against which I had run: But, good heavens! the place I had just left was full three miles from Partick! How was it possible that I could have passed over such a space, in a length of time which to me appeared not to have exceeded a minute? After some little cogitation, I concluded, from the knowledge of my unfortunate propensity, that I had, wonderful to relate, again slept while walking on the road. The wind continued to blow very coldly, and, upon putting my hand to my head, I discovered that I had lost my hat—where I knew I was certain however, that I had it on when I first awoke on the road, and it must of course have dropped off during the last walk. The hat was too good a one to be lost, and I determined to regain it if possible; accordingly, cold and weary as I was, I bent, in no very complacent humour I confess, my steps once more towards Dalmuir. I walked on, and this time, I walked without sleeping. But my journey was labour in vain, for I came to the well-known wall without seeing anything of my hat-I was vexed at this mischance, but situated as I was, I could do nothing but make the best of my way back to town.

I came again to Partick Toll-bar, and upon going to the other side, I

found my hat-my unfortunate hat, lying at my feet. It appeared that when my head had knocked against the gate, the jolt (of the two blocks, confound them) had thrown the hat over the opposite side; and I had turned about and walked six miles in vain search for what lay within arms reach. I could not however but be glad at finding it, and clapping it upon my head, I proceeded towards home, with all the speed I was able.

I had to go down the Saltmarket in the way to my house, and just as I was passing the Boot, who should I see, standing at the end of the closs, but Sandy. I was on the opposite side of the way, and he beckoned to me to come across, which I did; indeed, I was anxious to know exactly by what means the events of the evening had been brought about. When I had crossed, he, without saying a word, proceeded up stairs, and I followed him: the seats in which we had before sat were vacant, and we simultaneously resumed our places. I immediately began to question him, concerning the circumstances of my departure while asleep; instead of answering me, he began to drink the ale; I again questioned him-" Why don't you drink, man? exclaimed he. The voice roused me. I started up-clenched my hand, and (as I was afterwards told) looked wildly round. "Good God!" said I, " is it onlya dream, then?" " Dream Man?" -why you've been sleepin' like a top for these ten minutes." "Ten minutes !--why-haven't I been-been -to Dalmuir to-night?" And I rubbed my eyes as I spoke, doubting whether I was asleep or awake. Sandy burst into a loud laugh. The clock caught my eye—it was half-past seven! Reader, all the circumstances which I have narrated as having taken place,

Boot, till the moment Sandy's "why don't you drink man" caught my ear, did NOT take place. I had never stirred from my seat-that seat upon which I had been sitting scarcely a quarter of an hour. During so short a period what dangers had I not was dergone? what a perilous journey had I not taken? and all in a dream't How curiously does Fancy gather together the odds-and-ends of men's ideas, forming thereof a barrier against reason! How quick is thought !-What an active, out-of-the-way, bast, meddling, devil is the imagination that si a R.

PARIS-ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS: [Continued.]

e 25 ·

ไรร, หรือ อย่านิสิ

on of realt in failured in the

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the only Gothic building of note in Paris, and it is by no means equal to the expectations we had been led to form of it. The style of its architecture is not that of the finest Gethic; it has neither the exquisite lightness of ornament which distinguish the summit of Gloucester Cathedral, nerthe fine langet windows which give to unrivalled a beauty to the interior of Beauvais, nor the richness of roof which covers the tomber at. Westmin - ... ster Abbey. Its character is that of:: massy greatness; its ornaments are: rich rather than elegant, and its insiterior striking more from its immense. size than the beauty of the proportion in which it is formed. In spite of Mai: these circumstances, however, the Cathedral of Notre Dame produces a deep -impression on the mind of the beholder: its towers rise to a stupenflour b height above all the buildings which surround them; while the stone of i every other edifice is of a light colour, from the time I went to sleep in the they alone are black with the smoke

of confusies; and exhibit a venerable aspect of ancient greatness in the on the feelings of mankind, that this midst of the brilliancy of modern decoration with which the city is filled. Even the crowd of ornaments with which they we loaded, and the heavy esportion in which they are built, are orgotten in the effect that their magtitude produces; they suit the gloomy character of the building they adom, and accord with the expression of antiquated power by which its aged forms are now distinguished.

To these who have been accustomed to the form of worship which is established in Protestant countries, there is nothing so striking in the Catholic churches as the complete oblivion of rank, or any of the distinctions of established society which there universally prevails. There are no divisions of seats, nor any places fixed for any particular classes of society. All, of whatever rank or station, kneel alike upon :the marble pavement; and the whole extent of the church is open for rie Antoinette and the Dauphin. the desiction of all classes of the peofortungies. This custom may appear in the centre of the choir. tator which nothing in our service is capable of effecting. To see the individual form lost in the immensity of the objects with which he is surrounded no see all ranks and ages blended in the exercise of common devotion; to-see all distinction forgotten in the sense of common infirmity, suits the spirit of that religion which was addressed to the poor as well as to the rick, and fits the presence of that Bring before whom all ratiks are equal. ्राधनीक क्षेत्री होता है।

Nor is it without a good effect upcustom has formed a part of the Catholic service. Amidst that degradation of the great body of the people, which marks the greater part of the Catholic countries—amidst the inso lence of aristocratic power, which the doctrines of the Catholic faith are so well suited to support, it is fitting that there should be some occasions on which the distinctions of the world should be forgotten; some moments in which the rich as well as the poor should be humbled before a greater power-in which they should be reminded of the common faith in which they have been baptized, of the common duties to which they are called, and the common hopes which they have been permitted to form.

We had the good fortune to see high mass performed in Notre Dame, with all the pomp of the Catholic zervice, for the souls of Louis XVI. Ma." The Cathedral was hung with black ple. You frequently see the poorest in every part; the brilliancy of day citizens with their children kneeling wholly excluded, and it was lighted on the stone close to those of the only by double rows of wax tapers, highest rank, or the most extensive which burned round the coffins, placed printing to those who have been had crowded to excess in every part; all blanation to the forms of devotion in the Marshals, Peers and dignitaries of the English churches; but it produces | France were stationed with the Royal an impression on the mind of the spec- | Family near the centre of the Cathedral, and all the principal officers of the allied armies attended at the celebration of the service. The King was present, though, without being perceived by the vast assembly by whom he was surrounded; and the Duchess d'Angouleme exhibited, in this melancholy duty, that mixture of firmness and sensibility by which her character has always been distinguished.

> It was said, that there were several persons present at this solemn service l who had voted for the death of the

King; and many of those assembled must doubtless have been conscious, that they had been instrumental in the death of those for whose souls this solemn service was now performing. .The greater part, however, of those whom we had an opportunity of observing, exhibited the symptoms of genuine sorrow, and seemed to participate in the solemnity with unfeigned devotion. The Catholic worship was here displayed in its utmost splendour; all the highest prelates of France were assembled to give dignity to the spectacle; and all that art could devise was exhausted to render the scene impressive in the eyes of the people.-To us, however, who had been habitnated to the simplicity of the English form, the variety of unmeaning ceremony, the endless gestures and unceasing bows of the clergy who officiated, destroyed the impression which the solemnity of the service would otherwise have produced. But though the service itself appeared ridiculous, the effect of the whole scene was sublime in the greatest degree. black tapestry hung in heavy folds round the sides of the Cathedral, and magnified the impression which its vastness produced. The tapers which surrounded the coffins threw a red and gloomy light over the innumerable multitude which thronged the floor; sheir receding rays faintly illuminated the farther recesses, or strained to pierce the obscure gloom in which the summits of the pillars were lost; while the sacred music pealed through the distart aisles, and deepened the effect of the thousands of voices which joined in the strains of repentant prayer.

Though the streets in Paris have an aged and uncomfortable appearance, the form of the houses is such, as, at a distance, to present a picturesque as-Their height, their sharp and

which they assume when seen from different quarters, all combine to render a distant view of them more striking than the long rows of uniform houses of which London is composed. The domes and steeples of Paris, however, are greatly inferior, both in number and inagnificence, to those of

the English capital.

The gardens of the Thuilleries and the Luxembourg, of which the Parisians think so highly, and which are constantly filled with all ranks of citizens, are laid out with a singularity of taste, of which, in this country, we can scarcely form any conception. The straight walks—the clipt trees the marble fountains are fast wearing out in all parts of England; they are to be met with only round the mansions of ancient families, and, even there are kept rather from the influence of ancient prejudice, or from the affection to hereditary forms than from their coincidence with the present taste of the English people. They are seldom, accordingly, disagrecable, with us, to the eye of the most cultivated taste; their singularity forms a pleasing variety to the continued succession of lawns and shrubberies which are every where to be met with; and they are regarded rather as the venerable marks of ancient splendour, than as the barbarous affectation of modern distinction. In France, the native deformity of this taste appears in its real light, without the colouring of any such adventitious circumstances as conceal it in this country. It does not appear there under the softening veil of ancient manners; its avenues do not conduct to the decaying abode of hereditary greatness-its gardens do not mark the scenes of former festivity—its fountains are not covered with the moss which has grown for centuries. It appears as the model irregular tops, the vast variety of forms of present taste; it is considered as the indication of existing splendour; and sought after, as the form in which the beauty of Nature is now to be admired. All that association accordingly had blended in our minds with the style of ancient gardening in our own country, was instantly divested by its appearance in France; and we felt then the whole importance of that happy change in the national taste. whereby variety has been made to succoed to uniformity, and the imitation of nature to come in the place of the exhibition of art.

In every country, and in every department of taste, the first object of art is, the display of the power of the artist; and it is in the last period of its improvements alone, that this miserable propenenty is grescome. It is hence that the imitation of nature is not what it at first attemped; that the forms which she presents are uniformly neglected, and the morit of the artist is thought to consist in such artificial designs as hear the most unequivocal marks of his individual dexterity. The forms of mature are everywhere to be met with wheel are open to the most sulgar copacity; the power of art therefore it is at first thought. must be shound in the complete subjugation of instural form, or the complets abandenment of matural beauty. It is hence that florists uniformly take delight in double flowers and monsters; which are the farthest removed from the forms of mature ; and it is hence that gardenera always evance se great an anxiety to conduct strangers to the most ridiculous contortion of hatural form, which their domains can exhibit. There is nothing unnatural or vulgar in this propensity; it pervades all branches of taste at a certain stage of its progress, and all ranks of society, to whom a limited capacity of mind is granted. It is hence that every society

aim at singularity of manners, merely that they may be different from the gonerality of mankind: it is hence that many persons, even of a cultivated mind, shut their eye to the charms of beauty in every department of taste. merely that they may display their own . wretched vanity in criticising its imperfections: it is hence that painters select the moment of passion: or exertion, for ... no other reason than for the display of their anatomical knowledge, or their skill in the delineation of extraordinary emotion ; and that poets have so eften. neglected what is really pathetic in the scenes, either of nature or of man; topresent the artificial conceptions of their learning or fancy. In all these, instances, the degradation of state: arises from the vain anxiety of men: to display the power of the estist, and their utter forgetfulness of the end of the Art. าย เอาจาร์ เพราะครรับการ**ะ**ธอ

The remarkable characteristic of the taste of France is that this shows of artificial: beauty continuen with sme dissimished force, atomperial relamination other national itchisegilearplace some more : gensine : love for . the beauty of neture. 51 In them; the natural progress: of refinement has led from the admiself not encioning the contract the law entities love of the subjects imitated. In France this courly prejudice continues in its pristing a vigour at the present Momenta They mever doso sight of themfortiof the antist; ethernadmine tion is fixed not on the quality or one ject an nature, but on the artificial representation of its not on the thing signified, ebut the sign alt is hence that they have such exalted ideas of the perfection of their artist Davids whose paintings are nothing more than. a representation of the human figure in its most extramgent and frenzied attitudes; that they are insensible to the simple display of real emotion, bee exhibits examples of individuals, who dwell with delight upon the vehement representation of it which their stage exhibits; and that, leaving the charming heights of Belleville, or the sequestered banks of the Seine almost wholly deserted, they crowd to the stiff alleys of the Elysian Fields, or the artificial beauties of the gardens of Versailles.

In the midst of Paris this artificial style of gardening is not altogether unpleasing; it is in unison, in some measure, with the regular character of the buildings with which it is surrounded; and the profusion of statues and marble vases continues the impression which the character of their palaces is fitted to produce. But at Versailles, at St Cloud, and Fontainbleau, amidst the luxuriance of vegetation, and surrounded by the majesty of forest scenery, it destroys altogether the effect which arises from the irregularity of natural beauty. Every one feels straight borders, and square porticoes and broad alleys, to be in unison with the immediste weighbourhood of an antiquated names on; but they become painful when extended to those remoter parts of the grounds, when the character of the scene is determined by the rudeness of uncultivated nature.

- There are some occasions, nevertheless, on which the gardens of the Thuilleries present a beautiful spectacle, in spite of the artificial taste in which they are formed. From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians, of all classes, live much in the open air, and frequent the public gardens in great numbers during the continuance In the evening of the fine weather. especially, they are filled with citizens, who repose themselves under the shade of the lofty trees, after the heat and fatigues of the day; and they there present a spectacle of more than ordinary interest and beauty. The disposition of the French suits the character of

impression which the stillness of the evening produces on the mind. There is none of that rioting or confusion by which an assembly of the middling classes in England is too often disgraced; no quarrelling or intoxication even amongst the poorest ranks, nor any appearance of that degrading want which destroys the pleasing idea of The people appear public happiness. all to enjoy a certain share of individual prosperity; their intercourse is conducted with unbroken harmony, and they seem to resign themselves to those delightful feelings which steal over the mind during the stillness and serenity of a summer evening. would seem as if all the angry passions of the breast were soothed by the voice of reposing nature—as if the sounds of labour were stilled, lest they should break the harmony of the scene -as if vice itself had concealed its deformity from the overpowering influence of natural beauty. The seenery itself assumes a finer character: the artificial taste in which the gardens are formed, is concealed by the obseure gloom which twilight produces; the rich and varied outline of the trees is clearly defined on the fading colours of the western sky; while the spires of the city appear reflected in deep shadow on the surface of the river. whose unruffled waters still boar the lingering light of the departing day.

Still more beautiful, perhaps, is the appearance of this scene during the stillness of the night, when the moon throws her dubious rays over the objects of nature. The gardens of the Thuilleries remain crowded with people, who seem to to enjoy the repose which universally prevails, and from whom no sound is to be heard which can break the stillness or the serenity of the scene. The regularity of the forms is wholly lost in the masses of the scene, and harmonises with the light and shadow that are there dis-

played; the foliage throws a chequered shade over the ground heneath, while the distant vistas of the Elysian ·Fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the moon is so peculiarly distinguished. After passing through the scenes of galety and festivity which mark these favourite scenes of the French people, , we frequently came to small encampments of the allied troops in the remote parts of the grounds. The appearance of these bivouacks, composed of Cossac squadrons, Hungarian hussars, and Prussian artillery, in the obscurity of moonlight, and surrounded by the gloom of forest scenery, was beyond measure striking. The picturesque forms of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms under the shade of the trees, or half hid by the rude huts which they had crected for their shelter; the varied attitudes of the horses standing amidst the waggons by which the camp was followed, or sleeping beside the veterans whom they had borne through all the fortunes of war; the dark masses of the artillery, dimly discerned in the shades of night, or faintly reflecting the pale light of the moon, presented a scene of the most beautiful description, in which the rude features of war were softened by the tranquility of peaceful life: and the interest of present repose was enhanced by the remembrance of the wintry storms and bloody fields through which these brave men had passed, during the memorable campaigns in which they had been engaged. The effect of the whole was increased by the perfect stillness which everywhere prevailed, broken only at intervals by the slow step of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds, or the sweeter sounds of those beautiful airs, which, in a far distant country, recalled to the Russian soldier the joys and the happiness of his native land.

IRRESOLUTION.

Paris.

Franchesemont is the man of my acquaintance who has the greatest quantity of English spirit, and French esprit: his opinions are always liberal, his intentions always upright, and his wishes always humane. As he joins to the possession of these qualities high rank and an immense fortune, it is no wonder that he is perpetually incited by his friends to enter into publie life, to serve his country in the field, or his fellow-citizens in the se-His own ardour seconds their advice; but after ten years' deliberation he has not yet determined whether he shall pursue the career of arms, or whether he shall join himself to a party of patriots, and make himself the dread of an encroaching court; nor is he entirely divided between these pursuits. I found him one day cagerly perusing Euler; when he declared with emphasis, that the abstract sciences were the occupation best adapted to make man happy, to engage his mind without irritation, to offer obstacles without any great danger of defeat, and to point out results which contained no disappointment. On another occasion, he was examining Varro and Columella; and when he informed me that he had fully determined to abandon public life, and to make himself useful to mankind by the improvement of agriculture, an occupation which was of certain benefit to the public, and gave a zest to domestic enjoyment, I endeavoured, with eagerness, to deter him from this resolution; but the more I argued the more he persisted in exalting the charms of retirement. hours afterwards he burst into my room, and informed me of the landing of Bonaparte. After the first surprise I asked him " What do you mean to

do?"—" Oh! as for that, my reso- triots. lution is taken: the success of Napo- cero—with what fatal imprudence he leon would put an end to the peace of lent himself to the policy of Pompey, Europe, and the liberty of France: and consented to prolong the command whatever faults I find with the present of Casar, till at length, aware of his government may be repaired: it is my duty as a citizen to arm. I shall offer to put myself at the head of the Na- eris, proscribare; si viceris tamen tional Guard of my province, in which services; so it will be with the adhethe enemy has landed, and if the King rents of Napoleon." Notwithstanding will allow me to be independent of his Generals, we may have a very speedy success; prosperous event will convince the court that the friends of liberty are not the enemies of royalty." I approved warmly of his intention, and advised him to go instantly to the Thuilleries. But before doing so he thought proper to consult his friends. The first he went to was a virtuous, but somewhat fanatical Constitutionalist. On hearing his friend's intention, "What," said he, " will you leave Paris till you have assured to your i country the observation of the charter? The present is a moment of alarm to the court, and they will grant any thing; but if this movement is repressed, the cowl and the censorship will be more active than ever. If you value France, go to the Chamber, and ask for the appointment of a constitutional ministry." Franchemont, somewhat shaken, went to his next friend, who, being a Republican, said to him, "It is all over with the Bourbons: the whole country will be in favour of Napoleon; and, besides, their bad faith is too notorious to make any concession valuable: wait in Paris, and we may bind down Napoleon to a real charter."-" Perhaps," said Eranchemont, " the country, as you say, is ready to pronounce the abdication of the Bourbons: if so, I am quiet; but even then I never can favour the cause of Napoleon. The assistance of a military chief has always brought on the downfall of real pa- before he has finally determined, the

Recollect the example of Cifolly, he exclaimed to his friend, on entering upon the civil war, Si victus my friend's speech, his ardour in the Bourbon cause was somewhat cooled by his friend's ridicule, and he endervoured to blow it again into a flame, by the help of a royalist bellows. His loyal friend, however, who was a staunch courtier, said, "Franchemont, your spirit is excellent, but you must not anticipate the King's counsels; it would be wrong to show any jealousy of his orders at this time :- go to the Throne, and declare yourself ready to serve, under any General his Majesty may appoint."

Distracted by such opposite counsel -unwilling to turn his back on liberty-suspicious of the sovereign he was about to serve-too proud to ask a favour where he meant, a service, Franchemont returned to ask my opin-M. de Lasnes, a man of great experience, who was with me, heard his doubts, and addrest him in a decisive tone :- ". Avoid the perils of this crisis; you will lose your own life, and plunge your children into poverty and disgrace. Retire with them and your wife, to your countryseat." To my great astonishment Franchemont seemed pleased, and even grateful for this advice: he went away to prepare his family for the journey. When he was gone, I remonstrated with de Lasnes on the mischief he had done, both to Franchemont and the public.-" You are mistaken," said he, 4 a man of his undecided temper cannot be of real use to any cause:

first moment, which is almost the most favourable, will be lost; when he has determined, he will immediately repent his choice, and contrast the difficulties he encounters with a fanciful picture of the advantages attending an opposite conduct; too keen of sight not to perceive the absurdity of his adheie its-too impartial to subscribe entirely to any creed-too anxious to be right, to bear the idea of being wrong, and too ingenuous and too sensitive to be blind to his own mistakes, he will often err, and always regret: his behavour will be a tissue of rash action and more fatal inactivity; he will gradually lose his own confidence, and inspire the contempt of others. When applied to conduct, the work of a too subtle mind resembles the effects of a mean spirit, and the world are better satisfied with a solution which furnishes a gratification to malevolence, than one winds supposes a refinement of intellect. They conceive themselves entitled to distrust him who does not seem unsuspicious of himself, whilst they respect the undeviating line of strong stupidity, and suppose reasons for a behaviour which proceeds from the want of them. What then shall withstand the man, who, to a tolerable understanding and a sagacious perception, joins boldness of decision? He will repair, errors, whilst a man of niceritact, but less firmness, is content to avoid them; and having once fixed his own plan, he will leave the rest to fortune.

BOULOGNE.

About a mile from Calais, is a beautiful avenue of the finest walnut and chestput trees I have ever seen in France. They stand upon common people of Calais repair hither for their evening dance; and such is the force of custom, the fruit remains untouched. and reserved for these occasions. Every one then takes what he pleases, but carries nothing home beyond what may suffice for his consumption on the wav.

In my walk thither I passed several cottages, and entered some. habitants seemed happy, and to possess some substantial comforts. The greater part of these cottages had a walnut or chestnut tree before them, around which was a rustic seat, and which as overshadowed by the broad branches and luxuriant foliage, composed a very pleasing image. The manner in which the sod was partially worn under most of them, explained their nightly purpose; or if there yet could be any doubt, the flute and fiddle, pendant in almost every house, spoke a stillmore intelligible language.

I entered no house so poor, and. met with no inhabitant so inhospitable. as not to receive the offer either of milk, or some sort of wine; and every one seemed to take a refusal as if they. had solicited, and had not obtained, an act of kindness. If the French are not the most hospitable people in the world, they have at least the art of appearing so. I speak here only of the peasantry, and from first impressions.

The rent of one of these cottages. of two floors and two rooms on each, is thirty-five livres. They have generally a small garden, and about one: hundred yards of common land between the road and the house, on which grows the indispensible walnut ogchestnuttree. The windows are glazed, but the glass is usually taken out in summer. The walls are generally sea-stone, but are clothed with grapevines, or other shrubs, which, curling land, and ofcourse, are public property. around the casements, render them. It the proper season of the year, the shady and picturesque. The bread

is made of wheat meal, but in some tottages consisted of thin cakes without leven, and made of buck-wheat. Their common beverage is a weak wine, sweet and pleasant to the taste. some houses it very nearly resembled the good metheglin, very common in the northern counties of England. Eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables, seemed in great plenty; and, as I understood, composed the dinners of the peasantry twice a week at least. was surprised at this evident abundance in a class in which I should not have expected it. Something of it, I fear, must be imputed to the extraordinary profits of the smuggling which is carried on along the coast.

After a light dinner, in which with some difficulty I procured fish, and with still more had it dressed in the English mode, I mounted my horse and proceeded on my journey on the I had now my road to Boulogne. first trial of my Norman horse; he fully answered my expectations, and almost my wishes. He had a leisurely lounging walk, which seemed well suited to an observant traveller. It is well known of Erasmus, that he wrote the best of his works, and made a whole course of the Classics, on horseback; and I have no doubt but that I could have both read and written on the back of my Norman. To make up, however, for this tardiness, he was a good-humoured, patient, and surefooted beast; but would stretch out his neck now and then to get a passing bite of the wheat which grew by the road side. I wished to getboniston all his paces; and found his trotting? scarcely tolerable by human feeling.

seldom as possible at iuns, and as often as possible in the houses of the humbler farmers, and the better kind of peasantry. About fifteen miles from Calais my horse and myself were looking out for something of this kind, and one shortly appeared about 300 wards on the left side of the road. It was a cottage in the milst of a garden. and the whole surrounded by a hedge, which looked delightfully green and refreshing. The garden was all in flower and bloom. The walls of the cottage were robed in the same livery of Nature. I had seen such cottages in Kent and in Devonshire, but in no other part of the world. The inhabitants were simple people, small farmers, having about ten or fifteen acres of land. Some grass was immediately cut for my horse, and the coffee which I produced from my pocket was speedily set before me, with chlesbodine. some meat, and cheese wthe French peasantry having no idea of what we call tea. Throwing the windows up, so as to enjoy the scenery and freshness of the garden; sitting upon one chair and resting a leg upon the other; alternately pouring out my epifee, and reading a pocket edition of Thomson's Seasons, I enjoyed one of these mean ments which give a zest to life; I felt happy, and in peace, and in love with

...I reached Boulogue about sup set, and was much pleased with its widinty. On each side of the roads said at diffferent distances from two hundred yards to a mile, were groves of trues. in which were situated some ancient Boulogne to sleep, and therefore tried chateaux. Many of them were indeed in ruins from the effects of the Revolution. Upon entering the town, I The main purpose of my journey enquired the way to the Hetel d'Anbeing rather to see the mamers of the gleteney which is kept by an Englishpeople, than the brick and mortar of man of the mane of Parker, Benaparte: the towns, I had formed the resolution having specially exempted him from to seek the necessary refreshment as the edicts respecting aliens. I had a good supper, bill an indifferent bed, and the close situation rendered the heat of the night still more oppressive. Mr. Parker himself was absent, and had left the management with a young Frenchwoman, who would not suffer me to write uninterrupted, and seemed to take much offence that I did not invite her to take her seat at the supper-table. I believe I was the only male traveller in the inn; and flattery, and even substantial gallantry, is so natural to French women, that they look to it as their due, and conceive themselves injured when it is withholden.

्य स्टंडिंग है REVIEW.

destruction

با ربيه غربه بهم همه

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from Ste Legena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and Government in his own words .-By BARRY E. O'MEAHA; Esq. his lette Storgeon. 2 Vols-Con Anned

no delive hart. 5 Had it not been for that fatal suspension of interest in 1813, to which I was indered telegraphics by Austria, I should have supceeded. The victories of Lutzen and Wantsen had restored confidence in the French forces. The King of Saxony was two was bandly furninght back to his capitalit itae stothe some of the French army was atithe gates of Burling and the enemy had bette driven from: Hamburgh. Russian and Prussian armies proparing to passisse Wistels, when the calinet of Austriscostisty with its characteristic perfidy, advised the suspension of hostilities, at a time raken at had already entered into enteredintalengagements with Russia and Prussia : The armistice was only a defusion to gain the time hecessary to make preparations via being intended to declare against Source in May. The unexpected successes obliged it to act with more circumspection. It was necessary to gain more time, and negociations went on at France should be preserved in her limits

Metternich inthe congress of Prague. sisted that Austria should have the half of Italy, and made other exorbitant conditions. which were only demanded in order to be refused. As soon as she had got her army ready, Austria declared against France.-After the victory of Dresder, I was superior, and had formed the project to deceive the enemy by marching towards Magdeburg then to cross the Elbe, at Wittenberg, and march upon Berlin. Several divisions of the army were occupied in these maceuvres. when a letter was brought to me from the King of Wirtemberg, announcing that the Bavarian army had joined the Austrians. and to the amount of eighty thousand men. were marching towards the Rhine, under the command of Wrede; that he, being compelled by the presence of that army, was obliged to join his contingeut to it, and that Mentz would soon be invested by a bundred thousand men.

" This unexpected defection entirely, changed the plan of the campaign, and all the preparations made to fix the war between the Elbe and the Oder, became useless. At Leipsic, afterwards, I was . victorious on the 16th, and should have succeeded on the 18th, had not the whole of the Saxon army, which occupied one of the most important positions in the line, deserted to the enemy, with a train of sixty pieces of cannon, which were immedistely turned against the French. withstanding this, the field of battle remained in possession of the French, and the allies made a retrogade movement on the same day. During the night I ordered the army to retire upon our supplies behind the Ister. The defection of some other German corps afterwards, and the premature blowing up of the bridge at Leipsic, caused the most disastrous effects. the army had passed the Saale, it should have rested to recover from its fatigues, and receive ammunition and other supplies from Erfurth. Intelligence, however, arrived, that the Austro-Bavarian army under Wrede, had arrived on the Mein by forced marches, and it was necessary to march against it. Wrede was driven from his position at Hanaw, completely beaten, and himself wounded. Conferences afterwards took place at Francfort, and proposals for peace were offered on condition that I should renounce the protectorate of the confederation of the Rhine, Poland, and the departments of the Elbe; but that

of the Alps and the Rhine. These conditions were accepted as bases. This congress, however, like the others, turned out to be a delusion, as at the moment that those pacific proposals were made, the allies violated the neutrality of Switzerland, which they entered in large force. Chatillon, afterwards, they presented their ultimatum, in which they demanded that France should be reduced to the limits she 'had previous to 1792, which I rejected.-Had it not been for the subsequent treachery of Talleyrand, Marmont, and Augerau the allies would not have succeeded in forcing upon the throne a detested family against whom, for twenty-five years, the nation has combated; and France would not have been degraded by the spectacle of a king upon the throne, who had the baseness publicly to declare that he owed it to the Prince Regent of England."

He spoke of Sir Sydney Smith. "Svdnev Smith," said he, " is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops, at being so long away from France, and other circumstances .-He also manifested great honour in sending immediate', to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French rrmy; if he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some sottise of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for esponiage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy, he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable.

I asked if Sir Sydney had not displayed great talent and bravery at Acre? Napoleon replied, "Yes, the chief cause of the failure there was, that he took all my battering train, which was on-board of several vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved

very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer .-There was a Major Douglas also who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of of five or six hundred scamen as cannoniers, was a great advantage to the Turks. whose spirits they revived, and whom they shewed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows, without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew He dispersed proclamations ain them. mongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was made and forbidding all communication with Some days after, he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed, out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstand this, I like the character of the man."

Longwood is situated on a plain, formed on the summit of a mountain about eight. een hundred feet above the level of the sea; and including Deadwood, comprises fourteen or fifteen hundred acres of land, a great part of which is planted with an indigenous tree called gumwood. Its appearance is sombre and unpromising. Napoleon, however, said that he should be more contented to fix his residence there, than to remain in the town as a mark for the prying curiosity of importunate spectators. Unfortunately the house only consisted of five rooms on a ground-floor, which had been built one after the other, according to the wants of the family, and without any regard to either order or convenience, and were totally inadequate for the accommodation of himself and his suite. Several additions were consequently: messury, which it was evident could not be seconplished for some weeks, even under the superintendance of so active an officer de Sir George Co.:kburn. Upon his return from Longwood, Napoleon proceeded to the Briars, and intimated to Sir George that he should prefer remaining there, until the necessary additions were made to Longwood, to returning to town, provided the

proprietor's consent could be obtained .-This request was immediately granted .-The Briars is the name of an estate romanticaly situated about a mile and a half from James Town, comprising a few acres of highly cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen gardens plentifully supplied with water, adorned with many delightful walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe. About twenty yards from the dwelling house stood a little pavilion, consisting of one good room on the groundfloor, and two garrets, which Napoleon, not willing to cause any inconvenience to the family of his host, selected for his abode. In the lower room his camp-bed was put up, and in this room he eat, slept, read and dictated a portion of his eventful life. Las Cases and his son were accommodated in one of the garrets above, and Napoleon's premier valet de chambre, and others of his household, slept in the other, and upon the floor in the little hall opposite the entrance of the lower room. At first his dinner was sent ready cooked from the town; but afterwards, Mr. Balcombe found means to get a kitchen fitted up for his use. The accommodations were so insufficient that Napoleon frequently walked out after he had finished his dinner, in order to allow his domestics an opportunity of eating theirs in the room which he had just quitted.

To be Continued.

Poetrp.

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far, to my

Than if day in its pride had array'd it; The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky

Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed

On the shadowy waves' playful motion, From the dim, distant isle, till the beacon light blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailer boy's breast Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers :

The sea-bird had flown to her wave girded

The fisherman sank to his stumbers.

I sigh'd as I tooked from the hill's gentle slope-

All hush'd was the billown commotion-And I thought that the Beacon look'd lovely as hope,

The star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar

Yet, when my head rosts on its pillow, Will memory sometimes he kindle the star .

That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling

And death stills the book s last emo-

Oh! then mey th Like a st

RY.

be addres

Sold alea by Mr. Grif Str. at the pal Beeks, liers, Glasgow,

ALSO OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKSEL

Messrs, Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh , John Hislop, Green John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, I Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; M Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Re say; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine, for ready money only

MELANCE 8

Meekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 15.

WEDNESDAY, 9th OCT. 1822.

PRICE 31d.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

FROM MY PATCH-BOOK.

One of the earliest friends I got acquainted with in the Highlands was He was really a jolly blade a fine, strong-limbed, able-bodied fellow, with a very field of a face. Egot acquainted with him by ageident. He happened to cult at the house of the gentleman ledged with. There were half-a-dozen of us busin employed in the evening laying seige to a half-gallon bottle of whiskey, which stood on the table; and he called in as we were beginning to get a little frolicksome on our seats. In fact, we were at the time in a roar of merriment, singing songs, drinking toasts, making soceches, cutting capers, and setting definite to every sober law of house-keeping. This was the element for After shaking us all by the hand, and saluting me in particular with a most unmerciful squeeze, he sat down, and we all fell to as vigourously

dicted to laugh at almost every body I meet with, especially if they possess any thing absurd in their temperament. There were two or three such characters present, in particular a country lad named Butter, newly imported from the turnip fields of Mid-Lothian. He was a respectable farmer's sonvery simple-very good natured-but possessing that kind of feeling incident to those who have seen little of the world, viz. a suspicion that when the company laughed, it was at him. This invariably put him in a passion, for he knew very well he could not defend himself against raillery. In fact, he was a proper country bumpkin, and I baptized him Johnny Raw, a name which he went by, all the time he was in the Highlands. There was another named L____, a little man about five feet high, somewhat advanced in years, and withal a very eccentric being. He had picked up, somehow or other, a smattering of Geometry, Logarithms, Mathematics, and Astronomy, which he was everlastingly sporting forth inevery company; but his harangues were as ever. The little bare-footed table so unconscionably long, that he conboy was kept flying up and down, like sidered himself well off if any person a shuttlecock, supplying us with fresh had patience enough to hear him whiskey, sugar, tumblers, glasses, and through the half of one. It was quite heaven knows what all! You know I common to interrupt him in the midst am a little quizzical, and incurably ad- of his learned displays, by drinking his

health, singing songs, and other kinds of annoyance. He had a watch which he roundly matched against any timepiece in the kingdom, in This famous watch he regulated by an enormous sun dial, which be had erected in the garden; and the country-side was indebted to him for keeping them to true time, as there was neither orlage nor relockering the parish With Johnny Raw, and Mr. L. who went by the name of the philosopher, we enjoyed capital sport. Johnny, in particular, was an admirable butt for ridicide; and I was buttering him in proper style at the very moment S____ made his appearance. L. I changed my battery, however and commenced a similar one against him. But it is only a blockhead who can be laughed at and even with a blockhead there is notificate if he discovers that he is played upon When I reflect upon myimpudence, in ridiculing, before his face, a person whom I never saw before, I cannot help wondering how he kept his temper But, as I have told you, he was a knowing blade, and took nothing in earnest which was given in joke. However, his acuteness and drollery rendered all attacks in vain. Instead of retorting, as a duller head would have done, he entirely agreed with me in all that was said to his disadvantage, and exhibited such boundless complacency, humour, and fellowship, that I was compelled to desist. We then associated ourselves together against poor Johnny Raw, and so dumbfounded him; that even the inspiring steams of John Barleycorn could not elevate his fallen crest. From this happy hour I dated my acquaintanceship with S-

the mad pranks we played together. mach, he fairly cleared the whole S took a particular pleasure in compound. Mercy on us! he cleared making people drunk; and as he pos- every drop at a single draught. I

hold out till nineteen twentieths were laid below the table. In fact, he was considered a sober fellow in the Highlands. He was also as fond as possible of ridiculous characters; and had a strong perception of human nature, especially when diversified with any thing odd. On a certain occasion we fell in with the Rev. Mr. B ..., one of our ministers of He was one of those dull, heavy, metaphysical heads, who go, among the vulgar, for wise and learned men whose duliness of expression passes for sanctity; and whose general heavyheadedness is considered an infallible mark of a correct, pious demeanour. While at the College of Aberdeen he went by the ridiculous nickname of the Boiled Fowl, in consequence of some resemblance his pale-marbled physiognomy was thought to bear to that object. Notwithstanding the gravity of the worthy divine, we resolved to make him a butt. One evening, therefore, while at supper, I took notice of a drink very common in some parts of America; to wit, a composition of porter and sweet milk, which was used as a bitter for removing ague and curing weakness of the stomach. Swho immediately smelt game, put on all his gravity, and asserted that it was a highly pleasant, wholesome, and nutritious composition. I resolved to put it to the test. Having filled a tumbler, therefore, with an i equal quantity of the two remedies mixed together, I managed with infinite difficulty to swallow about a teaspoonful of the mixture. Encouraged by my commencement, the minister, with his characteristic dullness, took up the tumbler, and saying he It would be impossible to relate all was subject to weakness of the stosessed a light stomach, he could safely know not, in the name of miracle,

diculous scene. It was too much for S___, who immediately left the room, and gave vent to his merriment in an uncontroullable fit of laughter. He afterwards told me that, if necessity had compelled him to contain his feelings on that occasion, he must have perished in the attempt.

I cannot say that I gained much the esteem of the clergy and more pious folks, while I dwelt there; and the reason was, I very seldom went to church. In the country, any neglect of religion is far more seriously noticed than in a town, and a sort of disrepute is attached to the neglect. However, I had a very good reason for my absence, as the church was many miles off, and my particular employment occupied my time as much on one day as on another. However, if I was deficient in this respect, I cannot plead guilty to any want of spiritual exertion while at home. I was often obliged to officiate, even for weeks, as landford; and it was very frequently my lot to have Mr. B as my guest for days together. In such times, I always endeavoured to make up for my ordinary neglect; and the following is a sample of the discipline I kept in the family. Psalms and prayers before breakfast a short sermon in the forencon Psalms and prayers before supper and prayers after supper. To this was constantly joined a long grace before and after each meal, and an almost incessant feast of spiritual conversation between the minister and myself. Mr. B___, honest man, was in no respect loath to do whatever I requested on this score—he did it readily and pleasantly. I should be most unwilling to treat sacred matters with levity, or ridicule the preacher of the Gospel. I am merely stating facts as they did occur, with every hope that no one can imagine, that what I

how I preserved my gravity at this ri- then did is to be approved of or that what I now mention, is to be laid down This unexas a model for them. pected piety struck Mr. B. with admiration, and the whole house with amazement. He considered me a strayed sheep recovered to the fold. As for the neighbours, they knew not what to imagine. Some thought, I had turned methodist-others, that my head was disordered-but the greater part regarded it as a piece of mere waggery carried on against the worthy parson. However, I gave the house trouble enough, for I made a point of making every individual attend prayers punctually, and called upon each by name before the minister, as I knew they would not disoblige him by a refusal. This conceit, however, was like to turn every thing topsy turvey. Was the dinner or breakfast ill prepared, the blame lay with me; I had called the servants to prayers quWere the cows not milked in time the dairy maid was attending prayers. Once, the pot containing fish that were boiling for supper, fell into the fire—scalded a dog, and destroyed with dust a fine sago pudding which was tosting hard by. I was dreadfully mortified at this event, and scolded the cook with all the powers of rhetoric. The only answer I got was, O Sir, I could na help it, ye ken I was at prayers. On one occasion, a child fell into a pot of boiling porridge, which had been shortly before lifted off the fire, and was nearly burned to death. I was firmly bent on turning off the cook for this other instance of carelessness-but lo! what is her defence. She canna baith pray and cook. Every fault was committed while we were at prayers. In short prayers, prayers, prayers resounded through the house. All misdemeanours were laid to the account of prayers, and I was compelled, by the universal voice, to banish prayers altogether.

on On Tone loccasion, Superiand I laid our heads together to terrify the country-side; and this we did very easily, by placing field turnips, hallowed out, and lighted with a candle, in sequestered parts of the road. Sometimes, we would steal into the church? yard, and dressed in white sheets, walk like spectres among the grave stones. At other times, we would secrete ourselves in retired places, and moan and howl most dolefully. On hallowe'en we played fifty pranks, and among others, set off a balloon with a lighted candle attached to it. The speculations of the people on the latter phenomenon were very curious. Some considered it a comet; others, a burning star some imagined the world was near an end, and that this was one of the signs of the times; others, that it was the evil spirit, in a bodily shape, seeking whom he may devour. In fact, this and other contrivances threw the whole country-side into perturbation. S No person would venture out alone at night the stoutest hearted trembled at their shadows. The people, scated around their fires in the evening, would listen to the most doleful tales of ghosts, wraiths, flying stars, copse candles, devils, and ar natural howlings. In short, the whole parish was in a state of alarm—the minister was plagued to death with their foolish terrors—the elders held meetings at which some quaked, some doubted, and some affected to disbelieve the tales altogether; but every one, whatever were their expressions, felt great fear come upon them. The countryside was never so thoroughly terrified in the memory of man. Ale all and on

As S soccupation and mine were the same, we were frequently together in our peregrinations through the country; and we never failed to

thin cleared dykes and ditches bolted into the cottages—kissed the lasses, and clavered away with the old folks, with all the good humour in the world. Their came the whiskey bottle, and the kebbuck of ewe milk, and the bannocks of barley meal. What although the peat fire blazed in the middle of the room, and the rafters were black and sooty. What although the fire was surrounded by half-a-dozen of collies, and the ground was neither floored nor flagged. These defects passed unregarded. Our object was to give and receive merriment-to receive the hospitable welcome of an honest worthy people, and to repay them with mirth and with thanks .-I think I hear some of our town-bred. milk and water dandies, and some of our refined female pieces of sensibility, tossing up their offended heads at this recital, and saying, "What a low, tippling, unmannerly fellow, to sit and drink with peasants on a footing of equality. Stop a little my dear delicate creatures, be not too rash in your judgments. Remember, a smoky city, and the mountains of Scotland are different things. Remember, there is a difference between walking on the light fantastic toe along the Trongate, with a redicule in your hand, if you are a woman; or with a silver cane, high-heeled boots, and ornamental spurs which never scratched a horse's side, if you are a man. Remember, there is a difference between this, and riding thirty, forty, or fifty miles through the keen pure air of the hills, exposed perhaps to the bitter biting frost, and all the sharpness of the elements. Remember this, my dear little, slender-waisted creatures, and do not toss your pretty heads so high. To be sure, to be obliged to stoop a foot or so before you can enter the cottage, blend profit and amusement. We is not quite so pleasant to a laced and drove our horses through thick and collared coxcomb, as to enter a seven

foot parlour door without stooping and it is rather more agreeable to loll on stuffed bottom chairs, with high backs, than to sit on chairs with wooden bottoms and scarcely any back at all. All this, my dear misses and dandies, is verily true; but then we rough boys don't look with squeamish eyes on the worst part of the picture-we look to the glorious scene of old hospitality which breathes in such uncomely tenements; and though your sensations are a thousand times more refined and more pure than ours, yet they are not more joyful or delicious. The man of

Mercy on us! what drinkers these Highlandmen are! Give them snuff and whiskey, and they will do any thing for you. They absolutely drink more spirits than any people in the nation, and are after all the soberest in it. If you see a Highlandman drunk upon his hills, you may sing ' woe to the gallon of whiskey.' It is quite common for two fellows to manage a Scots pint between them of a day, without ever feeling it, and very often a great deal more. We never meet with any of these tun-bellied, bleareved, furning, bloated, disgusting obmonuments of dissipation. The spirit, in truth, is so good—the air so pure, and the constitutions of the people so nest Sgobassa what a hospitable Falconer; but Sgobassa is the Gothic lead. consequence of his kindness. If Falbassa, Sgobassa, and kept standing drove-spurred, kicked, and lashed tleman. Sgobassa lives high up among pitched the hills, and deals in sheep and black ling cattle. S., Johnny Raw, and I un

paid him a visit, no O that I could depict, with anyething, in nature, this happy day were literally mad with merriment. He called his son, his daughter, (a beautiful girl by-thebye) and half a score of the better sort of neighbours. Ham and eggs, cheese, bannocks, and whiskey, were sported in grand style. Then came the piper, and gave us Lord knows how many strathspeys and pibrochs, and L laughed Johnny Raw sung his favourite Lumps o' pudding I quizzed and jocked-the lasses nearly lost their senses with laughing, and the very cows in the byre lowed with mirth up At last, nothing would serve us but reels in the barn. No sooner said than done. Away to the barn we went, and danced to the enlivening strains of the bagpipe till we could dance no longer Our host made the whiskey fly about with unabated activity, and set us all together by the ears. If any one refused his glass -- Sgobassa, Sgobassa resounded till compliance was enforced. Mirth and folly seemed to have reached their zenith, but—they rose a step higher than ever. What did they do, gentle reader guess? why they whisjects which abound in towns the pered, Run a race, a Scobasia mounted an old shelty, his son another. while Johnny Raw, S., and I got upon our own cattle. Away we went light, that the whiskey flies off as soon like march horses, driving through bog, as taken in. I shall never forget ho- moss, and ditch, at full speed; S____ being soberest, managed his hearty old cock. His real name is horse to most advantage, and kept thes I was next, and Sgobassa folfor drink it off. He got the name in lowed. Here, however, an accident occurred. The pride of Johnny Ray coner presented you with a glass, and was hurt that his beast should be outif you declined it, he cried out Sgo- run by a Highland shelty. So on he with the glass held up to your nose his poney, and came with such force till you cleared every drop like a gen- on Sgobassa's leg, that they were both the saddle in the twink-! Sgobassa fell flat and heath; but poor

Johnny measured his length in a ditch full of water, and there he kept kicking and bawling till his rival helped him out the So much for Sgobassa and his entertainmenting sids at doum os could not reduce them to English pounds, exortion estimato The best wheaten bread is about onethird or rathe Ni O Yf The price that

We reached Lyons in the evening of the third day after we left Moulins. We remained there two days, and employed nearly the whole of the time in walks over the city and environs. adopted this practice as the invariable rule in the whole course of my tourto have certain points where we might repose, and thence take a view both of the place itself, and a retrospect of what we had passed.

Nothing can be more delightful to the eye than the situation of Lyons. Situated on the confluence of two of the most lovely rivers in the world, the Rhone and the Saone, and distributed, as it were, on hills and dales, with lawn, corn fields, woods and vineyards interposed, and gardens, trees, &c. intermixed with the houses, it has a liveliness, an animation, an air of cleanness and rurality, which seldom belong to a populous city. The distant Alps, moreover, rising in the back-ground add magnificence to beauty. Beyond all possibility of doubt, Lyons is unrivaled in the loveliness of its situation. The approach to it is like the avenue The horrible ravage of the Revo-

lution has much defaced this town. La Place de Belle Cour was once the finest square which any provincial town in Europe could hoast. It was houses, the habitations of such of the

lot d'Herbois, being sent to Lyons as one of the Jacobin Commisioners, by one and the same decree condemned the houses to be rased to the ground, and their possessors to be guillotined. A century will pass before Lyons will recover itself from this Jacobin purgation win this aduare was formerly an equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth; adomed on the sides of the pedestal, with bronze figures of the Rhone and the Saone. This statue is destroyed, but the bronze figures remain. In test onew last

The town-hall of Lyons is in every respect worthy of the city. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with wings on each side of the front, each wing being nearly one hundred and fifty yards in length. The middle of the wings are crowned with cipolas, and the gates have all Ionic pillars. The walls and ceilings are covered with paintings. There are several inscriptions in honour of the Emperor Napoleon; but as these have been already noted in other books of travels, I deem it unnecessary to say more of them and But the best praise of Lyons is in its institutions for charity, Finits hospitals, and in its schools. In no city in the world have they so great a proportion to the actual population and magnitude of the town. They are equal to the support of one-eighth part of the inhabitants. The Hotel de Dieulis in fact a palace built for the sick poor. The rooms are lofty, with cupolas, and all of them very carefully ventilated. In The beds are clean to an extreme degree, as was likewise every lutensil in the kitchen, and the kitchen itself. The nursing, feeding, &c. of the sick is performed by a religious society of composed of the most magnificent about one hundred men, and the same of women, who devote themselves to nobility as were accustomed to make that purpose. The men are habited Lyons their winter or summer residence. in black; the women in the dress of That demon, in the human shape, Col- nuns. This charity is open to all nations o to be man admissible object nothing further is necessary than to stand in need of its assistance This boomstaise another the weavers, alt the houses to be rased viriado sura si

The cathedral is beautifully situated by the river sit is dedicated to St. John, and is built in the ancient Gothic style. The clock is a great favourite with the inhabitantsimilt is omamented by a cock, which is contrived so as to crow every hour of Before the Revolution, the church of Lyons was the richest in France, or Europetud All the canons were counts, and were not admissible; till they had proved sixteen quarters of mobility. They were a gold cross of eight rays. Since the Revolution, the cathedral has fallen into decay; but it is to be hoped; that, for the honour of the town, it will be repaired.

Le Grand and Le Petit Spectacle. Neither of them deserve any more than a bare mention The performers had so little reputation, that we had no wish to visit either of them!

The manufactories of Lyons, being confined in their supply to the home market, are not in the same flourishing state as formerly in They still continue, however, to work app a vast quantity mofinilagandson the return of peace, would doubtless recover somewhat of their former prosperity. I Some vears sincoothe tilk stockings alone worked morati Ivvons were estimated at 1500 n priace built for the sick priish ringe

bothes workmen are unhappity not paid in sproportion to their industry. with unusual shear in the morning, and continue it in the hight pet are unable tereamoundagh to live implenty."

Lyons appreared to me, from the

breid the white bread meal bread, and black or rye-tirends , The latter is is very cheap abut the measures differ so much in this partrof France; that il could not reduce them to English pounds, except by a rough estimate. The best wheaten bread is about onethird or rather more of the price that is in England; beef and mutton in great plenty, and proportionately cheap; a very large turkey for about two shillings and sixpence, English money. Pit-coal is in common use in almost every house in Lyons: it is dug in the immediate neighbourhood, and is very cheap. The best land in the province may be had for about fifteen pounds (English) per acre in purchase. In the neighbourhood of Lyons, the land lets high, and therefore sells proportionately. Vegetables are of course in the greatest possible plenty; and fruit so cheap and so abundant, as to he sold only by the poorest people. Whoever is particularly fond of a dessert, let him seek it in France: for a Livre he may set out a table, which in London, would take him at least a mixed with the houses, a Louis.

Lyons has given birth to many ce-lebrated men, Mmongst them was De Lanzy, the celebrated mathematician, and friend of Malmertus. of He hved to such an extreme age as to survive his memory and faculties; but when so mensible as to know no one about him, Maupertais suddenly asked him what was the square of 12, and bey communes their day's labour at he readily replied; 144, and died, as it is said, almost in the same moment. This illustrious genius was as simple as he was learned His character, as given amongst the history of the Prench oursely information which I could ob- literati, is very amiable of great learntain, to be as cheap as any town in ing, of extreme industry, simple and Francers Provisions of all kinds were amiable to a degree, and invariably in great plenty, and were the best of benevolent and good-tempered. He their kinds there are three kinds of was 'vet more distinguished by his

tary, though many of them are cer- with glass chandeliers and dustres. character of them. I should put no value on any society in which the ladies did not hold their due place, and perform their due parts; and this is never the case, except where they are properly respected. Gallantry has the same effect upon the manners, which Ovid attributes to learning-" Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

A stranger at Lyons, who makes the city his temporary residence is received with the greatest hospitality into all the parties of the town; he requires nothing but an lintroduction to one of them; and even if he should be without that, an unequivocal appearance of respectability would answer the same end. The fashionable world at Lyons, however, are not accustomed to give dinners; they have no notion of that substantial hospitality which characterizes England. Their suppers; however, are very elegant buthey have always fish, and sometimes soup, roasted poultry, and, in the proper season, game, pease, cauliflowers, and asparagus, almost the whole year round. The sparkling Champagne then goes round, and Frenchwit, French vivacity, and French gallantry; are seen in perfection.— The French ladies frequently visit There is certainly nothing in England the farmers incog. and hire themselves

charities than by his learning be The company make ind hesitation in the learned Thon likewise was a native of intervals of conversation and of eating, this town in moon visit diverge many of the fields plantwot sittle house. The society at Lyons very much Every room is accordingly lighted and resembles that of Paris; it is divided prepared for this purpose; the beds into two classes those in trade, i. e. thrust into cupboards and corners, merchants : and those out of trade; and the whole house rendered a splenthe military, gentry, &c. The mili- did promenade, most brilliantly lighted tamly of rather an humble origin, are This blaze of light is further increased characterized by elegant manners, by by reflection from the large glasses and great politeness, and by a gallantry mirrors which are found in every room. towards the ladies which would have In England, the glasses are pitiful to done honour to the old court. It a degree . In France, even in the gave me great satisfaction to hear this inns, they reach in one undivided plate from the top of the room to the bottom. The French furniture moreover is infinitely more magnificent than in England. - Curtains, chair-covers, &c. are all of silk, and the chairs fashioned according to the designs of artists-The French music too, such as attends on their parties, exceeds that of England: In a few words, a party in France is a spectacle; it is arranged with art; and where there is much art; there will always be some taste of

In the neighbourhood of Lyons are numerous chateaus; most delightfully situated, with lawns, pleasure-grounds, gardens, and green-houses, in the English taste. In the summer season, public breakfasts are almost daily given by one or other of the possessors. Marquees are then erected son the lawn, and all the military bands in the town attend. The day is consumed in dancing, which is often protracted so late in the night; as almost to trespass on the day following These kind of parties are perhaps too favours able for intrigue, to suit English or American manners; but they are certainly delightful in a degree, and recall to one's fancy the images of poetry.

equal to the French supper. It is for the day. Though the farmer usually served in a saloon; but the knows them, it is the established cust

town that be should favour the sport seemed willbeent shoul and the wingh by protehding ignorance and westing erservised in the second views in the second what they seemed no This risomether means not indulging ithat igeneral disposition to: gallantly which charact tennes a French-woman. slo They in bat have lovers of all degrees and quality ties to for ivanity sis late the butther iof this assumed themsility, I to assid it I?

Lodging at Lyons, in which I inchade board, is extremely elicaptorfor about thirty: pounds pet amum you may beard in the first houses ? and I was inhibited that every one is welcome but Italians. wiThe French have an extreme contempt for Italians. A house at Livens may likewise be hired very cheap. The pleasantest houses, Homewers are situated out of the townstrando Ichave no doubt, but thing searche at discuss as smould cost in England tone hundred per annum, wight the hized in the environs of byone; in the loveliest country in the wouldn't the sides of the Rhone and the Sacust and with a view of the Adpantation labout twenty-five Louis settedal rent mcEvery house has a gardehound many of them mulberry orchands of woods and pleasure-grounds. ndhiedefind your south the morning of ther thirds day onlier cours arrival, much pleased with our stay, and with the geiteral appearance of the city and the treer and sitwineoughway hardaridation minuscrintzofs bur destination. As dudistance between Lyons and Avigmountain about 180 miles, werdistributed curffournessimed three divisions, and and of northern perhapsychocylines. 10 Phylominytaniles from Lyons, the road suntimited very various, occasionwww.bulkamdedale. boedered by liedires. in which bees sowers and flowering shrube that perferred the air very dehighentlyd: It is not uncommon to

which Inhada before a passed! There were many of the fields planted with malberry wees and Tober wood that this the been edited floatish base where nos thing elbe would grow won story and gravelly soils This indued seews to be the common excellence of muld berry and the vine, that they may be both cultivated on lands which would otherwise the barrent and basinstorn do

We passed several floor miles on the river Geree a beautiful stream; oc-1 casionally very thickly wooded, and passing in a chambel which as seem from the foad; has any appearance but that of a level. "The enabler rivers in France, like the bye-hades, are hingh nitely more beautiful than the largers the water, passing over a bed of gran vel, is limpid and transparent to a deq gree, and the grounds through which? they roll, being left in their mained rudeness, have a character of withness; romance, and picturesque, which is not to be found in the greater navigable streams. An evening advollationg their banks, would favour the indefination of a poet. "I feel some surer so, that a greater proportion of the whitere of France are not their descriptive proted pearance of respectability was a

swer the came cause. The field with a To those whose atteinion had been

long fixed brethe great political reil vulsion which had brought the watif dering tribes of the Wolgs and the Don into the heart of deranational whose minds had been incessintly anolithra estimates many animates pretions to the time of which we speak (as the minds of almost all Edglishmen hill been), with wishes (do the bucces, and admiration of the explaits of the belive troops who then becuried Paris, it may find avenderings-tides in the topen naturally her supposed, that such all fields to the serve air tof the country the worders of the capith wear, the the

first instance; chiecum colleges in the Purishmenthitalerupian the Boucuriosity had been satisfied by the night district instal activities all the des of Wellington . Marthall & Blucher, County Plateff and much mentions of fordersonalidentes of The Palais Royal the Russian and Prissian officem and soldiera : as we considered a fair min cimen out the whole darmies, that are aduldisand stimes to appreciate the hearties, even bfithe Apollo and the Wenusin balant van a seen and aThe satreets of Panis are always amusing and interesting, from the numbers and varieties of costumes and characters: which they present: but at -the time of which we speak, they might be considered as exhibiting an copitome of the greater part of Europe. Parties of Russian curastiers, Prussian lancers, and Hungarian hussars : Cossucks, old and young, from those whose ibeards ween grey with age, to those who mwere yet beardless, cantering . slong after their singular fashion-, their long lances, poised on their stirmups, usual closely fastened to their oright arms, vibrating over their heads; whom files of a Russian and Prussian -fologous and long strains of Austrian baggage-waggons, winding alowly nthing in the could do rishe soldiers of all vachvissa, Franch servelles alhol, loungofignebouts in their looses treat coats nand blowsom with dung too ded pipes hanging frient their infouther patroles makindintris handinggahout under arms. o dompúsed del dir Russian greriadiera doublished Parisin malional guards; dissian coaches and four, mawering to the description of Dr. Clarke, the apostilions riding on the off horses, and indressed almost like beggars; Russian hearts, drawn by four horses a breast, and driven by persuate in the national coetumes Polish Jews, with long black wheards, dressed in black sobes like the cassocks of English clergymen, with

considerationarille twin apprintitioner devarioned and in the midst of this inof the Listoppens Advantage, the Dishe suppy and all the arrangements of Paris bus virtosimisbossessi visite unitarity and was crowded, Omerning concorporated dight, with Russian and Prussian wificers, in full uniform, decorated with orders, whose somy merriment, cordial submers, and careless profusion. were strikingly, contrasted with the silence and sullenness of the French

. It is fortunately superfluous for us to enlarge on the appearance, or on the character of the Esuperer Adexander. We were struck with the simplicity of the style in which he lived. He inhabited only one or two apartments in a wing of the splendid klysee Bourbon-slept on a leather matters which he had used in the sampaign. rose at four in the morning to bourset business wore the uniform of a Russian General, with only the medal of 1812, (the same as is worm by every soldier who served in that charpeing with the inscription, in Rossifi Ni nobis sed tibi Dominet t had a Bremeh grand at his indoor-manth muta in the chaine and pairs with a dingly surrent, and no guards, and was very segular in his attendance out he attend we hapel, whete the service of the Greek chiefeh or ideale Barra Warrispenned adealers very goodinformation boherming thin, and the grounds which we grow ved of his characten even exceeded lone anticipation. "His humanity was described to us as almost unpassible de le deurepeatedly lest behind thing in chardling with the simp, weine polithermedical ment of this www.staff, beckers the wounds of the French doldiers indiom he passed on the way's andsitumes a standing order of his, to his hospital staff, to treat wounded Passians and broad leathern-belts seall mingled with French exactly dikes not man a ste

- His recombnet lat the battle of Pere Champenoise, a few days before sthe centure of Paris, of which we had an account from everwithinks, may give an idea of his conduct while with the armiese un The French columns condis systement, 0002 stunder to mitties some aitilier, was atticked by the ailvanced guard of the allies; consisting of carely, with some hotte-artillery, under his immediate orders. "It made a desperate resistance, and its capture being un lobject of great importance, he sent away all his guards, even the Cossacks, and asposed himself to the fire of musicetry for a long time, directing the movements of the troops. When the French squares were at length broken by the repeated charges of pavelry and Cossecks, he threw himself into the middle of them, at a great memohal risks that he might restrain the fury of the soldiers, exacperated by the obstitute of the resistestee: land although he could not prevenenthe whole French officers and ymon from being sompletely pillaged, and serial right-from mental formation, ferfenende at The French commander dresthrought to him wand offered him shin swards which he befused to accept, , maying thist ihe had defended himself aget ne guards, and was verlow polar buddwatated also, that the wife and : bhildren of a General, who had been with the Estualivarmy, mess brought . 401 himscrand other, ber placed, a guard toter themowhich was overpowered in -the confusion . The unfortunate wohave who move more heard of, but he -meticded in magnering the children, his a hed made fon them in his own that word | kept them with him until be areached . Paris, when the cordered nanquisystolobalmade for some of her arelational to whose care he committed target expert to his banders handle was uniformly represented to Russian was their enemy. We have

able dispositions, but of superior and deretanding and of a firm pecided own beining vi Of this chan which the time shipithally badries the consental oderlytions of the sallied armies and odo not pretends to speak with laborate conthough optioned had see tall entired that the general opinion in the Russiam asmy was, that the printiple movements were not merely subjected to his controul but guided by his advice ; and he was certainly looked upong by officers who had long served under him, as one of the ablest commanders in the allied armies. 2017.16

He was much disconcerted; it was said, by the less of the buttle of Austerlits; but his subsequent experience in war had given him the true military obstinacy, and he bore the loss of the battles of Lutsen and Bautzen with perfect equanimity; often saying the French can still beat us, but they will teach us how to beat them a and twe will conquer them by our pertinavity. The attachment of the Russian army, and especially of the guardanto him. almost approaches to idolatry; and the effect of his presence on the dierious and conduct of his troops is suppletga burw веедаде-waggons,

As a speciation of the general feeling in the Remianiarmy ab the Lime they invaded France, we may mention the naudoidem anointérention, rehich un officen of the Russian stuff told asside had held with a privite of the Russian guand on the mitroh book after the invasion.... The soldier complained nof the Emperor's praclamation, releasing them to consider as enemies only these whom they met in the field will the French," said he " came bate our country, bringing hosts of Germans and Poles along with them they blunderd our properties, burntloughouses. and murdered tour families :- every * wa man not merely of the most ami- driven them out of Russia, we have

followed them into Polandy into Genmany, and into Posset whose we go we are allowed to find none but friends. This/h he added: in inverse well for us Guards, who know that pillage is unworthy of six to but the common soldiers and Connells do not understand it without remains have been treated by the French, and that remembrance like at their hearts."

ult We were altown the projecting part of the heights of Belleville, immediately southankmousthern Bauxbourgh - Sea Mursing which the Emperor Alexander reached; with the King of Prussia, the Prime Schwartzenburg, and the whole general staff, on the evening of the Solb of Murch. It was here that he received the deputation from Marshale Malmont and Mortier, who had fought all they against a vast superiority of force, and been fairly overpowered, recommending Paris to the generosity of the allies. In Thirty howitzers were pleased on this height; and a few shells were thrown show the town, one or two of which we are assured, reached as fine as the Epline de St. Bustace; it is allowed on all hands that they fell within the Boulevards. The heights of Meranurus were, at the same time, soomed by the Silesian army; and chimen were placed on it likewise. Paris was therraphis mercy. After a year and a half of arlfuons contest, it was at length in his power to take a bloody revenge for the misenes which his mubicuts had suffered during the umprovoked invasion of Russia -- He ordered the firing to cease a assured the French deputation of his internion to protect the city; and issued orders to missishing to prepare to march in the hext morning, in parade order.-He parhimself at their head, in company with the King of Prissia, and all the generals of high rank, wafter passElyscet, the Sovereigns placed themstires under a tree, within a few yards of the spot where Louis XVI. and thany other victims of the revolution had perished; and they saw the last man off their armies defile past the town, and preced to take a position beyond it before they entered it themselves.

At this time, the recollection of the fate of Moscow was so strong in the Russian army, and the desire of revehice was so generally diffused, not merely among the soldiers, but even among the superior efficers, that: they themselves said, nothing could have restrained them but the presence of the Czar; nor could any other inflaence have maintained that admirable discipline in the Russian army, during its stay in France, which we have so often heard the theme of panegytic even among their most inveterate enemies. . . .

It is not in the columns of nessespapers, nor in the perishable pages of such a Journal as this, that the liuvins cible determination; the appendix achievements, and the magnenimous forbearance of the European of Russial and his brave army, during the plates war, can be duly recorded at bistory, war, can be duly recorded at bistory, when they shall have passed into history, we shall have passed into history, and the foreign unnels of inouther matters; are into the period of times; a spectable left equal moral grandour. They out to over

ordered this firing to cease; assured be seen at the Purisian that readministration in plain clothes, and accompanished by the French deputation of his intention in plain clothes, and accompanished by his son and accompanished by his acco

eared officious courtesy of the French- of the service in which he had been man. He is known to be exceedingly averse to public exhibitions, even in his own country. He had gone through all the hardships and privations of the .campaign, had exposed himself with a gallantry bordering on rashness in every engagement; his son and no phew always by his side; his cochess in action was the subject of universal admiration: and it was not without read son that he had acquired the name of the first soldier in his army. His brothers, who are fine-looking men, took the command of brigades in the Silesian army, and did the duty of brigadiers to the satisfaction of the whole army.

We had the good fortune of seeing the Duke of Wellington at the opera, the first time that he appeared in He was received public at Paris. with load applause; and the modesty of his demeanour, while it accorded with the impressions of his character, derived from his whole conduct, and the style of his public writings, sufficiently showed, that his time had been spent more in camps than in courts. We were much pleased to find, that full justice was done to his merits as an officer by all ranks of the allied asmica of On the day that he entered Perior this watch-word in the whole armies; in the neighbourhood was Wellington, and the countersign Talavers. We have often heard Russian and Prussian cofficers say, he is the the French by main force, but his triumphs are the result of superior skill.

We found, make had expected, that: Maithall [Blueber; was scheld sin the highest restimation in the allied army, chiefly on secount of the promptitude and decision of his judgment, and the

engaged during the campaign of 1814, he expressed the greatest regret, at its shoupt termination d and was auxious to follow up his successes, until the retnams of the French army should be wholly dispersed, and their leader unconditionally surrendered. An English gentlemen who saw him at the time of the action, in which a part of his troops were engaged at Soissona. a few days previous to the great hattle at Labn, gave a statting account of his cool collected appearance on that eccasion. He was lying in profound silence, wrapped up in his clock, on the snow on the side of a hill overlooks ing the town, smoking his pipe, and obcasionally looking through a telescope at the scene of actions. At length he rose up, saving it was not worth Moking. at, and would come to nothing. In fact, the main body of the Brench army was marching on Rheims, and be was obliged to retire and concentrate. his forces, first on Crapa, and lafterwards on Laon, before he could bring on a general engagement, that to his con-

He bore the fatiguest of the campaign without any inconvenience, but fell sick on the day after he entered Paris, and resigned his command fet questing only of General Secking the governor of the town that he would allot him lodgings from which he could look out upon Montmatted, the scene of his last triumphi ... He never appeared in public at Parist but we had the pleasure of seeing him in a very interesting situation. We had gone to visit the Hotel des Invalides, and on entering the church under the great; dome, we found this collebrated commander, accompanied only by his son, and another officer, leaning on the rails which encircle the monument of unconquerable determination of his Parenne. We followed him into a characters We were assured, that not small spartment off the church, where withstanding the length and severity, the hodies of Marshale Brasieres and

. Duroc, and the hearts of Generals La-then forming in Bohemia, which afroboissiere and Barraguay D'Hilliers lay embalmed under a rich canopy of black velvet, in magnificent coffins which were strewed with flowers every morning by the Dutchess of Istria, the widow of Bessiers, who came thither regularly after mass. This room was hung with black, and lighted only by a small lamp, which burnt under the canopy, and threw its light in the most striking manner on the grey hairs sud expressive countenance of the old Marshal, as he stood over the remains of his late antagonists in arms. He heard the name of each with a slight inclination of his head, gazed on the coffins for some moments in silence, and then turned about, and, as if to shew that he was not to be moved by his recollections; he strode out of the chapel humiming a tune.

We heard that he had rowed to recover possession of the sword of the great Frederic, which used to hang in the midst of the 10,000 standards of all nations, that waved under the lofty dome of this building; but on the day Aliat the allies entered Paris, the standards were taken down and burnt, and the sword was broken to pieces, by an order, as was said, from Maria Louisa. It is right to notice here, that the famous Silesian army which he commanded, consisted originally of many more Russian troops than Prussianin the proportion, we were told, of four to one, although the proportion of the latter was afterwards increased .-Indeed it was at first the intention of the Emperor of Russia to put himself at the head of this army; but he afterwards gave up that idea, saying, that he knew the Russians and Prusstans would fight well, and act cordially together; but that the presence of the sovereigns would be more useful in keeping together the heterogeneolis materials composing the army terwards had the name of the grand army.

REVIEW.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Nupoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words .-By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—Continued.

Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one about twelve, and the other fifteen years of age, and two boys of five or six. The young ladies spoke French fluently, and Napoleon frequently dropt in to play a rubber of whist, or hold a little conversation. On one occasion he indulged them by participating in a game of blindman's-buff, very much to the amusement of the young ladies. Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his situation. Land captain of the artiflery resided at the Briars as orderly officer: and at first a serjeant and some soldiers were also stationed there as an additional security; but upon a remonstrance being made to Sir George Cockburn, the latter, convinced of their mutility, ordered them to be removed. Counts Bertrand and Montholon, with their respective ladies and children, General Gourgaud, and myself, lived together at Mr. Portcous's, where a suitable table in the French style, was provided by Mr. Balcombe. When any of them were desirous of paying a visit to the Briars, or of going out of the town elsewhere, no farther restriction was imposed upon them than causing them to be accompanied by myself or some other British officer, or followed by a soldier. -In this mannier, they were permitted to visit any part of the island they pleased, except the forts and batteries. They were visited by Colonel and Mrs. Wilks, Lieutenant-colonel and Mrs. Skelton, the members of council, and by most of the respectable inhabitants, and the officers, both military and naval, belonging to the garPison and squadron, and by their wives and families. Little evening parties were occasionally given by the French to their visitors, and matters were managed in stick a manner that there was not much appearance of constraint. Sometimes the Countesses Bertrand and Montholon accompanied by one or two casual island visitors, passed an hour or two in viewing, and occasionally purchasing some of the productions of the East and of Europe, exhibited in the shops of the tradesmen; which, though far from offering the variety or the magnificence of those of the Rue Vivienne, tended nevertheless to divert them a little from the tedious monotony of a St. Heleta residence. 1

Sir George Cockburn, gave several, well attended balls, to all of which they were invited: and where, with the exception of Napoleon, they frequently went, Attention was paid to their feelings; and upon the whole, matters, if not entirely estisfactory to them upon some points, were at least placed upon such a footing as to render their existence tolerable, had not the island in itself presented so many local wants and miseries. It would, perhaps, have been much better, and more consistent with prepriety, had Napoleon been accommodated at, Plantation House, until the repairs and additions making to Longwood were fluished, instead of being so indifferently provided for in point of lodginga: at the Briars. I must, however, do the admiral the justice to say, that upon this point I have resson to believe he was not at liberty to carry his own wishes into effect, ,, In the mean time, no exertions were spaced by Sir George Cockburn to enlarge and improve the old building, so as to render it capable of containing so great an increase of inmates. For this purpose, all the workmen, not only of the squadron, but in the island, were put in requisition; and Longwood, for nearly two months, presented as busy a scene as has ever been witnessed during the war, in any of his majorty's dock yards, whilst a fleet was fitting out under the personal directions of some of our first naval commanders of The admiral, indefatigable in his exertions, was frequently seen to arrive at Longwood shortly after sun-rise, stimulating by his presence the St. Helena workmen who, in general, lazy and indolent, behold with autonishment the dispatch and activity of a man-of-war succeed to the

they had been accustomed both to witness and to practise.

Every day bodies of two or three hundred teathen were employed in carrying up from James Power timber and other materials for building together with furniture, which, though the fbest was purchased at an enormous expense, whatever it could be procured, was paltry and oldfishioned. Bo deficient was the island in the means of transport, that almost every thing even the very stones, for building, were carried up the steep side-path on the heads and shoulders of the seamen, occasionally assisted by fatigue parties of the fifty-third regiment. " By means of incessant labour. Longe bed Housewas enlarged se as to admit jon the 9th of December, Napoleon and part of his household, Count and Countess Montholon and children. Count and young Lis Cases.

Napoleon himself had a smith married bed-room on the ground-floor, a withing room of the same dimensionel and aradi of small ante-chamber, in which a bath was put up. The writing room opened into a dark and low spattment, which was converted into a dinnig room? The opposite wing committed of a bedrooping langue than that of Napoleotics, which with an ante-chamber and pigest formed the accommodation for Count, and Counters
Montholon and soil From the miningroom a door led to a drive ing room; Worlt eighteen fact by ififuentin En probattyatibh of this, one longer, much higher, and shore airy, was built of wood, by Sir George Cockburn, with three windows on each side, and a vitanda, leading to the guiden. This, although it laboured under the inconvenience of becoming intokrably that towards the exening, whenever the sun shone forth in tropical splendous, by the rays penetrating the wood of which it was composed, was the only good room in the building. Las Came had a room next the kitchen, which had formerly been occupied by some of Colonel Skelton's terrants, through the ceiling of which an opening was cut, so as to admit a very narrow stair, leading to a sort of cock-loft above, where his son reposed. 'The garretts over the old building were floored, sind converted, into apartments for Marchand, Cipriani, St. Dennis, Josephiae, &q. From the sloping structure of the roof, it was impossible to stand upright in those garrets, unless in the centre, and the sure, penetrating through characteristic idleness which, until then, the slating, rendered them occasionally insupportably bot. with tents. Lieutenant Blood, and Mr. by order of Sir George Cockburn, for the Cooper, carpenter of the Northumberland, orderly officer and myself. with several artificers from the ship, also

Additional rooms were resided upon the premises; the two form constructing for them, and for General sinder an old studding sail, which had been Gourgaud, the orderly officer, and myself, converted into a tent. A very liberal who, in the mean time, were accommodated table, (considering St. Helene,) was found

PORTRY.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT SEA.

8 Thou, who bidst these occup-strange Their primal bounds and limits keep: Who lay'st Thy temple's starry beams - Unabaken on the mighty deep; Conduct us o'er the trackless waste

That spurns the print of human feet, But where Thy presence may be traced, In every wind and wave we meet!

And as these liquid plains we rove, Should stormy winds resistless blow, O'seve us from the flash above!

O spare us from the gulph below! And in these soul-appalling hours, When death rides high on every wave,

Assist, O Lord! our feeble powers, And save-when Thou alone canst save!

And on those plains of early day, Where first the star-light was unfurl'd.

That shed salvation from its ray, And splendour o'er a nighted world;

O-shroud us from the scorching beam, That proye on life's diminished spring, From fever's wild delirious dream.

The tiger's wrath, the serpent's sting. But teach us,-more than all the rest.-To how submissive to thy will; In all thy tender mercies blest,

In all thy judgments patient still!

That Thou, life's weary voyage past, By favouring gales or tempests driven,

Our steadfast barks may gain at last

beaven.

TO A DYING ROSE.

Their wished for port-their port in

Sweet flower, adien! now Autumn strews thy sweets

And pale decay completes her sickly work; Although thy scatter'd leaves, like just men's deeds.

Smell sweetly ev'n indust; for thou dos hold Within the foldings of thy reseate breast, An incense sweeter far than all the stores

Exhal'd in summer's most acknowledg'd cherros. With beauty bursting:---now, alas! beseft

Of all thy blushing kindred, thou alone Stand'st lovelier in thy parted loneliness. Sweet flower, for thee the Autumn blasts have nought

Of Friendship, or the genial sympathy Which bids thy blushes speak, and gives unsought,

The full fraught-odour of thy virgin charms :

To thee their breath is bitter, and the dews Which chilly eve uncuneciously distile, Though sweet to earth, are thy funereal

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rustieus will appear next week; and we would be bappy to receive further communications from him, A Dwarf's 'Country Wedding' will make its appearance in our next. We would advise him, however, in future, to shorten his effusions. The Melange is by no means a fit publication for long-winded articles.

TO THE PUBLIC.

3. The present Proprietors, in entering on the management of this Publication, beg to solicit a communace of that support which it received under the former conductors; to merit which, they pledge their best and unwexited efforts to procure whatever is new and important in Literature and they Arla. -

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successors to W. Tait, Lycum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor. Solid also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers, Glasgow. Also of the following Booksellers:—Messrs, Hunter, 23, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh; John Hislop, Oreenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Palsley; Robert Mathie, Klimarnock; Malacolm Currin, Port. Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irving, Dirgardy maner Soit. for seady money buly.

LITERARY MELANCE:

Wacekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 16.

WEDNESDAY, 16th OCT. 1822.

Price 31d.

CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. 4.

عدين منابع

THE ORPHAN.

It was a beautiful afternoon in July, when the old minister and I were sitting on one of the grave stones of the little church-yard of Glentorly. sun, which had burned intensely during the day, was steeped and cooled in the dews of the evening: nature, which had sickened under his sultry beams, began to revive; and there was a freshness and almost a satisfaction, when his vast burning orb sunk beneath the sea, trailing a mighty volume of burnished clouds along with it .-The declining luminary hid his golden visage in the deep; but, in his fall, he was not less glorious than when he arose, in majesty, at the dawn of that day. As he sunk downwards from his elevation, the clouds, which had fled to the uttermost parts of the sky, appeared, and decked the mighty azure of heaven with a thousand fantastic shapes ;-but they could not shade the majestic ball from the eyes of man -they could not, like the vapours that pass before the moon, obscure his brilliant face, and cast a dim vail between it, and the inhabitants of the earth.

glory-he pierced them with his irresistable beams—and, as they rose around him on every side, they were a bright investiture of shining veils, through which his majestic visage shone. It was a noble sight to witness that luminary fall into the deep, making himself every moment more beautiful, -investing himself with a prouder livery,—and sinking from mortal sight with undiminished grandeur.

The minister was a pious man, of a fine imagination, and did not fail to enjoy the splendour of such a scene. But he was an aged man, and I was young. I had met with no sorrows; and he was a man of many woes. had dwelt in the house of feasting and mirth; but he had been long conversant with the house of mourning. What wonder then, that we surveyed the setting sun with different eyes? I gazed upon it with the maddening poetical enthusiasm of youth; I likened it to the glorious empire of romance. The clouds that rolled along, were so many shining chariots moving, through space, by some magician's wand-the beings who basked in the celestial glow were the inhabitants of fairy land. I figured, in imagination, their vaulted bowers-their plains of burnished gossamer—their dance and melodious No, he made them subservient to his music in this strange region and I

wished I could transform myself to one of these light forms, and see the secrets of a place so wonderfully hid from human eyes. But the minister looked on with sublimer feelings. He saw nothing but an image of the Eternal above him; and, as that image fell beneath the horizon, he sighed deeply, but not sadly, and said 'O Lord! what must thou thyself be, when even thine emblems are so majestic.'

The place of tombs, where we sat, appeared more lonely in the dusk of twilight. The rows of elm and alder trees, that shaded the avenue, nodded silently as the soft sweet breeze of evening came among their branchesand the melancholy cuckoo continued his plaintive and incessant cry. every side were planted the sepulchres of the dead. Some were railed in, and adorned with a marble slab to tell who lay there. Some were simply flagged; and others had a head-stone at the top of the mound, with the ordinary inscription cut out upon it. Some of the dead had neither railing, nor marble, nor stone of any kind, to shield their remains. The green turf, raised a foot above the yard, was the only memorial that underneath reposed their ashes. 'This is a lovely place;' said the old man, 'but it is a place I love to sit in, for it minds me that I must soon lie down here; and prepares me for that last rest—come when it will. But there are those beneath that green sod whom I once called my own, and whom There are I loved more than life. those who, when alive, made me happy—too happy; but they are dead now, and have left me an hermit .-My wife, my daughter, and two of my fair sons, lie in yonder grave, to the right hand; and before us, beneath that stone, lie two others equally dear to me. I turned to the stone to which he pointed, and read:

1.1

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY WILLIAMSON,

Aged 23, AND MARGARET, HIS WIFE, AGED 19, Obilt. 18—

These are young persons, said I,they seem to have died in the same ' They are young in years,' replied the old man, ' but I wish that many, three times older, were equally fit to die. Henry, whose name you see on the stone, was my son. Margaret, his wife, was an orphan, who lived in my house. I shall relate their story, it is short but affecting.' When I think on my dear Margaret Harvey, my heart warms within me, and I feel again, all the enthusiasm of youth. I took her into my house when eight years old, for she was left an orphan by the death of her father and mother. who departed within six months of each other. I knew her parents well. They were a genteel but broken family -people without guile-fearers of God, and lovers of all mankind. remember well, when I made my last visit to her dying mother. Poor, good woman, she felt no regret in dying, but that of leaving her orphan on the wide world. She told me that she wished to die, if it were not for little Margaret; but what would the poor orphan do when she was away? It would have melted a heart of stone to have seen the little child weeping by her mother's bed at this moment sobbing bitterly, and holding her dying parent by the hand. She was so beautiful, so full of innocence, so helpless. My heart could not bear it. I took the sweet cherub up on my knees, blessed her, and told her mother that, while I lived, she should never want a parent. This went to the dying christian's heart. She strove to speak, and thank me, but she could not, for the dim shadow of death was already over her. She could only

Legil.

hold out her hand, press mine, and exquisite blending of the lily and rose shed upon both of us a benignant smile in her countenance. As she was my before her pure spirit departed.

When I took little Margaret into my house, my family consisted only of my wife and one surviving son-Though I had lost three of my children I was still very happy. Their remembrance, no doubt, brought, at times, a tide of melancholy recollections over my soul; yet a sense of religion mellowed all these griefs, and I blessed God that he had not taken away all my house. I was truly happy, and my happiness was augmented when I found, in this poor orphan, a new daughter to solace myapproaching age. My wife was as happy as I was, and so was my son; for, although only 12 years old, he was a feeling boy, and pitied her because she was a helpless orphan. Indeed who would not love such a bonny flower? You are a young man, and it may better fit your lips to speak of beauty than mine -Nevertheless, she was a lovely being, and as I looked upon her, she seemed a child of heaven—a seraph sent down to bless my grey hairs. Experience and age have taught me to lay earthly charms to small account; but, in this sweet orphan, there was something so bewitching, that she won every eye, and there was a magic in her expression—an innocence—a purity-a single heartedness-and an affection that thawed the frosts of age, and made the blood of feeling circulate in channels it had long fled from and left dry. Well do I remember her Jellow, sunny hair, which hung, in graceful ringlets, down her noble forehead, her sweet temples, and her snowwhite neck | Well do I remember the beautiful blue of that soft winning expressive eye, which so often was turned in prayer to its God-or steeped in pity, or lighted up in mirth. I

adopted child, I looked on her with a compassion I never felt for my own children; and I loved her at last, as well as it was possible for father to love his child. And how could it be otherwise, for her mind was even more beautiful than her body, and she seemed to me a being pure as the mountain snow. I half regretted that she was so lovely, and many an hour have I sighed to think, that so much beauty should ever decay-that the grave should ever close upon such a form-but I was comforted, because I knew that her better portion would inherit a country, where neither death, nor the grave can enter.

Here the old man wept.

' Young man, if you had seen my Margaret, you would forgive this tear, or rather you would blame me, if I could have spoken of her without weeping. She was lovely, but it was not her loveliness I so much admired. It was her pure spiritual heart-her benevolence—her love of every thing virtuous, religious, and holy, that drew my heart irresistibly towards her. I taught her young lips to lisp the name of her Maker. I taught her to fall down morning and evening before him, and pray, that through the blood of the Redeemer, he would wipe away her sins. Pious and virtuous as she was, I taught her that she was but a sinner. She believed it, and profited by it. In the spring and summer mornings, I led her out to the fields. and showed her the goodness of God in clothing them with verdure; then I would take her to this spot—to this very spot, and show her the tombs of the dead—and tell her, that one day she would lie there, along with her sainted mother—aye, sleep there till the last trumpet pierce the dull ears shall never forget these, nor the ra- of the slumberers, and make them lisdiant smile of her ruby lips, nor the ten and obey. And I would tell her,

-the child of my adoption-to God as a pure spirit. And she would listen with trembling awe to these dreadful mysteries, and she would weep, but her tears were those of hope and

joy_not of bitterness.
Do not think that my child was unhappy. Religion-true religion leads to pleasant fields, and not to woe. Let the scoffer talk of the gloom and melancholy which shrowds the spirit of the religious, and say, that it is dark as the shadow of death. It is not so_it is bright as yonder golden sun, that lately shone upon us, and all its ways are pleasantness and peace. So Margaret found them. There was not a happier heart than her's in the country side. Though her demeanour was shaded with a native and beautiful contemplation, she laughed with the blythest-she romped about with her playmates, and sung, and danced, and tripped the dew, with a step as graceful and joyful, as elegance and happiness could give.

Years passed over the head of my Margaret, and she became a beautiful young woman. There was not the like of her for leagues around; and indeed, without undue partiality, I never saw her equal. She was altogether, so blooming, so sweet, so polished, and affectionate, that she seemed a being from another sphere. To me, she was all in all. Although I was old, I loved her with such affection, I could have died for her, and the worst of human calamities that could befal me would have been to lose this sweet flower from my arms.

'Years after adopting Margaret, I lost my wife—an event which plunged me into deep affliction. I laid her

that I hoped I would deliver her up the sweet orphan, if possible, better than ever, and she was the only beam to the bainful and insupportable melancholy that perpetually clouded me over. I had taught her the lessons of religion, and these she now poured out to me as if she had been my instructress, and I received at her hands that consolation which I had been the means of instilling into her heart.

> My eldest son, who had been intended for the ministry, was deadso was the next; but Henry, my beautiful Henry, still survived, and got a commission in the army. He was my pride and the stay of my grey hairs. I never thought of him but with joy; and indeed every one who knew him can tell how dearly he was respected. Well, he loved Margaret, and I was highly pleased. He had loved her from the moment his young eyes saw her first; and every day of her existence she wove the mysterious web of feeling deeper and deeper around his heart. And what wonder, for this beautiful being had been his early and constant playmate. They had crossed. the moors a thousand times together He had as often pulled the wild apple, and the blaeberry, and the rasp, and given them to Margaret. He had . no pleasure in any amusement in which she was not a sharer, and happily could he have lived in the most desert parts of the earth, if his eyes had been blessed by that lovely phantom.

[To be continued.]

MR. KNIGHT.

The printed accounts of Mr. Knight's biography, give no information respecting the place or date of his nativity; but it appears that, very early in life, in the grave beside the rest of my fa- he forsook his studies as an artist, in mily who were all now departed from which he probably never very warmly me, except an only son. I never rais- endeavoured to succeed, and comed my head, after this bereavement, menced actor. The first flame of so lightly as before; but I loved theatrical enthusiasm was lighted in

his bosom, we are told, while a boy, at the representation of ' Hob in the Well, by some stroller company in the North of England, in consequence of which, he some years after, offered his yet untried services to the manager of a similar concern, who visited the town of Newcastle under Line; and, equally to his joy and surprise, his offer was accepted. The part of Hob, which had originally kindled his desire to be an actor, was selected for the trial of his powers, which, it seems, so completely failed him, that he could not utter one syllable, and in spite of the pitying encouragement of the audience, and the intreaties of his companions, he fairly took to his heels, and made his escape from the scene of terror and confusion.

A year elapsed before he ventured to renew his attempt, when the love of the stage prevailing, he again joined an obscure and petty company of a wine merchant, in Stafford. strollers, at Raither, in North Wales, therein following, as he informs us, the advice of some London theatrical friend, who had counselled him to begitt' by placing his foot upon the lowest stone he could find. In such a situation fear was out of the question, and Mr. Knight succeeded in his favounte part of Hob so triumphantly that his performance was announced for a second representation.

In this wretched concern, were six candles stuck into the bare earth which formed the stage, were all that illuminated the barn, Mr. Knight remained about a twelvemonth, not however without several attempts natural to a superior and ambitious mind, to amend the means and aggrandize the character of the establishment. Under his directions; his companions were exalted from the ground to th eappropriate digning of a wooden stage, formed by plac-

were affixed to accommodate the ladies with an easier access. The profits of the company appear to have been improved by this ingenious contrivance of Mr. Knight, who, at the same time, added to his own private resources by the occasional exercise of his original employment as an artist.

Mr. Nunns, the manager of the Stafford company, saw and admired the young actor in this obscurity, and offered him an engagement at twelve shillings per week: this was a proposal the magnificence of which transported him. He was introduced to his new situation as Frank Oatlands, in 'The Cure for the Heart Ache. and succeeded. His prospect now began to open more clearly upon his view: by dint of unwearled industry, attention, and propriety, he gradually rose into notice and esteem, and shortly afterwards married the daughter of

During his continuance in this circuit, his first communication with Tate Wilkinson of York, took place, in a manner unpromising enough to the actor, but highly characteristic of that celebrated humorist and manager.-While the Stafford company were performing at Uttoxeter, a sort of practical jocker, inclined to laugh at poor Knight's expense, sent for him after the play to an inn adjoining the theatre and after complimenting him highly on his performance, said, with a grave and earnest face of friendship Sir, my name is Philips, I am infilmately acquainted with Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre-Now, Sir, you have only to make use of my name, which I fully authorize you to do, and you may rely on being well received. Say that I have seen you on the stage and declared my satisfaction at your performance. ing a taylor's shopboard crossway upon Mr. Knight, flattered with this notice, be a bedstead, to the sides of which, steps and delighted at the promised advance of in his condition, wrote accordingly to Tate, making the most of the name of Philips, whose influence was to be so powerful in his favour. He received the following answer:

vysed "Sin, and sowed allegans

" I am not acquainted with any Mr. "Philips except a rigid quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend wani actor to my theatre. I don't want r you.

" TATE WILKINSON."

v. Disappointed and mortified, Mr. Knight replied with similar quaintness and brevity:

Wall of Sir.

TAP. OF

: " I should as soon think of applying to " a methodist parson to preach for my be-" nefit, as to a quaker to recommend me to "Mr. Wilkinson. I don't want to come. " E. KNIGHT."

This reply met the humour of Tate, who treasured it in his remembrance; for, more than a year after, Mr Knight was agreeably surprised by the following specimen of the 'wandering patentee's oddity and kindness:

" Mr. METHODIST PARSON,

"I have a living that produces twentya five shillings per week, will you hold

"TATE WILKINSON."

It was to supply the place of Mr. Matthews, then on the eve of quitting York for the little theatre in the Haymarket, that Mr. Knight had been thus remembered, and invited by Mr. Wilkinson. He accepted the invitation, and succeeded in establishing himself in the favour, both of the mamager and the audience of York.

This was in the year 1803; shortly afterwards he lost his wife, and being left with the care of a small family, he, about a twelvemonth after, married again. His second wife was Miss Smith, then the heroine of the York stage, and daughter of an actress formerly of some celebrity in the Bath

Theatre. miled the se

448 /1/2 519 2

Afterremaining seven years at York. he received proposals frem Mr. Wroughton, manager at Drury Lane, which he eagerly accepted, and made his first appearance, with the Drurylane company, at the Lyceum, as Robin Roughead, in 'Fortune's Frolic.' on the 14th of Octobers 18092 while

Mr. Knight has profited hyevery opportunity which has been afforded him of establishing himself in the favour of the London audience. His principle department is the representation of country boys, in which, his manner is peculiar and original. His person is very small; his countenance handsome, expressive and arch; his voice sharp, but well adapted by him to comic effects; and his action is a curious compound of quietude and restlessness. He is alternately expressively still or ludicrously in mo-There is always oddity, and sometimes pathos in his acting; though the utterance of a sentiment the critics have remarked, is now and then apt to betray him out of the general truth to nature which he observes. lively, and ever attentive to the business of the scene, minutely exact to the proprieties of costume, anxious, ardent, and industrious in his profession, Mr. Knight, in his best efforts, ranks, among the favourites of the day, as a clever little actor.

COUNTRY LIFE. A SKETCH.

Far from the busy scenes where commerce dwelk!

Every one pants for the country. The statesman toils; the merchant risks his all, in the expectation that he may, one day or other, amess a sufficiency to allow him to retire from the smoky town, and dirty street, to the silent, the retired, and the peace. ful villa,

.. The bubbling stream; the thundering cascade; the towering mountains and the extensive forest, are objects of the most intense interest to every lover of rural life; he studies them; loves them, and enjoys them; they are to him the greatest of all earthly pleasures; they are enough to make him imagine himself transported into the fairy regions. With what infinite satisfaction and delight does he take a walk into the country, and there enjoy himself for a few hours after toiling the whole day in the busy town; it is to him an intrim end of all his toils and pains.

: In the country we are charmed with the finest views, lulled with the softest sounds, and treated with the richest odours in nature: what can be wantingito: complete our delight? Here is every entertainment for the eve; the most refined gratification for the eans and a perpetual banquet for the small, without any insidious decay for the integrity of our conduct, or even for the burity of our fancy.

-is Stenery is not the only attraction which the country possesses. person who has long resided in town, and who has had no other society but the interested sycophant, his heart must bound with joy at the thought of retiring to the neighbourhood of a people ' whose brow is the real index of the temple, and whose speech is the genuine interpreter of the heart.' is to him, as if he were about to enter into the society of superior beings, there are few fawning for power; there, few inducements to sue, that he might amost exclaim, with a certain hermit,

Free from all vices, free from care,
Age has no pain, and youth no snare.

Moan autumn spent in the country is, of all the seasons of the year, the one most fraught with objects for the exercise of the philosophic eye and con-

therve, white and hoary, as it were, with age, wavesits bearded billows, and gives a dry busky rustle before the breeze. The wheat, laden with plenty, and beautifully brown, hangs its heavy head, and invites, by its bending posture, the reaper's hand. Fields of barley and acres of oats, stand whitening in the sun, upright, and perfectly even, as though the gardener's shears had clipped them at the top; they gratify the spectator's eye, and gladden the farmer's heart. Some of the grain lies flat, in regular rows, on the new made stubble. Some are erected in graceful shocks, along the bristly ridges. Some is carrying homeward on the loaded waggon, nodding over the growing circle.

This is the most joyful period of the countryman's life; the long-expected season of all his labours; for this he broke the stubborn glebe, and manured the impoverished soil; for this he bore the sultry beams of summer, and shrunk not from the pinching blast of winter; for this, he toiled away, the year in a round of ceaseless, but

willing activity.

Spring, summer, and winter, also bring along with them their own pe4 culiar pleasures.

How often have patriots and heroes laid aside the burden of power, and stole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themselves among the composed retreats of the blooming walks and flowery lawns, surrounded with dewy landscapes. On the mossy couches, and fragrant bowers, skirted; with cooling cascades, how many illustrious personages, after all their glon; rious toil for public good has come to an end, have sought an honourable. and welcome repose on their downy. Who can number the sages and saints who have devoted the day to study, and resigned the vacant hour templative mind. During this season, to healthy exercise, beneath the sulvan portions of the gigantic oak and solein How inelegant, or how meansible is the mind which has no awakened lively relish: for these sweet recesses, and their exquisite beauties!

Almost all the beauties of poetry have been drawn from the country. Our Thomson, our Burns, our Hogg, and indeed, all our best poets were bred here: they received the rudiments of their poetic education from the picturesque | scenery which surrounded them; their writings breathe, as it were, the downtry mir; their minds were formed, as it were, by the ground they trollion; and their growing passions influenced by the surrounding scenery.

sulflamy of the most important discoveries in astronomy were made by people dwelling in the country. During the long winter nights, 'when deep sleep falleth upon men,' the shepherd, attended only by his faithful dog, travoises the mountain to tend his flock, he has therefore every opportunity to observe the appearances of the heavens. Ferguson was a Scottish shepherd, and hemade astronomical discoveries which will immortalize his name while astronomy is a science.

I shall conclude this short sketch by merely observing, that the country is, in many respects, preferable to the Here we have the best of men to konverse with, and the exquisite beauties of nature to behold and admire.

In the state of the state of Rusticus. lian In is oren in the

CHERTSEY MEADOWS.

While Chertsey Abbey stood, these

was chickly ispangled with contalins. groves, far from the dull impertinence and each cowelin endled a spirit, that of man, and listened to the instructive lat the sound of the oursew-bell, would t voice of God; and contemplated the start from her day-light sleep to join wonders of his adorable hand amidat her sisters in the fairy gambels. The the mons-grown cells and rocky shades? Isame believill bangs in the new church, and its: Saxon inscription tells, that it is the same. But now! it speaks: another language the language of the bridal or the grave ; and though its sound often breaks the stillness of the evening, no fairy rises at its summons; either the elves like not its altered; to too. or they sleep in a warmer moonlight. But my tale is of other times, when the curfew-bell tolled, and the fairies. danced, and the minks browed their wine from the grapes that clustered. around the Abboy: I had said the said

It was a lovely evening -the costh. was bright and the skies were brighter, " when, at the usual summons, such spirit started from her cowslip to join. in the fairy revels. Some bathed in the liquid moon-beams, some playedd with the shooting stars, others chased: the humming beetle with spease from the thorns of roses, and others again: danced about their elf-queen, who wall seated on a throne of gossames, that was tinged by the moon-beams into the the colours of the rainbown But there had scarcely revelled it an hour, when their sports were interrupted by the tread of human feet, and the sound infe human voices. In an instant all had vanished to their cowslip-belle, saver the elf-queen and her hvourite what hid in the gossamer, listened with inisi patient anger to the cause of this inco terruption; but the voices spokening sorrow, and the anger! of the gentlet elf-queen was quickly changed to pity 'Tulip,' she exclaimed to den steendant-O Tulip it grieves me for these human mortals; this earth has a thount sand forms of life, and every form all meadows were the favourite resort of life has its happiness; man wonly men! the fairies to the turf for miles around -seems destined to unchanging mis-

ery. But go, Tulip, and dry up those tears, if they are the tears of innecence, but her tears spoke for hery as shere misery, too often becomes indifferent ment, and consulting her talisman, she to him when obtained.'-With these words the elfin-queen floated away on the moon beams! while Tulip, rocked on a blade of grass that waved backwards and forwards in the night-wind. anxiously watched the business of the intruders. To: the human sight she was nothing more than a gossamer womed about the grass, and moving with its motion.

The mostals approached :- a young man, and a maiden in her seventeenth year, who had one arm twined about her lover; while her head was drooped to earth like a tulip heavy with the night-dews. Her form was so delicate; and yet so beautiful in its delicacy! The auburn locks flowed about a neck som white to so dazzling white! stick to veliness is not often looked ou either by sun or moon!-And the youth was worthy of such a maid; though sorrow lay pale on his cheek, and no light was in his eyes.

Maring sighed the lover, 'I hear you weep : I feel the palpitation of your bosome ! Alas! is there no hope left P.... No hope ?....Till now you could always find some consolation for your poor William !-- And the time flits we fast too! Though I cannot aceyd hear the moments tramp-tramp horse, and then I stretch out my arms to stop the next minute that is coming by but that minute passes like the formerico Would that I were dead!

Far and order of the companies

This talisman will show you their hearts lifted up her levely head and gazed on! without disgrise, and at the same time the heavens, with a look that told the? will give you power to do all that piety as well as somew of her hearts. may be requisite for their welfare It was a look so mild ! so beseething !!! Be wary, however, in its use; for so full of anguish !- The fairy felt will! once given; the gift want be recalled, the force of the appeal, and wished to !! and it is no slight tack to make man relieve her suffering; but her mistress it happy: that, which not to have is his had warned her against a heaty studged! read the history of the lovers as if sited a written volume. William bad been blind from his birth; and; according to the astrologer who had cast his mativity, would either recover his sight ist! the age of twenty, or be blind for every! For years every remedy of arrand witchcraft had been tried, but neither herb nor! mineral, neither prayer nor charmichand power to remove his darkness.: 118tillat even in his dark state, he loved and was beloved by Maria: she was the playfellow of the child, the companion? of the boy, the mistress of the vouthway but their love was without hope althori father of Maria would not consent to her union with the blind and helpless William, who, so far from being able to protect a wife, was washie to provid teet himself. He had, indeedy the gift of poesy in no ordinary degree, and could touch the harp as few have have touched it he fore or since it but these qualities alone were anelessmont the knight of those turbulents dimes. when each man was secure only as he! could secure himself, and each baron being a sort of king, of contrie exerci cised the royal prerogative of murder; and rapine, under the usual name of honourable warfare. A poet, therear fore, was a much more useless animal in those days, than he is even in the present; and, accordingly, the Baron rejected the poetical alliance, except under the condition of William being able to see his enemies we reordition? I that was not very likely to be skillfled!

Maria answered not with towords of

The hour of twelve the next day would bring him to the fatal age of twenty, when, if the astrologer might be believed, all hope of recovery was fruitless. But whether he spoke truth or not was little to the purpose, for the Baron would grant so long, and not an in-

stant longer.

As the moon waxed paler and paler, the despair of the lovers became wilder and wilder, till at last it swelled to the utmost endurance of human nature, and they resolved, since they could not live together, that they would die together. This was a pleasure no parent could deprive them of; accordingly, they exchanged the first and last kiss, twined their arms closely round each other, and thus united were about to seek death in his cold dwelling at the bottom of the stream, when they were held back by the fairy, who standenly stood beside them in the form of a female warrior.

Eprhear! she exclaimed to the astonished lovers; 'no flowers spring on the grave of the suicide; no hope is for those who abandon hope-But I come to save, and not to chide; in my hand is the talisman that will testore your sight.'-Maria clung more closely to her lover, and her cheeks glowed like the crimson evening-Look on this vial; it is of purest diamonds, but the water it contains is still purer, --- on you, Maria, it depends whether William shall continue in his

blindness."

On me?—O then he sees already. Hear me and then decide-Yours he shall be at all events, for my art can work greater wonders than that with your father—but as to his sight, pause yet a moment; muchto the car or mind.

thing to him, and when the last sickness touches you, death will be remdered gentler by the thought of past happiness; for you will never bave felt the pains of neglect, the madness : of jealousy, or the venom of ingratitude!

A But William L-will he too be

happier?'

No; the sight is the noblest of the human senses. But you will be

most bappy-

' Enough!' exclaimed William. 'enough! benevolent being whom I see even in my blindness, take not. from me the spell with which her happiness is bound. Unite our hands, as our hearts have long been united. I care not for other joys; for what joys can be greater-what joys so great as to rest on her bosom—to hear her voice break forth in love to me? I know no other happiness—I wish to know no other.'

Maria's eyes were cast to carth as. she murmured in accents that were broken by fear, and hope, and doubt - But can you not open his eyes,: and yet preserve him faithful to me?

' How!' replied the fairy Da: you not know the fickleness of men? The whole round of creation is not sufficient to their wishes. All they sec they desire; all they obtain they despise; and thus they go on from wish to wish, till desire itself; is: ex-) hausted, and they grow weary of life. without losing the innate apprehension. of the grave. How then can you hope to fetter such a being?

'Alas!' said Maria-if William continues blind, his happiness must rest solely upon me; and then if any ill-starred hour should susted me from nay all is on your choice. The blind him, he would be left on the earth, William will always love you—to your helpless and hopeless. No, benevolent sightless husband you never will be spirit—I will not buy his love at the office, for age is to the eyes, and not price of his felicity. I will not with-You will be every 'hold from the sight of this beautiful world, and the beings that are on it.

Let the veil fall from his eyes—let
them be opened to the sun, and all
that the sun gives life to'

'Never—never!' interrupted William—'Blindness!—utter unalterable blindness!—if sight is to make me

forget Maria!'

Acter—a heavenly tear was in the fairy's eye, as she joined their hands. 'May your love,' she said, 'be always as it is in this hour—as pure, as glowing!—But I must be quick, for the last star is fading in the heavens, and the breath of morning comes drowsily on my senses.'

Thrice the fairy touched his closed eyes with the talisman, and thrice every nerve trembled with a feeling of pleasure so acute as to border on pain.

As the last thrill ceased to vibrate, his eyes opened on the fair form of Maria. For a moment he gazed on her in vilence; his heart swelled in his bosom, and his whole form trembled with expectation.

Just Tis she !- 'tis Maria !' and he folded her to his breast as if eternity were in the embrace, while the benign fairy bestowed on them her parting blessing, ere she melted into air-Nor was that blessing fruitless; when the moon, which was then young, had completed her monthly course, the lowere were united in the chapel of Chertsey Abbey; and the torch that shone on their nuptial couch, was lit by the hands of the Elfin Queen herself; and when they died, after an union of thirty years, it was inscribed entheir tomb—Here rests the remains of two faithful lovers.

ANECDOTES of J. MACPHERSON,
THE ANCIENT PRESENCED AND MUSICIAN.
From the New Monthly Magazine.

राम्ह में आए

Mr. Eurron,—You are, no doubt, acquimed with many traits of character pedistance. Donald Macpherson and Peter

culiar to the Gael; and it is believed the following account of a gipsey freebooter will show, how much the ferocity and meanness of his maternal tribe were corrected by occasionally associating with the generous mountaineers who countenanced him, for the sake of his father. James Mecherson, the subject of our memoir, was born of a beautiful gipsey, who at a great wedding attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared. in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a spraith of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gip! sey woman, hearing of this disaster, in her rambles the following summer, came and took away her boy; but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to cloathe him! well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up in strength, stature, and beauty, seldom equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff-house, a residence of the Earl of Fife, and few men in our day could carry, far less weild, it as a weapon' of war; and if it must be owned his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, it is certain no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or distressed, and no murder was ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve thu. poor; and all his tribe were restrained from. many attrocities of rapine by their awe. of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay, on the bier for interment, was the cause of. his being betrayed to the vengance of the law. The magistrates of Aberdeen were exasperated at Macpherson's escape, when' they bribed a girl in that city to allure and deliver him into their hands. There is a platform before the jail, at the top of a; stair, and a door below. When Macherson's capture was made known to his comrades by the frantic girl, who had been so credulous as to believe the magistrates only wanted to hear the wonderful perform mance on the violin, his cousin, Donald; Macpherson, a gentleman of Herculian powers, did not disdain to come from Badenock, and to join a gipsey, Peter Blown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market day they brought several assistants grand swift horses were stationed at a convenient,

Brown forced the juil, and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily-fettered James Machierson in moving away, Donald Machierson guarded the jail-door with a drawn sword. Many persons assembled at the market, had experienced James Macpherson's humanity, or had shared his bounty; and they crowded round the jail as in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities from preventing a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved, if possible, to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompence from the magistrates: he sprang up the stairs, and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald Macpherson soon recovered, to make a desperate resistance; and the combatants tore off each others clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform, and called him to his aid; but Macpherson, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up his own plaid which lay ness, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of this canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid, and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the mean time, James Matpherson had been carried out by Peter Brown, and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson, who was quickly covered by some friendly spectator with a hat and great coat. The magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate; but Donald Macpherson cut them aspuder with his sword, and James. the late prisoner, got off on horseback.-He was some time after betrayed by a man of his own tribe; and was the last person executed at Banff, previous to the abblition of heritable jurisdiction. was an admirable performer on the violin; and his talent for composition is still in evidence in 'Macpherson's Rant,' 'Macpherson's Phroch, and Macpherson's Fare-well. He performed those tunes at the foot of the fatal tree; and then asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his instrument would be acceptable. No man had hardihood to claim friendship with a delinquent, in whose crimes the acknowledgment might implicate an among di acquaintance, . As no friend came forward, Macpherson said the companien of many gloomy hours should perish with him; and, breaking the violin over his knee, he threw away the fragments.

of the violin, which to this day is preserved as a valuable memento, by the family of Cluny, chieftain of the Macphersons,

the fatterier the

REVIEW.

Paramythia; or, Mental Pastimes. London, 1822. and he parties

We accompany our announcement of this volume with a wish that one half of what we peruse, in our critical capacity, were but half as entertaining as this little collection of original anec-

We learn as we proceed in the volume, that the author is an engraver, who resided at St. Petersburgh some time during the reigns of Catherine Under the title of ' Scraps' and Paul. with introductory paragraphs, he gives. us a number of amusing particulars, which have occurred under his own observation.

The first two 'Scraps' that occur will suffice to give our readers a fair. idea of the contents :---JUNCTICE IN

A German of the name of Kietch all very worthy man, was cook and maitre di-hotel to the empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favourite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some ... particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this got " the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and... powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharach, with the worst of his plagues willey beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to ... bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of Donder and blitz was is das for a fly sumus? mer! Her majesty, aware of the micked! soothed him, and affected to wonder their flies should exclusively level all their stings Donald Macpherson picked up the neck at him, advised him to pull off his wig.

which he relocantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full draws suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no, small amuse, ment of the company present.

The cook just mentioned, though able to please the palates of all his friends, and admitted into very respectable society, had unfortunately, anished his studies rather in the kitchen than the library, and could not read . His intimate friend, a court jeweller, who had like him, studied the setting of precious stones with more application than the setting of types, also could not read, at least manuscript. misfortune, though known to most of their friends, was not acknowledged by either; and they were appointed; rather maliciously, to deliver, as stewards, the invitations to a They seated themgreat ball and supper. selves in their carriage, with their hands full of cards; the conchman's enquiry of where he should drive was a thunder-bolt to each; our friend, the cook, to ease his embarrassment, said he had forgot his spectacles. The jeweller had his on !-Still it would not do. They stared at each other, then at the superscriptions, but all in vain. The coachman still lookinground for orders. At last, each findang out the other's secret, they shook hands, swore eternal friendship; and very philosophically concluded, though learning was an excellent thing, a court cook and court jeweller might pass through this best of all possible worlds tolerably happy without it.

The Lollards; a Tale. In 3 Vols.
London: 1822.

a matter of patriotism and of taste, to draw the attention of our readers to a Tale founded on events in English history; having English personages for most of its principal characters, and written in the pure well of English undefiled.

The title of the work sufficiently explains both the nature of the story, and the time of action. A narrative that concerns the Lollards' can only belong to the fifteenth century, and can turn only on incidents of persecution and suffering. The author has adhered to history, chronology, and

to his picture, though not so clavished as to destroy the spirit of it; never theless, for whatever deviations he may make from them, he offers satisfactory, explanation in a preface, the modesty of which sufficiently inclines the reader to look on the pages that follow; with an anticipation of pleasure which they are well calculated to fulfil, and to be, stow on them the meed of admiration which they will be found every way to deserve.

The story opens with the brave and conscientions Sir John Oldcastle, better known by the title of Lord Cober ham, being summoned before the convocation at St. Paul's, to answer for the heresies of which he is accused he maintains his opinions with the constancy which a conviction of their truth and importance slone could inspire, and which makes him also listen with unshaken fortitude to the sentence passed on him by the proud and arbitrary Arundel, Archbishop of Can+/ terbury. He is sent to the tower to wait the time fixed for his execution! but Henry, reluctant to commit to the flames one so brave, so accomplished. so justly beloved by the people, and; whom he had long honoured with his particular favour, grants him a vespite of fifty days, and unknown to him connives at a plan which his triends contrive for his escape. The reader's interest here begins to be istrongly " excited: he sympathizes in Cobham's hopes and fears, plunges with him info the most, and arrives fairly breathless ... on the opposite side; where waving. torches assure the heroic defender of liberty of conscience, that he is waited for by those who are prepared to succor and defend him

Tower Hill was then but a wild neglected field, to which few persons repaired after hight-fall. The friends of Lord Coldina, accompanied by his son Edward, had drawn

Anna to the ball the call

him from the ditch, without danger of encountering the observation of curious passengers, and mounted him on a fleet horse, before any attempt to interrupt their operations could be made on the part of Sir Robert Morley. The moment Cobbam was lifted from the moat the torches were extinguished, and the parties separated .-The late captive passed by the then new Abbey, called Eastminster, and on to Ald-Turning to the right, he took his road through Bow and Stratford, to a cottage on the borders of Epping Forrest,-Here he was provided with a change of clothes, and with refreshments, of which he stood much in need, and his happy liberation was celebrated by pious thanksgivings, and prayer.

Still anxious to serve the cause of truth, Cobham frequently leaves his place of concealment under the cover of night, to attend the meetings of the Lollards, who look up to him as their guide and head. These meetings are represented to the king as connected with traiterous designs against government, and at last he is prevailed upon to attack the unfortunate sectarists when they are peaceably assembled in St. Giles' Fields, then called Thicket Fields; and to the disgrace of the future conqueror at Agincourt, numbers of these, his harmless subjects, are put to the sword, and others taken prisoners, to expiate their imaginary crimes by a mode of death still more terrific Lord Cobham, as their and revolting. supposed leader, is again the object of clerical hate and royal displeasure, and a reward of 1,000 marks is offered for his apprehension; at the same time that a bill of attainder is framed against him, and laws of the greatest severity are passed respecting the Lollard's generally. Lord Cobham, who now seeks concealment in a retired spot in Wales, though careless of rank and fortune for himself, yet feels the loss of them keenly on account of his children. Edward and Alice. Edward Oldcastle has been from infancy

lies, as the husband of the beautiful Matilda, only daughter and sole heiress of Sir Thomas Venables, an oppulent knight of ancient lineage, residing in 'the village of Charing.' Shocked however, at what he deems the monstrous heresies of Lord Cobham, and perhaps not less influenced by his loss of power, and consequence at court, the alliance no longer appears desirable to Sir Thomas; who, strengthened by the arguments of Henry Chicheley, then Bishop of St. David's a name celebrated in the annals of the church -makes known to Edward that be must relinquish his affienced bride; and Matilda is at the same time given to understand, that she must receive as a suitor in his place, Octavius, the son of Earl Powis, a gallant young soldier, who, though slightly tinctured with the libertism of his profession, yet possesses too generous a spirit to rejoice over the fallen fortunes of his rival, whose fellow student he had been at Oxford: and the first advance he makes towards the esteem of the dejected Matilda, is gained by his vindication of Edward Oldcastle against the aspersions of Chicheley, who would gladly impute to the son a strang of the alleged crimes and heresies of the When Lord Cobbam flies father. into Wales, Edward Oldcastle, weeks an asylum for his sister, the gentle and lovely Alice, just ripening anto womanhood, at Lutterworth in Lacestershire, to which place they are invited by Mr. Whittington, prother of the famous Sir Richard, of bell-This worthy genringing memory. tleman has been for many years in habits of intimacy with Lord Cobhani, and is as devoted to the doctrines of Wickliffe; insomuch that he has to ico up his abode at Lutterworth for the satisfaction of being near thereper where the remains of that celebrated destined by the wishes of both fami- man reposed. Here, sheltered flyin

persecution, chastened by sorrow, yet cheered by hope, the young people wait patiently for the dispersion of that storm, which bigotry and tyranny have raised over their heads :-

One evening towards the decline of the year, seated with their host after supper, Edward indulged him with the dear prohibited delight of hearing a few chapters read from the Scriptures. Lord Cobham had obtained a copy of Wickliffe's translation from Wickliffe himself. This was considered by him of greater value than all he possessed in the world beside. Edward had made a copy from that which belonged to his father; and he had executed it with such persevering care and exquisite ability, that it was a perfect fac-simile of the origi-It was, indeed, so like, that to guard against its ever being forgotten which had actually come from the venerable translator's hands, a mark had been put on the rude iron-edged binding which had been supplied to protect it from injury. ward, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Whittington, was engaged in reading the

first chapter of the third gospel, and was proceeding with the following verses :-

And it befel that whanne Zacarye schould do the office of presthod, in the ordir of his course to fore God.

After the custom of the priesthod, he wente forth by lot, and entride into the temple to enceneen.

And al the multitude of the pupel was without forth, and preyede in the our of encensying.

And an annuel of the Lord apperide to him, and stood on the right half of the nuter

' Methought,' said Edward, offering to close the book, that I heard a knocking without.

' No,' cried Mr. Whittington,' 20 such noise have I heard. Close not thy hook, but proceed.'

Edward complied.

' And Zacarye seying was afrayed; and drede fel upon him.

' And the anngel sayde to him, Zacarye drede thou not.'

[To be continued.]

PDETRY.

COUNTRY WEDDING.

Tis sweet, upon a summer's eve, to stray,
'Mong scented firmbs, and flower enamel'd plains,
To see the warkers hop from spray to spray,
Or list to cheerful Philometa's strains. "Tis sweet to mark the sun's declining ray, Call, from the smiling fields, the rural swains, To hear their little offspring lisp, and fawn In all the innocence of nature's dawn. Sweet unto Chloe was the shady bower That gently screen'd from the intruding eye,
When Phillis came, at the appointed hour,
To whisper love, or still the rising sigh;
But sweeter, dearer, is the ballow'd pow'r,
That the desir'd connubial knot doth tie,
That are appointed to be a superior or the street of Thes, sweet enjoyment spreads her swelling sails, And launches into bliss with pleasing gales. And aductics into ones with pleasing gates.

Sees there is the mort of the eventful day

That saw at Hymen's altar this young pair:

Phili shone conspicuous in his best array,

And the, imong rural nyraphs, was passing fair.

The welcom'd guests, the bidden time obey,

The rites to witness, and the sports to share;

The faithful parson soon performs his work,

And blends their interests by a mutual joke.

The guists return they throng the festive board,
Where soups and surfolm, roast and boli'd invites,
thand state manacess itamities, which afford
Taste and variety to chequer'd appoints,
iAll deser, enough was left to gust a hoard
Of Tinkers, or a troop of Carmelites,—
But, to the point, we need not so far roam,
Maphape Fail way find Carmelites at home. shad now, the sparkling bumpers amble round, in decent pledges to fair Chloe's charms, That-health and happiness would mill abound, And shield her rural cot from all alarms;

That proofs of mutual love might are be found. In yearly scions in her lovely arms: The husband smiling, roll'd askance his sya, And seem'd to say, 'tis now no sin to try. And seem at 0.37, is now no sin to try.

Old Hab, an orator of reputation;
Ran, with clastic speed, o'er fests of yore;
Each circling cup gave birth to variation,
Each variation to a fresh encome.

Till, by a nice and seeming just gradation,
Phil. was the subject of his musty lore.

Do not, says Hab, like some unfield of bahoon,
Spend all your prowess in the honey-moon. Young Hodge, a man of senatorial power, Well verst in court and cabinet cabal; Well verst in court and camer camer.

Well verst in court and camer camer.

While drinking punch in B—ta descing helis
Rear'd empires, and o'crithrew them in an hour,

While tyrant's prostrate at his feet sid call;

Each groaning state felt quick emanciation,

From his all-aspient administration. Sy Dick, reclin'd in musing attitude,
Some broading cares seem'd to o'ercloud his joy;
But now, emerging from his persive mood,
He shouts, yo ho, you piper, came my hoye.
Mirth has not half regain'd its attitude;
Life is enjoyment, let us care destroy;
Come, give us botbin John, or some such thing,
But hark's, let it be a merry spring. Hark! now the music heaves its follows strain and Each bosom beats with a responsive glee!
Each bosom beats with a responsive glee!
Each blooming nymph is coupled with here twelfer and they drop a curticy, t'other a congee!
Yelspoid, what shutding, setting, ah! in waits in Description is to high a task for meg []
These street, the floor was stoon replaced with more.

And each eclipses those that went before

But O, illusive joy, 'twas but a dream,

The false accounter of a moment's mirtir,
To flush the features with a transcent beam; To be, then bid for a ye adue to earth.

Just emblem of the worm whose life's a glesm,
Aurora is the herald of its birth;
It feets in life while day doth ambient blase,
But sinks to endless rest as light decays.

For sinks to encless rest as ignt decays.

A truce to metaphors. With satisfaction
I'll quickly give the sequel of my song;
Emprimis then, fell Ate, in reaction,
Now waxed her vangetal pinions o'er the throng;
Young Hodge inglorious left the scene of action,
While Dick, with hasty steps, did brush along;
Old Hat did grin, and prove by length of tace
That woe was not confin'd to time or place.

But, as my reader's patience is worn out,
I now will draw to an abrupt conclusion.
O'erwheiming qualms pervades the merry group,

The soup had been emba'd with some immer In sourch of I—'s each took a seperate rount, All stir within, and all without confusion; Say, how shall I, the cause of this develope, P-x take scholestic terms, 'twas simply J—

Dwarf. ----

FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAL Thou sleep'st, while the eyes of the plamets are watching, Regardless of love and of me.

I sleep, but my dreams at thy lineaments cartching.

Present me with nothing but thee.

Thou art chang'd, while the colour of night changes not, Like the fading allurements of day;

am chang'd, for all beauty to me see While the joy of my heart is away.

VARIETIES.

CONFLECT WITH A TIGER. - The following curious account of a personal conflict with a tiger, is given in the Asiatic Journal :- Lieut. Collet, of the Bombay army, beving heard that a very large tiger had destroyed seven inhabitants of an adjacent village, resolved, with another officer, to attempt the destruction of the monster .--Having ordered seven elephants, they went in quest of the animal, which they found sleeping beneath a bush. Roused by the noise of the elephants, he made a furious charge on them, and Lieut. C's. elephant received him on her shoulder, the other six having turned about and run off, notwithstanding the exertions of the riders. elephant shook off the tiger, and Lieut. C. having fired two balls at him, he fell; but again recovering himself, he made a spring at Lieut. C. Having missed his object, be seized the elephant by her hind leg, and baving received a kick from her, and another ball, he let go his hold, and fell a second time. Supposing that he was now disabled, Lieut. C. very rashly dismounted, with the resolution of killing him with his pistole; but the tiger, who had only been crouching to take another spring, flew on Lieut. C. and caught him in his mouth.

! however, did not forsake him : be immediately fired his pistol into the tiger's body : and finding that this had no effect, he disengaged his arm with all his force, and directing the other pistol to his heart, he as last destroyed him, after receiving 25 vere wounds.

MAYORS OF GALWAY .- Extracts from the Council Books of Galway, in Ireland:

'James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, built the choir of St. Nicholas's Church, and hanged his own son out of his window, for killing and defrauding strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity.

' Edmund Deane, Esq. Mayor; care from England to Galway in the year 1500, and brought his pedigree with him, showing his being of the ancient family of the Deanes, of the forest of Deane.

'Stephen Lynch, Esq. Mayor, 1523; ordered that none be made free of the corporation unless he shaves his upper lip and

speaks English.

Dominink French, Esq. Mayor, 1568; an Italian traveller, saw out of a window in a house in Galway, the bleased Sacrament-boats coming and going on the river-a ship coming in full sail-a salmon The strength and intrepidity of the Lieut. speared—and hunters pursuing a deer.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our best thinks to the writer of the Camera Obscura; but are seezy we could not insert

all his last article in one number.

Could Mathew Spindle make his adventures more interesting they would be acceptable.

The article sent by Cymon Cymple has not fallen into our hands; we should be kappy to receive s copy of it.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successors to W. Thit, Lycoum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor. Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shope of the Tincipal Booksellers: John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Pasley; Mohert Mathie, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currier, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothessy, James Chemson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine, for ready money only.

MELANCE 8 LITERARY

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

No. 17.

WEDNESDAY, 23d OCT. 1822.

PRICE 31d.

No. 4.—Continued.

=400×00+ THE ORPHAN.

' At eighteen he joined the army, and never-was there a parting more bitter-more agonizing-more affecting, than between Margaret and he. I am old, and cannot now describe it, but it is as deeply graven in my heart, as if it happened yesterday. I was old then, but I wept with a mingled emotion of grief and joy, on seeing two such fair and affectionate creatures, clasped in each other's arms, to undergo for the first time the pains of separation.

He left us, and went to the West Indies. I thought the orphan would never have recovered from the shock; but the lessons I had taught her enabled her to triumph over despair, and to look forward to a delightful futurity. She now lived only for Henry. He was perpetually present in her dreams, and dwelt in the empire of her imagination, as a pure spirit in whose society she was hereafter to dwell and be blessed. I need not tell how many happy days we passed to-

happy; but she smoothed the rugged front of care, and made me'relish life. She looked over my house, and supplied my wants with the love of a daughter. She would sing to me in the evening, and play upon yon harpsichord in the parlour, the most enlivening airs—for religion is not the austere, gloomy thing, the worldlyminded think; but abounds in a thousand unspeakable delights, which its votaries only can know. Every month we had letters from Henry, and every one increased my joy; for I found him to be the affectionate, manly bey I always believed. I still found that he thought tenderly on mine aged life, and on my beautiful orphan, and that he had not been corrupted by a military life. Five years had elapsed since we beheld his face; and this, although perhaps brief, compared with the absence of many, was an age to a doating father, and to a faithful, affectionate girl. But the day of meeting enime, and I was happy. Margaret and I were seated in our little parlour. She took up the harpsichord, and, looking with angelic sweetness in my face, ' Father, what tune shall I give you? Positively I shall play no more of these gether, while Henry was away. Un-blythe Irish airs. My heart is sickder my manifold bereavements, it was I have a good mind to play one of the impossible I could be completely Highland ooronachs. She said this in a mood between jest and earnest, and looked in my face for an answer. ' Please yourself, my love, and give us then a Highland tune.' She threw her fingers, carelessly, confusedly, and with a delicate tremor, over the notes, but commenced no air. She turned her face to me again. I saw it was suffused with a blush. 'No,' said she, 'I will not play one of these .-There is a beautiful one of Burns' I prefer to them all, ' The Soldier's Return.' You know Henry is a soldier. The young rogue, he will never come back to us; but I shall sing him a song.' She accordingly commenced

" When wild war's deadly blast was blawn," and sung it with inexpressible sweetness, but with a tremor in her voice, occasioned by the images and allusions of that exquisite poem. She had scarcely finished when the door opened, and a young military officer, in full uniform, entered. Before I could account for this intrusion, Margaret screamed, threw down the instrument, and rushed into his arms. 'My Henry, my dear Henry, have you come at last?' It was my son, a noble, stately youth. It was my son-my dear Henry, that lies beneath this clod. cannot tell you the unspeakable joy of that day. It was enough to throw into the shade a whole life of misery. kissed him on the cheek—I seized his powerful young hand in mine, and shook it with such gladness. O! I would give an age of ordinary life, to have such another day. wished to die; and gladly would I such a feast of pure delight. However, my hour has not yet come.

expand, and triumph within me, in the ecstasies of happiness. My inward eve was lighted up with the torch of joyful anticipation; and, as it pierced through the dim veil of futurity, it saw visions of bliss, and revelled in the delicious scenes of imagined felicity."

Here the clock of the steeple struck the hour.

' Aye,' continued he, ' that sound is melancholy. It subdues the soul to grief in such a lonely place as this; and while it falls on my ear, it shall ever seem to me a knell of death. ushered the whole of my family. 10 their graves; but they heard it not, for they were beyond the pale of human feeling; in a land which the notes of earth cannot reach, unless they be those of prayer. O that I was in such a land, in the midst of my kindred!

You anticipate the catastrophe of my story. Scarcely had the bridal music ceased to play, -scarcely had the smile left the lips of the bridemaids, scarcely had the marriage garments been laid aside, and the husband pressed the wife to his bosom and called her his own,—scarcely had they looked upon each other with that unutterable fondness which looks alone can express, than they were doomed to be no more,-to sleep in each other's embrace the sleep of eternity. Only three weeks after marriage Henry was seized with a contagious fever, and he died. Margaret, in waiting upon him, caught the infection, and died also. This is the whole of their story, I need say no more-it speaks for itself.have yielded my life to its giver, for They were laid together in that grave; and never slept together greater beauty, love, and virtue. I have now no am doomed to see the whole of my chain to hold me to earth: every link race pass by me like shadows, while has been broken. Those whom I I remain a sad monument of childless, knew in my youth have passed away solitary loneliness. My children were like a dream, and I feel myself a pilmarried. I joined them together; and, grim in a strange land-among strange as my lips blessed them, I felt my soul faces. My enfeebled mind is filling

with strange fancies—I am drooping into second childhood. The moon is up, and throws the long shadows of the elms over the church-yard. nights like this, when there is nothing to disturb my meditations, I love to sit Visions frequently pass before my dim eyes, like the shadows of my family. I often think I see Margaret and Henry standing before me, and waving on me to follow them: they shall not linger long upon me. Μv sparit longs to burst its tenement and be united to theirs. But these strange forms are only the moon-beams dancing before a disturbed imagination.-I know they are but delusive phantoms; for the veil of the invisible world cannot be thrown aside to expose its mysteries to human eyes. But there is one relief to my sorrows, and that is in heaven.

ON THE STANDARD OF TASTE.

If by a standard of taste we were to understand some test to which all men appealed, and by which they were guided, in all their decisions respecting the beauties and sublimities of nature and of art, we could have no hesitation in asserting, most decidedly, that no such standard ever existed; but this definition would circumscribe it within too narrow limits. We are willing to grant, that considerable diversity of opinion always has existed, and still does exist, on this subject, among different nations and individuals: for example, the Asiatics, and all the nations of the east, have ever delighted in exaggerated description, swollen imagery, and bombastic language; while the inhabitants of the west have more generally preferred a simpler style, chaster figures, and more unaffected description. We grant, that the nations of the west differ from one another in the preference which they give to particular works of taste. Shakespeare is, in general, almost the god of an Englishman's idolatry; the French have politely honoured him with the name of a barbarian, and have scarcely refrained from paying the nation, which awarded that mighty soul such ho-

nours, the same handsome compliment.-There are, of our own country again, who do not scruple, sacrilegiously, to tear the laurels from the brows of Corneile, Racine, and Voltaire, representing them as frigid pedants, totally destitute of truth and nature, who, without any taste or genius, attempted to work themselves up into fame by a blind submission to arbitrary rules.-Did not our countrymen, in the days both of Spencer and Milton, form their taste on Italian models? are not these, at present, greatly neglected, and French ones raised to that eminence? Does not Horace command, most dictatorially, that a play should contain neither more nor less than five acts; and do not most of Metastasio's operas contain only three; while an old Spanish writer, setting the Roman critic at noble defiance, prolonged one of his plays to seven and twenty? Does not the same nation, at different periods, undergo as great revolutions in its literary opinions as in its political constitution?

It appears passing strange, to the men of the present day, bow Cowley should have been caressed and adored, while Milton was passed by with cold neglect. And the literary history of every country presents us with similar examples of characters, who have dazzled, for a short time, and then, meteor-like, have passed away, scarce 'leaving a wreck behind.' Although we grant that this diversity of opinion has prevailed with regard to works of taste, we do not think the conclusion, that there is no standard of taste can be legitimately drawn from this admission; for it must be remembered that taste, though uniform in its decisions, is only so, when duly cultivated and ar-Although we can most rived at maturity. of us tell, with considerable accuracy, the distance of objects by the sense of sight, yet this was not originally the case with The child, at first, can discern colour us. alone by means of this sense; the subsequent uses which he makes of seeing, are the effects of habit. Now taste is a faculty of the same description, with this addition. that being of a delicate and sickly nature, it requires much nurture to bring it to perfection, and may easily be destroyed. all the eastern nations have ever delighted in fantastic ornaments, they have never emerged from barbarism. This is the case with other nations as well as with those of the east The Scandinavians, the Laplanders, and the savages of America, from specimens that have been given of their wri-

tings, evince exactly the same predilection We are aware there was a for bombast. time when Europe was plunged in ignorance, so gross, as to have given to it the emphatic name of the 'dark ages;' that literature, the arts and sciences, flourished on the banks of the Ganges; but all those who there toiled for immortality, not even the names are preserved to us, and so we

can pronounce no judgment.

Taste is a matter of reasoning, and not mere sentiment; and he who would assert that there is no standard of taste, because all are not agreed with regard to works of taste, might as well assert that there was no system of the universe; but that the followers of Ptolemy, of Capernicus, of Des Cartes, and of Newton, were equally in the right. But taste may be vitiated as well as not improved; and if it is, does this afford us any good and substantial grounds for believing there is no proper standard. Let us take an analogy from the sense from which this intellectual faculty borrows its name. Some persons, we know by disease, have lost the sense of taste altogether. Now, shall we imagine that sugar is not sweet, and vinegar sour, and wormwood bitter, merely because there may be individuals who never receive these sensations? Shall we imagine that the livery of nature is not green, merely because a jaundiced eye perceives it to be yellow? Some metaphysicians, indeed, have asserted, that what appears red to us may appear green, or any other colour, to any other person. True, we have no means of making experiments, to ascertain whether the same objects appear in the same colours to different individuals; but, in the goodness and wisdom of Deity, we have good moral evidence that the senses of all men give exactly the same reports: the uniformity of human nature, in all these respects, renders this opinion highly probable. Now, these remarks apply, with precisely the same force, to the power of taste. If differences in the external senses be pronounced deviations from a common standard, why not differences in taste? The only plausible objection against this mode of reasoning is, that the differences are more numerous in the faculty of taste. But are not the objects about which the external senses are employed, more limited in number than those about which taste is employed. Con-

tween them. As to some of the examples of differences of taste, we imagine, we will not be reckoned over sceptical if we should be disposed to question their truth, seeing some of them are founded upon the ssertions of travellers overfond of the wonderful and marvellous. Who has been sufficiently master of the language of barbuous nations, has been admitted to such familiarities, or remained long enough with the inhabitants of savage countries, as to be able to give us a correct account of their manners, much less of so concealed a subject as their taste? Facts are the best of all things, I grant, but let us have well-substantiated ones, supported, at least, by probable evidence. We are willing to admit that all these accounts may not be false; but, what then, is there no standard of taste because of a few differences? know very well, that there have been nations who have exposed sickly infants to perish, and put to death their infirm pa-The Spartans taught their youth to steal. Shall we say these actions, on this account, are not crimes, or deny the distinctions between virtue and vice? we grant, that, even among cultivated and refined nations, differences of opinion have prevailed with regard to works of taste; but, here I may observe with the same propriety, that, even in the most refined and polished nations, there are men whose minds remain in their original rudeness: whose taste has never received a polish; and it would be contrary to all rules of legitimate reasoning, to draw any conclusion from such examples: besides, how many causes, foreign from taste, lead men to form judgments of an author. Who, in the time of Charles II. would have ventured to declare their admiration of the old rerepublican, John Milton, Cromwell's se-cretary? Would the courtiers, who in general lead the taste of a nation, be likely to pronounce eulogiums on a character hated and despised by their licentious master? We cannot think that Milton's merit was overlooked even then, only no one cared to blazon it. Have not faction and cabel often given an author a temporary reputation, who in reality did not deserve it, and kept others in obscurity, who burst forth, at length, in full splendour? these deviations and exceptions are, in reality, proofs that there is a standard of taste; sequently the latter will admit of a greater for they show, clearly, that however exvariety of exceptions and deviations, with- trinsical circumstances may, for a time, out infringing on the ratio established be- axalt a dunce or depress a genius, the com-

mon and correct taste of men never fails to place each in his proper situation .-Sometimes, too, the overpowering splendour of genius may dim men's intellectual vision, to the perception of its faults, or at least make them be forgot amid the blaze of other excellence.

Shakespeare is an instance of an author of gigantic genius, with many faults; his countrymen forgive the latter, while they are delighted with the former. The French. who see only his faults, and probably do not understand our language sufficiently to relish his beauties, represent him as a barbarian. Now, while they are thus pronouncing directly contrary opinions concerning the same author, their tastes may be exactly the same. Is it not very observable that most people prefer the classics of their own country before those of any other? The reason may be discovered without supposing any difference of taste; they understand them better, and to this source we may trace many of the diversities of opinion entertained concerning foreign authors. We cannot say that a man's taste differs from ours, though he despises the author we esteem, if he does not understand him so well. We are well aware, however, that different persons often prefer different authors, while they have the most perfect understanding of the works they contrast. Surely it will be thought these persons evince tastes diametrically opposite; we see no reason, however, of such a conclu-If all the objects about which taste is conversant, were of one kind, then would this inference be just; but this is not the Who will say whether the beauties or sublimities of nature deserve a preference? Perhaps one man may delight most in the one, another in the other: these men's tastes are the same, but directed to different qualities of nature. One man is charmed with the melting tenderness of Virgil, another delighted with the daring sublimity of Homer; one is pleased with the simple style of Addison, another with the laboured diction of Johnson: but this is not a difference of taste, but taste directed to different qualities. If one man were to tell me that he actually disliked Homer, that he thought him totally destitute of poetic beauty, this we would reckon a difference; but none who understood Homer has made such an assertion; and if there were such a being, the surprise his sentiments would excite, would prove him standard by which we decide their excelto be an anomaly. Perhaps we will not lencies, is by considering whether they be

get a great number of persons who will agree about the preference to be given to a particular woman; but of how many ingredients is female beauty made up? regards a fine shape, another a beautiful face, a third is set on fire by mental charms. Can these persons be said to disagree when they were struck with qualities so totally different?

We shall only draw one eorollary from the opinion that there is no standard of taste; which is, we think, sufficient to show its utter falsehood. It is, that if there is no standard of taste, the tastes of all men must be equally good. If this be the case, he who prefers some miserable ditty on the hagpipe, to the oratorio of the creation, has as good a taste, in music, as Handel; he who prefers the wretched daubing on a sign-post, to the works of the greatest masters, as good a taste, in painting, as Raphael; he who reckons the wretched extempore doggrels of our balled singers, as good as Homer or Tasso, has as good a taste, in poetry, as Addison or Blair .-These positions are abundantly ridiculous. but absolutely just, on the supposition that there is no standard of taste; for if we once grant that some of these tastes are better than others, the point is given: up, and a tacit confession made, that there is some standard of taste. But if there is a standard of taste, what is it? By what means do we estimate the different degrees of this quality, in different individuals? Why do we pronounce this man to have a cultivated and refined taste, that a bad and vitiated, or perhaps no taste at all? If we assert so pertinaciously, that all tastes are not equally good, it would be convenient to have some test, by the application of which we might determine whether we ourselves are possessed of this enviable faculty, and by which we may distinguish a taste that is genuine from one that is spurious. This, we confess, is a matter of no small difficulty. However, as we are not in the least disposed to imagine, that there is no standard of morality, because different theories of morals have been formed; so we are not disposed to adopt the maxim-De gustibus non disputandum, that there is no disputing about tastes, because it is difficult to say what that standard is. ever, we think, we may, without entangling ourselves in the maze of metaphysics, assert that, in all the works of taste, the

exact imitations of nature. This is a test of no ambiguous application; it may be understood by all, and in no instance will it be found to fail. Try, by this standard, all the works that have ever delighted the sons of men; all the works which the universal consent of mankind pronounce to be the best; which lead their readers by some tacit spell, some magic attraction; they will all be found to contain the most exact imi-Try Homer by this tations of nature. standard, and we will not require the united applause of all men, for thousands of years, to prove that he is worthy of admiration. His imagery, so agreeable to the country where his fable is laid; his battle scenes; his pictures of the dangers of the deep; his similes, taken, sometimes, from rural and tranguil life, sometimes from the more turbulent scenes of nature; put a mirror in every bosom, because every one feels that they are genuine and faithful copies of an ever-during original. Try Shakespeare by this standard, and who will not approve the admiration of his most devoted and enthusiastic worshipers. His matchless insight into human nature; his nice balancing of contending passions; the various motives he assigns for the conduct of his characters; and the consistency of their conduct, with the influence of the motives assigned; are all copied from nature, and copied with such wonderful exactness, with such masterly skill, as we can scarce ex-And hence, notwithpect to see rivalled. standing the petulant flippancies of Voltaire, he will elicit the tear of compassion, swell the breast with indignation, and bear away every faculty of the soul; while the language in which he wrote, remains, and his works are enough to make any language endure for ever. I might go on to mention a number of other examples, as Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, who have excited the admiration of mankind, more or less, according as their adherence to nature has been more or less strict. The same observations, we think, will apply, with equal propriety, to the other fine arts. That the merit of painting consists in its close imitation of nature, is too obvious to require illustration. Horace's remark, that if a painter were to join a fish's tail to the body of a beautiful woman, it would excite laughter, serves to illustrate our position, both with regard to painting and poetry. Nor is it merely by according the more gross deviations from nature, that the paint-

er can meet with applause; he must show. the most minute shadings of passion, as they are exhibited in the human countenance, if he would secure universal esteem, Perhaps no picture ever drew more general admiration than the crucifizion, by Michael Angelo, where all the extremes of corporeal agony are represented with horrible and sublime exactness; now, he merely copied the agonies of a wretch whom he had tormented for the purpose. The sphere of imitation, in music, is more various; but every man of taste must more admire those simple, touching melodies, which raise emotions of joy and sorrow, cheerfulness and melancholy. In statuary, every one knows that an exact copy from nature is its only merit; and that statue which enchants the world, the * Venus de Medicis.' which has always commanded the admiration of men of taste, likewise excites the applause of the lowest vulgar. Perhaps it may be thought this standard is of uncertain application, and that it is difficult to say what is an exact imitation of nature; that what one might be apt to consider as a close adherence to nature might be regarded by another as a gross deviation from it. We think we may say, with safety, this is impossible. Is it a matter of such difficulty, to perceive whether an author follows or outrages nature? Should a dramatic writer make one of his characters a native of the cast, and make him talk of snows and frosts, would not every one see as great a deviation from nature, as if he should represent Socrates, on the day of his death, confuting the sceptical systems of Hobbes and Mandeville? What makes modern pastorals so totally overlooked? what, but that they present us with pictures no longer. to be seen? If Kean, in the character of Hamlet, when the ghost makes his appearance on the stage, instead of showing emotions of mingled terror and curiosity, were to clench his feet, to roar with the voice of a stentor, and to follow the shade, in a threatening attitude, across the stage, who would not turn from him with disgust, as a violator of the rules of nature? I have taken it for granted, that all are delighted with nature's charms, whether she appears in the beauty of an Italian landscape, or in the sublimity of Alpine horrors: different persons may prefer different scenes, still it is nature they admire in all.

M. B.

THE SAILOR.

During an excursion which I made through a few of the northern counties of Scotland, in the summer of 1818, I remained for a few days at L____, a small fishing village on the coast.

Not far from the inn where I resided, yet removed from the noise and tumult of the village, stands a lonely church-yard, the burial-place of the Thither I once surrounding parish. went, with the intention of viewing the place, and soon arrived, thoughtful and solitary, before this last earthly abode of the children of Adam. Anxious to enter the consecrated spot, I mounted the steps that conduct the footpath into this solitary mansion! when lo! a scene truly afflicting and humiliating presented itself. The ground rose in many a grassy hillock, and imagination readily suggested, that the dust below was the remains of men who were once alive and active:

' Kept the world awake, With lustre and with noise.'

Here, in this vast recepticle of mouldering bones, and putrifying flesh, the remains of persons of all denominations and descriptions, without regard to distinction or rank, or age, or sex, lie huddled together; and what must be humiliating in the extreme, to the sons and daughters of pride, there being no bounds of separation below ground, these corruptible bodies mix in their progress of dissolution.

Here, the lofty looks of the proud are brought down, not merely to a level, but to a rank beneath the dust we tread on. Here, in the grave, the great and mighty potentate, whose dread frown was followed by immediate death to his subject, lies equally humbled with the slave that supported his train. Here, the bitter, ill-natured, and contentious, are brought to agree in the dust at last.

and covetousness, are robbed of their goods ;-and here, the afflicted tossed with tempest, and not comforted, after the storms of life are past, find a peaceful haven.

During these reflections, my eye by chance caught a glimpse of a head-stone, ornamented with the figure of a ship, and immediately below it the names 'William and Mary.' a close inspection, I found, that under this stone actually lay the remains of a sea-faring man and his wife. beginning to reflect upon it, when the sexton entered the burying ground, whom I requested to give me an account of the persons whose remains We saw down this stone covered. upon a grave, and he told me a most pathetic and interesting story, the substance of which follows :-

'William was a young fisherman born. in this village; he was brought up by his industrious parents, in the constant employment of this laborious avocation, and while a boy, if any intermission took place in the fishing, through the rigour of the season, the opportunity was embraced by his father, of sending him to school, that he might get instruction. When William grew up, his personal acomplishments surpassed those of almost all the young men of the village. He was handsome and robust, and possessed a vigorous understanding.

'Whilst he was living in this happy and contented situation, he married, at the age of twenty two, Mary, a young villager who had been his intimate friend from his infancy, and who shone, no less than he, in her beauty of person, and excellence of character. They loved each other. passionately, and knew each other sowell before their union, that, that circumstance made no change on their affections, but rendered their happiness. Here, the sons of envy still more complete than before.

'The young couple had been blessed in the possession of each other four months, when one day William was engaged to pilot a ship to a neigh-The day was fine, and bouring port. the wind fair. Mary had, with her usual attention, a refreshing supper prepared for her husband, who she expected to arrive in the evening, fatigued with the labours of the day; and to be as usual cheered with her kindness, and her simple song.—He never arrived, he was impressed and sent on board a man-of-war; sadly did Mary sigh, sadly did she weep, and bitterly did she lament the cruel fate that tore her William from her, and threw him into bondage; but unavailing were her sighs, and unheard were her complaints, and those of many a widowed wife, helpless child, and comfortless parent in that thriving The prime of the place, the noble youths were all borne awayperhaps never to return.

'Her cup of sorrow was not yet full, for in a few weeks she heard it read from the newspapers, that the ship in which her husband was, had foundered at sea, and not a soul had been saved: at this she fainted and fell into a fever, but recovered only to relapse again,

when she expired.

'When the war was ended, William came back, to the astonishment of the whole village; he informed them that he had been appointed to serve on board another ship than the one that foundered, and so was preserved. It was tried to keep his wife's death a secret from him for some time, and so prepare him to bear the fatal disclosure. He was impatient for her, and they were obliged to tell him the melancholy truth, which, when he heard, he sunk back on his chair, and fell into a swoon, and when he recovered, he became mad and outrageous, which

in a few days, he expired exclaiming. ' my Mary!'

The whole village attended him to. the grave, where he was laid by the side of his dear wife.

'That grave contains them, where they sweetly slumber.'

Rusticus.

THE TWO COFFINS.

In a village of Magdeburg lived an old pessant and his older wife, who, from whim, or simple weariness of life, took it into their heads to have their coffins made beforehand, that they might be ready when they were wanted. In the lack of other room they were set in a store-chamber, which bence got the name of the coffin-chamber; and so much were the old people reconciled by use to their last homes, that they actually looked upon them as common cuphoards, and employed, them as such, to hoard up clothes, and even eatables.

At length, the aged house-mother. died, or rather slept away into the other world, without pain or sickness, from absolute decay; leaving her solitary partner to mourn her loss, and with an unfeigned longing to join her in the grave. So sincere, indeed, was his grief, that he took to his bed, and was forced to leave the management of the burial to his friends and neighbours, who were nothing loathe to the task, no less from a love of meddling than from They emptied the coffin, humanity. of the deceased, of the eatables which had been stored in it, and laid the old woman decently and quietly, in the last home she was likely to inhabit. When evening came, they bore the coffin to the grave, with few ceremonies, but perhaps with more sincere tears than are ever dropped on the marble monuments of the rich and powerful. threw him into a burning fever, and The last bell tolled—the last earth was

scattered-and the green sod was bound over her resting-place, from which she was never again to rise, till the call to the day of judgment.

However much the old man might grieve for the departure of his wife, yet his natural good spirits soon brought him on his legs again; and, not to be alone, he took home to him a couple of his grandchildren—two lively boys, well calculated to break up the solitude of his house. One morning he sent the eldest, Peter, with the key of the coffin-room, to get out some baked fruit for the next approaching dinner, saying to him, 'You will find the baked plumbs in one end of my coffin, and the pears in the other.' The boy, who had no fear of coffins that contained plumbs and pears, set off willingly on his errand; but he was soon back again, and without the fruit, trembling from head to foot, and pale as any spectre.

Peter.—Grandmother here!

grandmother is here!

The Grandfather,—Are you in your senses, boy? What nonsense are

you chattering now?

Peter .-- No nonsense, father !-There she is—in the coffin—her eyes wide open-paler then her own winding-sheet.

The Grandfather.—In my coffin! Why it is full of the fruit you are to

fetch.

Peter.—May-be—-may-be—-But there, however, is grandmother, wrap-

ped up in her shroud.

At first, the old man thought that his grandson was half asleep, but Peter faithfully protested that he was never more awake in his life, and persisted in having really seen the spirit. the mean time, the little lickerish Christian, the younger brother, who knew nothing of all this, had observed that the door of the coffin-room was open—a place which, by-the-byc, al- fore, they meant to bear out the coffin

ways bore with him the more honourable name of the store-room; the fact is, that Peter in his fear had forgotten, or indeed had found no time, to lock it—an omission, of which the other little rogue was not slow to take ad-In an instant he was in the vantage. room; but, instead of seizing a pear, he grasped the icc-cold hand of his grandmother, who stood before him as if newly risen from her grave. The child gave a fearful shriek, and hurried back to the old man, who was already coming to meet him, and to whose inquiries he could only answer, 'My grandmother! My grandmother!' This was only making the mystery more mysterious, and he therefore hastened to the room himself, to clear it up if possible; when scarcely had he crossed the threshold, than he also paused with terror: there, sure enough, was his own wife—his buried wife—lying stretched out in her coffin as if ready for her grave! If before he doubted the children, he could now just as little trust to the testimony of his own eyes: he stood rooted to the spot, without even daring to venture on a closer examination into this unaccountable appearance. But fortunately, the outery of the children had alarmed the neighbours, who came in crowds to learn the reason of it; many of these had followed the coffin to her grave, and at first all were so overpowered by terror, that they too were afraid to stir a step in the way of explanation. They had, however, numbers and daylight on their side—two circumstances which at last gave them so much courage, that they ventured to the coffin: where they found—not a spirit—but the very corpse of the old man's wife. A little consideration was sufficient to solve this wonder. Both the coffins were covered with their lids, and both those lids were fastened; when, therewith the dead, by a very easy mistake this symptom of indisposition, they had carried off its neighbour to the grave—and thus they had buried the fruit instead of the old woman, who, by this simple oversight, seemed to reappear in the character of a spectre.

THE HARP, A TALE.

From the German of the Poet Korner.

The secretary Sellner had begun to to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment;sympathy and esteem form the basis of Time and experience, attachment. without diminishing the ardour, had confirmed the permanence, of their mutual sentiments. It was long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other, but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation; till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself in possessson of an easy competence, and on the following Sunday brought home in triumph his longbetrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits for some weeks engrossed many of those hours that the young couple would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude; and the fine summer evenings were but of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their harmonious unison seemed to sound the bliss and concord. One evening, when

concealed it from her anxious husband; naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to the music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had increased a slight indisposition to fever, and she was now evidently ill. physician was called in, who so little anticipated danger that he promised a cure on the morrow. But after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and on the ninth day was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband, for the last time, she exclaimed: My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity: but though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, doubt not thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and as a guardian-angel encircle thee till we meet again.'-She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described: during some days it appeared doubtful whetoo short for plans and anticipations ther he would survive; and when after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave; his chamber, the powers of youth, seemed paralysed, his limbs were enprelude to many succeeding years of feebled, his frame emaciated, and hesunk into a state of stupor, from which Josephine had played longer than usu- he was only to be roused by the bital, she suddenly complained of a head-terness of grief. To this poignant ache; she had, in reality, risen with anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy; a deep sorrow consecrated the himself on his bed it was only to rave memory of his beloved; her apartment deliriously of the harp; after a sleepremained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death; -on the work-table lay her unfinished task; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour; at this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favourite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. ' I know thee, blessed spirit,' exclaimed the bewildered Sellner; 'thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word; it is thy breath that glows on my lips; I feel myself surrounded by thy presence.' With rapturous emoharp again responded, but gradually was silent.

less night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions; with unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment, where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration, and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress, that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching No arguments could reevening. move from his mind this fatal presage; as the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner no sooner reached the wellknown spot, than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced; he dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment: tion he snatched the flute, and the When the clock struck nine Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined, its tones became softer, till the melo-the glow of hope and pleasure flushed dious murmurs ceased, and all again his wan cheeks, and he passionately Sellner's feeble frame was exclaimed—' Josephine, greet me completely disordered by these tu- once more at parting, that I may multuous emotions; when he threw overcome the pangs of death.'

these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed-' I come, I come, to thee,' and sunk senseless on the couch. in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.

REVIEW.

The Lollards; a Tale. In three Vols. London, 1822.—(Continued)

Here a loud knocking was heard. Alarmed lest the spies, whom he had but toe much reason to believe followed his steps, had discovered his retreat, and the manner in which he was occupied, he hastily shut the volume, and removing a pannel in the wainscoat, which disclosed a small closet prepared by himself, and appropriated to the reception of this valued book, he there deposited it with all expedition. Mr. Whittington shared the apprehensions of his guest; for the knocking was at the back part of the house, to which, for safety, he had been accustomed to retire, whenever he meditated a violation of the law by reading the Bible. In the fear of the moment, he could not but tremble for the heavy penalfies which might fall on him. He had set his heart on a higher treasure than the earth contains; yet he could not but contemplate with pain the probable forfeiture of all his worldly goods.

Endeavouring to conceal his emotion, he demanded in an authoritative tone, who it was that disturbed his family so long after the usual hour of retiring to rest, it being then nine o'clock.

He was answered in an unknown voice,

with the words which Edward had have read:

' Drede thou not.'

It was now quite plain, that whoever the party without might be, the reading had been everheard. Edward and Mr. Whittington exchanged looks of surprise and uncasiness, when the voice was again heard:—

' Drede thou not, for they preier is

herd.'

Their apprehension, though not their surprise, was somewhat diminished by this. The stranger, in continuing the verse, had proved that he possessed an intimate knowledge of the prohibited work, which was hardly to be expected in one who came as an enemy.

. What wantest thou?' demanded Whit-

tington.

'Y am sent to thee, to speke, and to evangelise to thee,' was the reply; the stranger still continuing to quote from that chapter of the English translation of the Testament which Edward had been reading. He added, 'I am a friend to thee and to thy house; therefore admit me straight.' Vol. I. p. 92.

The stranger is at length cautiously. admitted, and proves to be the venerable Bohemian Reformer, John Huss. He is received with the greatest transport, and informs them that having come to England in the hope of procuring certain writings of Wickliffe's, in which his own collection was defi-Lord Cobham, who had cultivated his friendship with great assiduity when on the continent, and who was made acquainted with his intention, had intrusted him with the secret of his own retirement, and that of his children; at the same time earnestly entreating him to take. Alice back with him into Bohemia: where the esteem in which he is held by his countrymen is certain to secure her a safe and honourable asylum. adds, that if Edward also will accompany them, though for only a short time, he may be enabled to communicate to him the means of essentially serving his father. This argument

suffices, and it is agreed that he shall accompany the venerable Bohemian, to see Lord Cobham. Previous to their departure we must introduce our readers into the interior of Mr. Whittington's establishment, before his guests leave him:—

Huss rose early in the morning, and appeared refreshed in body and in mind.

The day was wet and chilly, and in consequence, a fire was lighted. It was made of wood and coals, which were supplied from time to time with the aid of tongs, or tangs, as they were then called, and which were occasionally made to perform the office of a poker. The wood and coals were not deposited in a grate or stove, such articles not being then in use, but laid on the hearth. Whittington thought it necessary to offer something like an apology for the introduction of so effeminate a piece of luxury, as a chimney was thought to be by the admirers of old English habits, at the commencement of the fifteenth cen-

'It may be, learned sir,' he began, 'that you suspect, because I admit into common use the fire-place, which some do think ridiculous refinement, that I give into all the affected follies which mark the sparksome gallants of this inglorious age. that you will do me wrong. I like not their fantastic ways. I still dine at the good old-fashioned hour of ten, that I may have wherewithal to sustain my frame through the day; while others think it a goodly and polished thing not to eat their dinner till high noon, when half their toil is over, and others even put it off an hour beyond: so that workmen, and people of the common sort, now actually dine before their masters, and those of superior condition, which no man ever could have thought he should live to see. You find not in my house a gay display of splendid pewter platters, as some have ;-hollowed too, they say, is now fast becoming the mode, so that, that off which men eat, in some sort resembles the cups from which they drink. I still adhere to the treene, nor think my meat retains its proper flayour, but when I eat it from the wood; and for my beds, yourself can testify, you have not found a pillow stuffed with feathers, which some voluptuaries claim to revel on, but a true log of honest English oak, on which the head that is sound within, I .know, prefers to rest."

'Your fare,' said Huss, 'is hospitable, is good, and is not chargable with the phantasies which you justly condemn.'

But for the chinney, Whittington returned, 'since I became advanced in years I have been afflicted with an asthma, and ill endure the fumes of smoke, which albeit some say it removes many complaints and maladies, is no good doctor for a cough, and therefore I indulge me in the luxury of a chimney, as you remark; by which means I breathe so much more at my ease, and trust me, I should not be vastly surprised, though you may smile at the idea, if (in the course of years I mean) they should become common in the houses of aged men affected as I am.'

The conversation was interrupted by the introduction of breakfast. A flagon of wine was placed near John Huss; a quart of home-brewed ale by the master of the house; a bowl of milk occupied the centre of the table; and a cup or born was placed for each person to belp himself to that which he preferred to drink. Brown bread was supplied; and salt fish, and part of a chine of beef, boiled, completed the preparations for the morning's repast.

This dejeune a la fourchette is seasoned by a dissertation on politics, which detains them at table so late in the morning as seven o'clock: and in the course of it they declaim against the times like modern politicians, fortell the irretrievable ruin of the kingdom, and express their astonishment that it has kept together so long, burdened as it is with a debt of £100,000!!!

Lord Cobham's retreat is near Holy-well,—thither Edward and the Bohemian repair, and on their road encounter a notorious murderer, or Redhand, as the mistaken courtesy of the times chose to call those who fled from justice, to the protection of some powerful family. To this man Edward expresses his abhorrence of his crimes with an imprudent indignation, which inspires the deadliest hate in the bosom of Roderick the Redhand; and the effects of his resentment constitute some of the most important incidents in the story.

Our limits oblige us to pass over i the meeting with Lord Cobham, and all the interesting conversations connected with it—as also over the journey back to Lutterworth, with sundry incidents between the clan of Ap Gruffyd and the Chester men, in which Roderick the Red-hand acts a conspicuous part; and the author, in his delineation of the sudden execution of the Mayor of Chester, by the lawless Welsh-men, has endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to break a lance with the far-famed writer of the ' Tales of my Landlord.' More gladly would we linger over the refreshing picture which ancient London exhibits to the imagination; though it is difficult to repress a smile—a melancholy one-when we contrast the present vice and misery of Saffron-hill, with the fairness and salubrity, the gay and smiling aspect, imparted to it by Whittington, who strongly urges his friends to take up their abode there during their stay in London, in preference to the close and crowded city; as 'a walk through the meadows of the Old-burne,' will at any time speedily take them thither :-

' Is not this,' says Whittington, ' a delightful scene, and doth it not command a view of many pleasing objects? Lower down, these tall elms mark the spot where the Skinner's Well is found, where that craft do repair to enact at times mysteries of their own, after the manner of the parish clerks. How noble looketh the vast square tower of Paul's, which seemeth lord over all the neighbouring churches, whose tops are now seen. How gay is this hill which we now stand upon, and what a beauteous verdure decketh, late as is the season, that which holds the Priory on its summit! Then, further south, mark you another noble building? That is the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; and leading from it, city-wards, behold the mills which belong to the fraternity, and which are worked by means of that brook which winds along in the valley? Turnmill brook is it called, and you may almost see it join the river of Wells; while the

Oldbourne is hastening from the west to meet and unite with it. Then, near the place of their junction, ye must observe a mighty edifice adorned with much modern workmanship and cunning, that standeth hard by the Oldbourne, and is the palace of the Bishop of Ely. It was thus handsomely set forth by Bishop Arundel, when he did fill that see. Looking at so costly a pile, and its spacious gardens, and at the other objects which I have turned your eyes to, and contemplate these shady retreats, while ye survey at no small distance the whole extent of London : say, have ye often seen an eminence commanding in its prospect so much of the gallant magnificence of art, and possessing in itself so largely the marvellous beauties of nature, as this same right famous Saffron-hill?

The place on which they stood, at that period merited the praises which it received from the admiring Whittington, and the smiling village of Holborn, or Oldbourne, as seen from it, built irregularly but beautifully diversified with gardens attached to the houses—adorned with arbours, Maypoles, and grottos—was most interesting. The meadows appropriated to the exercise of archery, provided with butts and scats for the umpires, heightened the variety, and compelled Huss to admire, not less than his friend did, the surrounding scene-

ry. Vol. i. p. 256.

Who is there that may have just returned from a hot and dusty walk, through the crowded streets which now occupy the site of both the village of Holborn, and its surrounding meadows-jostled from side to side, panting for air, inhaling only the pulverized refuse of the coach stands, his ears stunned with the noise of carriages, his eyes dazzled with the burning reflection of brick-walls, and seeking in vain for the refreshing hue in which nature has wisely clad the earth, excepting for a passing moment, when a piece of green baize luckily hangs out at the door of a carpet warehouse; who that is labouring under this townbred calenture, and all the cares, and anxieties, and fatigues belonging to it, should he chance to recreate himself by reading this description, but must wish for the arbours, and May-poles,

and grottos of Holborn as it was, in the purpose of perusing the sacred place of the dram-shops, and their miserable companions the pawn-brokers' shops, of Holborn as it is?—Who that can forbear to moralise on the vicissitudes of time, and on the doubtful good of that degree of civilization which crowds more than an eighth part of the population of a whole country into its capital! We will however leave London altogether for a time, and accompany the venerable John Huss and his young companions to Prague, where he puts Edward into possession of the secret he had promised him, and which is no less than the art of printing, or at least of multiplying fac-simile copies by means of plates of wood and metal, invented and carried on with the utmost secrecy by Hoffman, a disciple of John Huss. His attachment to the doctrines of Wickliffe leads him to devote his ingenious discovery solely to the more rapid circulation of that great man's writings, and of the holy scriptures, among his followers. Hence is he actuated by a double motive to the strictest secrecy in his operations .--The first, lest ignorance should suspect him of having recourse to magic for an invention so wonderful as this was likely to appear; the next, least bigotry should accuse him of a damnable heresy in circulating the scriptures in the mother tongue. In sharing the benefits of Hoffman's discovery, Edward shares its dangers also. history of the world presents not a more the same government, at different periods, than has been exhibited in our own country with respect to the Bible. At the opening of the 15th century, reading the Bible in England was a severe vengeance; and reproach even from a suspicion that they did so for and tedious a nature.

volume. In 1492, Nicholas Belward, of South Elmham, in Suffolk, was accused of having in his possession a New Testament, which he had bought for 4 marks and 40 pence, 21. 16s. 8d. a sum equivalent to more than 40%. at present an astonishing price to be paid by a labouring man; for such Belward appears to have been. many must have been the privations which enabled him to pay it: but it is likely that the treasure thus acquired was more sincerely prized than it is at the present day, when we boast so much of the number of Bibles we can contrive, by a variety of ingenious methods, to give away in the course of the year, that it should seem as if the kindness and condescension were on the part of those who may be kind enough to accept. How differently circumstanced are those who, in the time of which our author treats, desired to 'search the scriptures,' and seek after eternal life. The sacred writings themselves could only be had by transcription; and to transcribe them entire required so much time and labour, that in England few could possess more than a portion of them. Among the Lollards, the four gospels were in constant demand; and those who could not obtain all the books of the Evangelists, sought most eagerly after the gospel of Saint Luke, on account of its being longer With reason, then, than the others. is Edward Oldcastle represented to be rejoicing as over a mine of wealth, in remarkable contrast in the policy of the secret which will enable him to supply the demands of those who long for the sacred writings as quickly as they are made: and natural it is that he should willingly take the solemn oath administered to him by Hoffman crime which the law visited with the most himself, never to reveal the means by which he executes with so much faattached to those who learned to read, cility, labours, apparently of so slow

PORTRY.

TO CHILDHOOD.

Hail childhood! the season of man's purest pleasure, Contentment unruffled by sorrow or sigh; Oh childhood! thou first boon of heaven's rich tressure

treasure,
Accept, as a tribute, the tear from mine eye.
When I pause to reflect on scenes which have
vanished,
That Eden of bliss still in memory cherished:
Despondency's child, far from happiness banished,
I weep for the days, ah! that ne'er shall return.

Oh! where now, ye time-stealing hours of cont

The hey-day of innocence, region of smiles;
That sentiment, offspring of honest excitement,
Unstained by deceit or malignity's wiles. Unkined by decest or manging a wheat.
All wafted, alsa: to oblivion's dwelling,
Like swift-fleeting spectres at Sol's rays retiring,
While oft, 'mid the world's wab pleasures reveiling,
I sigh for the days, ah! that ne'er shall return.

HIVENIS.

-->04...

LINES ON AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY,

Who fell a victim to a hopeless passion for C-

Again pale Luna, handmaid of the night, Has gain'd the summit of the chequered sky; Now hid in clouds, now bursting on the sight, Full orb'd she meets, then shuns, the gaser's eye.
Such was the hapless Lucians's plight,
On seeing him for whom she dar'd to die;
Now light, now shade, in alternation roll
Across the surface of her troubled soul.

Accomplished Damon, little didst thou know, While sporting in life's bloom, devoid of care. That Lucy's bosom was the seat of woe, The lovely resting-place of dire despair,
The lovely resting-place of dire despair,
That thou alone could'st have repell'd the foe,
And statch'd from the invader's grasp the fair;
But, ah! no tidings came till aid was vain,
Then thou wast wretched, Lucy free from pain.

The heavenly voice time oft distress did soothe,
The eye that beam'd the soul's congenial ray
O'er other joy—the orient give of youth.
The roay cheek, the sitty ringlets' play,
The handsome form, the innate love of truth,
Fell with her—fell, and own'd the tyrant's away.
She whispered Damou with her latest breath,

Then bow'd, and bless'd the healing hand of death.

Yes, those once sparkling eyes grim death did close; That angel form of all that charm'd bereft,

Now, in thy dusty bed, thou dost repose; Soft lies the turf upon thy snowy breast; No friendly voice thou hear'st, thou dread'st no foes No thrilling, throbbing, cares disturb thy rest; Unconscious thou, though murder bar'd his arm, Though envy grinn'd, or Damon tried to charm.

Adieu, sweet shade! when time has run its round Eternal day will beam from argent skies, The trump thro' earth's lone cavetts shall re-The graves shall yawn, the dead to life shall rise; Then surrow, sighing, shall no more abound,
Then virtuous deeds shall gain the lucid priss,
Then joys ecstatic shall commence above, Without the mixture of terrestrial love.

AMICUL

....

SONG.

All the stars the skies contain, All the treasures of the main ;-Rich and bright—they cannot vie With my Mary's soft-blue eye. Fleece may clothe the gentle sheep, Snow adorn the moorland steep :-Pure and white-but far beneath Mary's well-proportion'd teeth.

Flora fair may blush and smile, Julia with her beauty wile; Brighter, lovelier far, I ween, Mary's mild and modest mein. Sweet Simplicity's fond child, By man's lure ne'er yet beguiled, Lovely Mary seems as given, For earth to have a sight of heaven

THE KISS.

IMITATED FROM D'ALTERET.

From Phillis I received a kiss. And quite transported with the bliss, Kiss me, oh kiss me!' still I cried; When thus the laughing fair replied: What! is your memory so bad, That you forget the kiss you've had-That very moment it was taken, Ere the warm blush my cheek's forsakes? ' No,' I rejoin'd, ' you reason wrong; If for another kiss I long, Tis that my memory so steady, Still dwells on that I've had already.

* The natural modesty of the fair sex, combined with their innate love of virtue, prevented her fra unfolding a passion for a man to whom she had never spoken. The regiment, to which he belong was stationed, at this time, in I——, the residence of the unfortunate; hence, the had frequent of portunities of seeing him; but the removal of the regiment was the removal of the object in whom a her earthly desires were centered, and she survived it but a short time; but in a colicil ansaxed to be will, she left him in possession of part of her fortune, and hence all was vain when the news of this survey.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have taken the liberty of making a small alteration on the lines by Juvenis. 'The Storm' will find an early insertion.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successor to W. D. Lyceum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to St. Editor. Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shops of the Principle Bulkers. Glasgow. Also of the following Booksellers: John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Themas De Paisley; Koert Mathle, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currue, Port. Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothstay; Jad. Humiton; and M. Dick Irvine; for ready represent the property of the property **等位现形** Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine; for ready money only.

MITTERARY MIBILANCIE 3

OR,

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 18.

WEDNESDAY, 30th OCT. 1822.

Price 31d.

SLIGHT NOTICES OF ROSLIN AND ITS SCENERY.

From my Journal, kept during His Majesty's residence at Edinburgh.

I had long felt a desire to visit the classic grounds of Roslin, and a more favourable opportunity than the present could not occur; for the lovely solitude of its scenery offered charms to me which I could well appreciate, tired with perambulating the crowded streets of the metropolis. The season was delightful; autumn dangled her yellow locks over the face of the prospect, interspersing it with variety of colouring and general softness of appearance, making it an enticing picture of beauty. The distance from the metropolis to Roslin is 7 miles; the road has little to recommend it, but a few villages, distinguished like many others, in this country, only for irregularity and dirty appearance; however, the view, from near Libberton church, about 3 miles out, is worthy of a moment's attention. The view, from this spot, is in-

the spectator, may be comprehended in one glance of his eye. After the arrival of the stranger at Roslin, the first object to which his attention is generally directed is the 'chapel'. would be quite impertinent to pretend to give here anything like a detailed account of this curious and antique edifice. Its construction, and sculptured ornaments, can only be known by laborious inspection: it may be sufficient to say, that it is allowed by those who are proper judges, to be excelled by no Gothic structure in Europe as to the superiority of its architecture, the diversity, beauty, execution, and singularity of its sculptured designs in flower work, groups of figures, &c.; indeed, by a minute investigation into this latter part of the chapel, the exterior, but more especially the interior of it, appears originally to have been covered with carved work, a considerable portion of which is in a state of good preservation, though much, which doubtless would deed little inferior to that from Arthur's have been interesting, and would have Seat, (though impossible to be so ex-tensive,) affording a most commanding tially faced, or in a worse state, leavprospect of Leith roads; Craigmillar angus totally in the dark, or at least castle, one of the ancient residences of Queen Mary; Arthur's Seat; a great featured stone. The chapel was foundpart of Edinburgh; and the Pentland ed in 1466 by Wm. St. Clair, prince hills, all of which, nearly encircling of Orkney, and duke of Oldenburgh,

whose remains lie within it. Its height within, from the floor to the top of the high arched roof, is 40 feet, 8 inches length 68 feet; and though here and there a little delapidated, it is far from being in a ruinous state. One would have thought that such a piece of exquisitely hewn-out workmanship would have insured universal respect; yet we find that, in 1688, it did not escape the fury of a mob, (supposed to be chiefly of Roshn's own tenants,) who demolished and defaced certain parts of it, after having plundered the castle of Roslin; whether in this wicked outrage they were maddemed by religious or political enthusiasm, I cannot say. The situation of the chapel is truly romantic, enclosed in woods of the richest and most varied times of foilage, waving their shaggy tops over its stable turrets, which circumstance, it is probable, gave origin to the old appellation of the ' Chapel smid the wood.' The chapel was built for the private acccommodation of the family who inhabited the castle; and it is not unlikely that the founder, from feelings of a pious nature, lavished upon it all the profusion of art, that it might, in its own scale, correspond as nearly as possible with the magnificence of the surrounding scenery amid which it is situated. In this sequestered temple, aloof from the vanities of the world, the devout family, pouring out the humble offerings of their hearts before the sacred altar, would form a holy and captivating group, over which Deity would linger with complacency.

The day had so far advanced in its progress, as to favour me with a realization of the picture

Frae the west, the sun near settin,'
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

It is not certainly known when the castle of Roslin was built; but it is supposed that, about the year 1100,

dernus, Compte de St. Clare, who came to England with William the Conqueror, obtained, from Malcom Canmore, a grant of the lands and barony of Roslin. The situation of the castle is at a very short distance from the chapel. It is apparently built on a rock; the entrance is by a bridge of one arch, over a deep chasm; the abutment of the arch, on one side, is formed from the rock upon which the castle is built. The present aspect of the castle, is that of a majestic ruin, with part of the outer walls standing, so as to give us some idea of its original form and extent. The interior of it is filled with masses of stone and rubbish, the memorials of its gradual decay. I entered along, vaulted avenue, the only entire specimen of this oncetowering fabric, in which are a number of dismal and horrifying cells, branching off at short distances from each other, on the left side. There, said the guide, pointing to a cell, is a haunted onc. In the sullen gloom of a subterraneous arch-way, encompassed by walls glazed with chilling damps, and where every tread rebounds hollow to the ear; at such information, notwithstanding all our philosophy, we have a shudder to spare. It may be curious to the antiquary to know something of the ancient grandeur of the castle, as it will afford data upon which to judge of the splendour displayed by Royalty in our own day-Here, says a historian, William St. Clare kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Derleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose sbsence they had deputies to attend, viz. Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig, Tweedie, Laird of Dumferline, and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. William de Santo Claro, son of Wal- his halls, and other apartments, richly

He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silk, with their chains of gold and other ornaments; and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all her journeys. If it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, 80 lighted torches were car-She was next in digried before her. nity to the Queen.' But alas, now how changed! These golden days are flown, and the splendid tapestried halls

Where steel-clad warriors won the hearts
Of gentle dames and tripped it joyously, to music's witchery, till daybreak, have fallen into ruins, or, perchance, if time has spared the remnant of a tottering wall, 'tis that through its disjointed fabric the gales of heaven may sigh the lullaby of departed grandeur. This is, in truth, a fairy land for the lover of romence. Here the poet may fall asleep in the lap of nature, and dreaming on the by-gone days, awake and string his lyre to a melody that will touch the heart. The scenery at the castle is quite what we would wish to find about such a place. Where, in the whole range of nature is any thing more characteristic than the aged venexable yew, that had it voice would tell his tales? In the depth below, the Esk flows placedly, embowered by the interweaving branches of the spreading trees lining its margin; or rustles among the brushwood; or drives an impetuous current, confined between the rocky precipices; and from this, rise the chapel hill and castle steep, gratifying us with the most enbeen selected as a retreat for the dis- exhibitions of nature.

adorned with embroidered hangings. play of reciprocal love; for, there is, in the garb with which nature has invested them, something so soft and inspiring, as to render them appropriate seclusions for giving vent to the delicate sensibilities of the heart. the sun is fast sinking in the horizon, I must leave

"Roelin's towers an' brees see bonnie, Craigs an' waters, woods an' gien; Roelin's banks, unpeer'd by onie Save the muses, Hawthornden."

The walk from Roska castle to Hawthornden, along the margin of the Eels, may extend about 3 miles. It is quite impossible for any pen to convey adequate ideas of the soenery which this walk comprehends; indeed there is no description or quality of it, (with the exception of the waterfall,) but comes under the notice of the stranger during his progress. The admirer of nature will find here, enough to gratify his taste, let it be ever so enlarged, -ever so epicurean. The Esk runs a spiral course in a deep and wide ravine or glen, both sides of which are covered, to a prodigious height, with trees of all sizes, and verdure of every kind. We have numerous instances of the beautiful and picturesque, in the regular ascent of charming variegated woods, with the sound of purling streamlets below, -of the romantic, in stuntad trees foreing an existence through the crevice, or sending their creeping branches over the faces of the huge, unshapely ivy-clad rocks, studding with green and withered foilage their multifarious fantastic projections; -of the fearfully sublime, ...

* Rocks piled on rocks in horrid grandeut; Craigs rent and shattered, on whose lofty tops overhang broken masses of the rock, seemingly supported on the critical balance of a hairs-breadth-There are no feelings in the human chanting survey conceivable. It is no soul that can resist being called up wonder that these banks have often among these, the awful and genuine

Hawthorden is an old, respectable mansion, seated on a rocky eminence, washed at the bottom by the Esk .-The scenery here, in its general feature, has a great resemblance to that which we have attempted to give an outline; however, the view from Hawthornden must overlook a considerable tract of beautiful and interesting country. The epithet given by the poet ' Muses' Hawthornden' is indeed, in every respect, well applied; for a more poetical spot cannot be imagined, as it embraces every object favourable to cherish the spirit of poesy. If ever the Muses are to be invoked, it is in such an element as this, where all is peace, and harmeny, and purity, that we should expect them to be hovering. The Dryades never inhabited woods where the mellifluous notes of the feathered songsters sound more shrill. If Apollo cannot preside in this paradise, he can no where upon the earth.

Night had now involved all creation in gloom. The rattling of carriages bespoke my near approach to the highway, and broke in upon the abstraction of the mind, which, for a time, had been lifeless to the commerce of the

world.

and the second

MR. MARTAIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

A Letter from Mrs. Winifred Lloyd, to her friend Mrs. Price, at the parsonagehouse at _________ in Monmouthshire.

My dear Mrs. Price,—This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite inchanted with the metropadus and longs to be intraduced to its satiety which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world, being twenty years old cum Midsummer the Bible with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall—with the cunning men, and the king, and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting, and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews, and pinks, and purples, and greens, all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet, and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the banket.

and very big for her size. You knows. Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accumplishments she was quite berried in Wales, but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best, and make a rare havoc among the mail sex. larned the pinaforte, and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day Bullock's museum to see Mr. Martain's expedition of picters because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself, and a very nice site it was, thof it cost half-a-crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up stairs (Becky calls it a drawingroom) and you see about a dozen for your munny, which brings it to about a penny a piece and that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in, and on the right coming out is called Revenge. It reperesents a man and woman with fire breaking out at their backs-Becky thought it was the fire of London-but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good Then there was thought to paint. Bellshazzer's Feast as you read of it in the Bible with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall-with the cunning men, and the king, and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting, and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews, and pinks, and purples, and greens, all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet, and no doubt they had

him from a picter of the Welsh Bard, because he knew the Ballat about it and saw the whole core of Captain Edwards's sodgers coming down the hill with their waggin train and all, quite natural. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another, and some going out of sight into heaven, that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon but not half so well painted, Becky said, as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart, bright cullers, only a bunch of flowers in a garden, that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chancy tea-Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever, and said that they prefeared his architectre work to his painting, and he makes very handsome bildings for sartain. They said too that this Picter was quieter than all the rest, but how that can be God he knows for I could not hear a pin's difference betwixt them-and besides, that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord-The next was only a lady very well dressed, a walking in a landskip, but oh Mrs. Price how shall I tell you about the burning of herculeum! Becky said it but her in mind of what is written in Revealations, about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals!-Oh dear! to see the poor things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs! and the other. The man says it is a perall the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms, and going to rack and ruin in the arbour! It is a shocking site only quite different, and cums from the to see only in a picter, with so many Appellation Mountings. My Humpeople in silks, and sattins, and velvets, phry thought it must have been catcht having their things so scorched and in a pond, and I wunder the child could

burnt into holes! Oh Mrs. Price what a Providence we was not born in Vesuvus, and there are no burning mountings in Wales !- Only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders, and almost suffercated to death with brimstun.-It puts one in a shever to think of it.

There is another picter of a burning mounting with Zadok hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story and shall tell it you-but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentlemen you knows of, said it was a much better painting. there is no saying for people's tastes as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner-but I have forgot one more and that is Macbeth and the three Whiches, with such a rigiment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky says the band ought to be playing bagpines instead of kitile drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure, from what I have heard in the North, that either kittles or drums would sound better than bagpipes.

We are going to-morrow to the play and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Becky and Humphry, and remane

Your faithful, humble sarvant, WINIFRED LLOYD.

P. S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martin's expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus, as it is but a step from wan to fect picter, and so it is, for sartain, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull,

make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy, and very foreward in his He was evely delited at the site you may be sure; but Becky, being timorsome, shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing him now and then, the anymil is no way veracious, and eats nothing but vegentables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon, but he gave it two hole pales of rare carrots besides. It must be a handsum customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderfull work of natur, and ought to make man to look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus, let them tell me that, Mrs. Price! I would have carried him home in my eye to discribe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady, and she drove him quite out of my head .-Howsomever as you likes curosities, I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's own eyes. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a carryvan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvant WINIFRED LLOYD.

THE MISANTHROPE.

ANY OF STATE OF

From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the sons of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes.
My Joy, my grief, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.
MANFRED.

Man was not made to be alone. There are few of his pleasures that are not social; aid there is a spring in his soul which one of his own species alone can move. He has a heart to love, and there is a blank in his existence when it is not brought into play. If there be such a thing as Misan-

thropy, it must be a revulsion of the framework of his mental economy, -a shriveling and shrinking of his affections, -the drying up of that milk of human kindness which should flow in his bosom, and which is the pride of his nature. Cold, barren, and dead must be his soul if he can say, Stand aloof, I hold no sympathy with my fellow;-I hate the beings stamped by the same image, and who glow with the same emotions. My heart is dark ;-let no one commune with the secret of its meditations.let no one listen to the harsh gratings produced upon its chords by the world's intercourse. I have no sympathy with the woe of humanity; its joy is my bane; and I delight not in the accents of its mirth, but when uttering the wild laugh of despair.

The Misanthrope is a being whose existence perhapsisonly to be found in the regions of fiction; and an idea of whose character has been formed more from the dreamings of poetry than from the facts of experience. If he is to be met with in the haunts of real life, the workings of his mind are concealed, and the indulgence of his innate propensities is thwarted by a conformity to the ways of the more amiable. dealings of man. He is, perhaps, like the Atheist, willing to coil himself up within the labyrinth of his own communings, and be fearful to acknowledge what he is fearless to indulge. But the one has a greater bias to concealment than the other. daring disbelief of a God may be accompanied with much that is amiable in life, as well as sound in philosophy; and it may be hard, by its open acknowledgment, to deprive oneself of such a rallying point of sympathy with many loved members of our race. Even this may be sufficient to explain the fancied non-existence of avowed Atheism. Few have had the hardihood to avow such a ghastly flaw in their creed; and fewer still have dared to display the dark misanthropy of their hearts,—to let the nakedness of their character, and the unseemly features of their disjointed soul, stand exposed to the scrutiny of the world's observation. They may hate mankind; but they shrink from an exposure, to that isolation from sympathy, which a knowledge of their character would produce. As soon as it was known that they besto wed upon no one their love, they would expect that all would make them the object of their hate. As long as they live in the world, and transact dealings with the sons of men, this is too hard to bear. The hate which

they cherish sweetly in their own hearts towards others, sears and scorches when reflected back upon themselves. They wrap themselves round with the veil of hypocrisy, and glory in the art by which they make mankind their dupes.

The absolute Misanthrope, though a rare, is therefore by no means an impossi-Rarer, perhaps, in appearble existence. ance than in reality. The pictures of a Black Dwarf, and of a Manfred, and of a Timon, show bow well the character may accord with the general lineaments of humanity; and were we admitted to a more intimate acquaintance with human nature, we might discover how much its moral qualities tend to the formation of the cha-When the vell is withdrawn that conceals the workings of mind from all, save the gaze of omniscience, -when caution and reserve have been thrown aside. and we are admitted an unknown spectator of the secret machinery of the mental movements, we are often astonished at the black and unseemly appearance that is presented. In the madness of intoxication, and the ravings of lunacy; we often discover the annihilation of all that seemed amiable, and lovely, and fair, -the rottenness of all that seemed pure, substantial, and lasting, and the exercise of inclinations so malignant, that detestation and abhorrence would be excited were it not for the unwarranted derangement that has taken place. It is only in these moments of deprivation of reason, when the faculties of the soul have become "perverted, that the cold curses of Misanthropy are vented, and the heart breathes out the accents of hate. Yet there is as much reason to think that it may arise, more from the mental malady than from a faller development of the usual workings of the mind. We must, however, hold it thue that, when from the derangement of reason, the passions are allowed unshackled scope, unawed by its dictates, that the heart is displayed torn of disguise, and exhibits isself in a makedness which judgment, in a wool enleulation of consequences, would have forbidden. It may be inferred then, that there may be more Misanthropy in the work! than is known—that it seldom appears' tinmitigated and undisguised, and that its indulgence may often be cherished in the heart under the show of outward affection, and warm sensibility.

Man is certainly, upon the whole, a sel-

duct, and selfishness is too often allowed an undue and arrogant predominance. requires but the total aggrandizement of this principle,—the giving it a complete and universal sway in our minds, and the seeking its indulgence with an utter recklessness of every other consideration, to induce upon the mind a state of deliberate Misanthropy. Let but selfishness, engross; a monopoly of our feelings-let its dictates be the rule of our conduct, immoveable by the dint of pity, or the whisperings of conscience, and all love is banished but what centres in the point whence it amenants, and no good is sought for but that of him by whose hand it is performed. Nothing but power is requisite for the full completion of the moral monster, to glut his apetite for cruelty, by the extermination of his race, and to wring the drops of his own pleasure from the blood and the groups of those he has injured. It is but seldom that the world is visited by such a direful outbreaking; and yet it is an incalculable mischief that is done by a deminering selfishness, even before at discovers itself in the characteristics of a decided Misanthrony. There are a race of beings who can undermine, and wheedle, and cajole you over to their interests, or be all the while endeayouring to work youriruin when thebritishe you with the ardour of bretherhood and professing the utmost strachment wand esteem. There are many that go about in the world, bustling amid all the hum of a jovial sociality, whose face is clothed with a perpetual smile, and their lips swittering with an eternal simper, who but men the simpletons, with whom they join in the loud laugh of merriment, as the steppingstones of their own aggrandizement. Such beings find it necessary to conceal their Misanthropy for the accomplishment of their purposes, as well as from a moral dread of the horror which a knowled of their Machaevalian policy would excion But there are many who would even brave the storm, and, as they refuse all sympathy, demand nothing but hatred in return, did they not find a concealment of the machinery of their conduct necessary to its final success.

Inordinate pride is often the accompaniment, if not also one of the sources of Misanthropy. Indeed, pride and selfishness generally walk hand in hand. Selfishness unrestrained by morality, and for-Disinterested benevolence is tered by an ignorance of philosophy, fits'a but seldom the unbiased motive of his con- man for becoming the instrument of re-

venge, cruelty, and injustice. It but requires an overweaning pride of himself, and a contempt for others, to make him turn his back upon the world, and declare himself its foe. Wrapped up in the solitary idea of self-consequence, he can but ill brook the rules of fortune, and he is inclined to set down as the product of malice, what is the result of chance, or of the natural course of events. As his hand is against every man, he thinks every man's hand is against him. The world is unwilling to pay him the tribute he demands, and he repays its unkindness with his hate. Disappointment goads him on; he is fretted and galled, -nothing accords with his wishes; the sanctuary of his soul becomes the seat of confusion, and pain, and misery; he is corroded by heart-burnings ummitigated and unquenchable. dwells amid darkness, and a gleam of delight seldem flashes upon his countenance, but when all is desolation around him. Nature has no charms for him, but when in her gloomiest mood-when her elements are in commetion, and she seems pregnant with destruction; wrapped in his own gloominess, his bosom reverberates the mouning of the wind that harbingers the coming storm-when all is dark, and dread, and lonely-when the thunder is awakening from its sleep, and the windows of beaven are opened, the lightning for a soument dilumines the surrounding gloom; but it sheds no ray into the darkened soul of the MEANTHBOPE. in the will be A. W.

Glasgow, 29d October. WHITE THE STATE OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF new commentaccini,

THE FAMOUS CHARLATAN OF PARIS.

A young man of good family, having a few years squandered a large estate, . and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind he casts his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An

the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted asplendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style, and title of ' the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch or a single look.' This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as the 'celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.' To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertak-The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Dr. Mantaccini, and purchase his baume de vie. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, that he had scarcely time to eat or drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to show signs of uneasiness. 'You know nothing of mankind, said the doctor to him; 'be quiet.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen :---

' The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already withouther resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give adroit and loquacious domestic was fifty louis to keep your secret to jourself.' In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, 'Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience, of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success "of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an aftestation in due form under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.'

This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady who was a downright charlatan

In an instant after, two dashing arrived, who, with the most supplications, entreated him not ye their old father, formerly the

THE FALLS OF OHIOPYLE.

On the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which These were the principal abounds in fish. considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to remble forth with my dog and gun, amidst uninbebited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I exemined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my fourfooted companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay, in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water, -- circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being oversome, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overteel mit defen I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn'; 'immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of year is indescribably besttiful. I love to dwell upon those sad wiff melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when nature, in ther garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing thing around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the

that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves, that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around .-The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the sarrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquility; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased. Immease oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage .-As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural The obscure outline of embellishments. the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure; which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less shibstantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moon-beams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the borizon were fringed with the same radience; while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased | never till now did he seem so terrible. that it awakened my attention.

however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and secing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his nowillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked. that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the hoat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought, with considerable anxiety, for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them, by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, mak I mw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still be looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to mtain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stress. was tremendous, and I now divised too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddlered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was herrying without hope or succour; or a tolg to catch at to save me from destruction. a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the weterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. " I had hard I had seen him in various forms. of death. I had been in camps where he rages; but This, Still the beautiful face of nature which had

sempted me to my fate was the same .-The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightmess, shone the star of evening, and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery .-My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects; a mist was overmy eyes -but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delucion as from a dresm, and again the year of the esteract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity; for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible, to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness; and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent into atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyse, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cost up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and beard the abunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water; but human nature could not beer such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

and it was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where L was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the elightest idea of my present or former emsteries... I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a greature placed in the situation I have supposed however, of my reaching the edge of the would experience. I know not whether I rock over which the full stream rushes Ψ_{11} n_{12} T

make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure; but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river-of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohiopyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it-but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alterna-

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpees of what was passing about I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form which had flitted around me. day, as I lay half sensible on may bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers. it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me; her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white figures, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away ;. I was again sensible, and could call to mind, with some little trouble, a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still,

with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, destitute as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round. I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him, when turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy bad dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while on the other, hung a basket of flowers .-I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumbbut not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seging me able to depart from my couch : chiding me at the same for so doing with-She smiling said, 'I am, at out leave. present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible.' 'But,' added the father, 'we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive. By this time I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned them .-But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more

daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curfosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my cagerness, and promised to satisfy my cu-It was easily done. The old riosity. man had a son, who, passing by the Fulk of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the meanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of From this situation, he had great difficulty, first in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgest business), I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over, every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for -shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me had been the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the levely weman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely been benefited by the same care, and have

been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden that surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark-green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the nest glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with 'wee modest' daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; 'and yet it cannot be helped,' I repeated again and again. 'How happy I should be,' I thought ' in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter'-dares man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? 'and why should I not be happy?'

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me: and her father is happy in seeing her happy .-Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

REVIEW.

The Lollards: a Tale. In three Vols. London, 1822.—(Concluded) Impatient to benefit his father by

England, and the lovely Alice is left under the care of the venerable Bohemian, whose counsels and consolatory arguments are occasionally varied by the kind attentions of his friend, the Baron de Chulme, or rather, the celebrated Jerome of Pargue, and the more devoted homage of De Marle, an amiable young Frenchman, who has been indebted for the rudiments of his education to John Huss, and who, though a Catholic himself, separating the virtues of his preceptor from what he deems his errors, continues to look with veneration on the one, and indulgence on the other. But too soon are the tranquil enjoyments of the little circle interrupted. The venerable Huss is summoned to aupear before the Council at Constancei and notwithstanding the safe-conduct granted him by the Emperor Sigismund, is condemned to die, or, as the horrible zeal of the age could coolly designate the most terrible of deaths: to 'suffer purishment by fire.' His behaviour in prison, his calm contemplation of death, joined to that lingering love of life—which, if it be a weakness, is one in which all the had man race sympathises—the simplicity which betrays him into listening to a plan of escape suggested by a pretended fellow-prisoner, feigned only to work his greater condemnation, his meekness under disappointment, and his fortitude in the last awful moment of his existence, are all affectingly and forcibly described: appaling as the subject is, we are yet disposed to approve the minuteness with which it dwelt on.— That such scenes should ever have occurred among civilized beings, is matter of equal wonder and horror to the reflecting mind; but having ocar curred, alas, so often, it is fit that they should be at times recalled to memory in order that the superstition and his new discovery, Edward returns to tyranny from which they sprung may. be recalled with them, to be execrated and warned against as they deserve.

Whilst these events are transacting in Germany, Edward Oldcastle is silently acquiring the means of independence in England, by supplying the booksellers, who regard him merely as an eminent text-writer, with paternosters, creeds, and prayer-books.-Mindful of his oath, and afraid of exciting inquiry into the means by which he is enabled to comply with the demands on his industry at a rate that would have required all the hands of Briareus, had he only had them to depend on, he takes a lodging in what is now called Piccadilly, but which was at that time designated by the name of The way to Reading, and which he selects, not merely for the rural beauty of the spot, but for the perfect retirement it affords. To secure himself still more effectually from discovery, he assumes the disguise of a physician, and by a whimsical chance to called in, under that character, by Sir Thomas Venables, to prescribe for his daughter Matilda, in whose character, duty to her father and constancy to her lover are finely blended. wonder, that under such circumstances, the son of Esculapius should fall into an error very common with his brethren of more modern times, and keep his patient too long on his books. In one unlucky interview he is betrayed to the father, by the identical doctor, for whom he has been taken, having arrived a short time before: with difficulty he escapes the wrath of Sir Thomas, and Matilda is sent to a convent of Black Nuns, never to leave it except as the wife of Octavius.

The adventures of the gentle Alice; the daughter of Lord Cohham, and meanwhile, are romantic and interesting in a high degree: heart-broken at the fate of her beloved protector, she leaves Germany, according to his last the king is welcomed on his return to leaves Germany, according to his last the king is welcomed on his return to London, closes the second volume of mequest, under the care of Baron de-

Chulme, and in the disguise of a boy, Separated from him by accident in France, she is afterwards taken up by De Marle, who, with all the quicksightedness of a lover, soon penetrates her disguise, but spares her delicacy the pain of perceiving that she is known to him, and places her in the capacity of page, under the care of Madame de Aumont, the wife of his commander in-chief, with whom he forthwith hastens to meet the English on the plains of Agincourt. An unfortunate partiality for her page, on the side of Madame de Aumont, obliges Alice to leave her house soon after, under the cover of night; and wandering she knows not whither, she finds herself on the field of battle, at the close of the engagement in which victory bed so decidedly crowned the arms of the Flying from the sights of English. horror that every where meet her eyes, she finds De Marle wounded and supported by an English officer, who proves to be her brother's early latquaintance and involuntary rival, the gallant and generous-hearted Octavius, who, instead of putting his prisoner to the sword, according to the cruel order, hastily given by Henry, conducts him safely to the house of his father, who, in return, welcomes the brave Octavins and the fictitious Florio under his roof, with all the warmth that gratitude and hospitality can inspire. Accident discovers the sex of Alice to Octavius. At first his natural levity prompts him to treat the discovery too much in the spirit of the mere man of war; but when the knowledge of her name is added to that of her sex, all the man of honour is roused to protect the daughter of Lord Cobham, and he becomes at once her champion and The festivities with which her lover. the king is welcomed on his return to London, closes the second volume of

spirit so admirable, that, to use the words of the motto in the title-page,

Forgotten generations live again, and all the actors in the busy scene are made to pass before our eyes in their respective offices and costumes.

Under the care of Octavius, Alice is brought safely to Lutterworth; there to await a visit from her father, who resolves to dare all dangers for the pleasure of seeing her. Unfortunately, in making the attempt, he falls into the snare of Roderick the Red-hand, by whom he is given up to Lord Powis, and is betrayed into the hands of government by that venal nobleman, just at the very moment when his son Octavius is flattering himself with the hope of obtaining Alice's hand. part of the story is excellently managed, and is well calculated for drama-A variety of interesting tic effect. incidents intervene, before the affecting one of Lord Cobham's death-but our limits warn us to conclude.—It will be a consolation to those who grieve over the unmerited fate of that most upright nobleman, to find that the children, whose welfare is represented as the only anxiety of his last hours, are after many adverse trials, and many perilous escapes from persecution, made happy in a union with those to whom their misfortunes have only the more endeared them. Edward is blessed with the hand of his faithful Matilda, and Alice rewards abounds.

the steadfast attachment of De Marle. by giving him a legal claim to protect her through life: only one regret remains on the mind of the reader; and that is inspired by the fate of the highspirited and warm-hearted Octavius, who, as a kind of sacrifice to poetical justice, we suppose, on the part of the author, is made to receive a deadly blow intended for Edward Oldcastle, from Roderick the Red-hand. is Lord Powis rendered accessary to the death of his son, to enrich whom he has tarnished his name with the imputation of cruelty and avarice; whilst Octavius himself, his last moments soothed by the fond attentions of his admiring friends, scarcely regrets the resignation of an existence rendered painful to him by his father's disgrace, and which is no longer cheered by the hope of gaining Alice's love. have we endeavoured to give the outline of a story, graceful in its simplicity and interesting in its truth: and we cannot conclude our notice of it without expressing a hope that, if we must have historical novels; though, after all we might argue on the fitness of matters purely historical as the subject of works professedly of imagination; we may get fairly clear of debatcable ground, and we have our interest drawn to some of the numerous striking incidents, and impressive characters, with which the history of England

POETRY.

PARODY ON BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Friends, who never ha'e been led Wedleck's thorny path to tread, Welcome to the downy bed O' glorious liberty.

Now's the day, and now's the hour, Ere the clouds of marriage lower, Welcome to the blissful bower, O' calm felicity.

Wha would be a cuckold knave?
Wha would not submission brave?
Wha would be a woman's slave?
Turn, cuckold, turn and fice.

Wha for freedom's glorious law, Would not give his life...his a'? Freeman, stand, or freeman, fa', Bachelors on wi' me.

By starvation, grosns, and pains, By tormenting wives and weans, While there's blood within our veins, We shall, we shall be free!

Lay the thought of marriage low----Woman is man's mortal foe, Let each breast with ardour glow, For glorious liberty.

OLD HOPELESS.

STORM-Shipwreck.

Yes, rage ye winds—I love to hear Yes, rage ye winds—I love to hear The tempest howing o'er the sea; Though death on every wave appear No bitterness it has for me; For hope and fear are nought to me, I've learned to mock at misery; And joy and sorrow are forgot,
Or thought of—to be wondered at.

Yes, howl, ye tempests, and discharge In wrath your fury on my head; On the flerce wave high rides my barge, And darkness now has overspread And darkness now has overspread The occan—not a star on high In pity greets the seaman's eye. All's dark and gloomy as the heart, That fills this bosom—once 'twas light. Earth's joys no more can bliss impart, Partin's joys no more can bliss impart,
And pleasure vainly would invite
To taste her cup—I once was too
A thing—that pity could subduc;
But scorned in love, by friendablp stung,
No wonder if my soul was wrung;
And feeling scorned to have her goal,
In such a desolated soul.

Howl on—the timber's rending creak Warns us we soon will be a wreck, O! vainly will the seaman's wife Expect her lord's return with life. She strikes—have mercy, God—'tis past, And many a soul hath breath'd its last,

Dreadful to hear worn nature's shrick, Dreadful to hear worn nature's shriek, struggling for life upon the wave; Where am I now—in mercy speak, Beyond the confines of the grave? Methought the cup of death was drunk When breathless I expiring sunk, And poace inegable had stole, And wrapt in seeming bliss my soul; But O! how dreadful nature's strife When ferting back deserting 1161. When forcing back departing life! For worlds I would not undergo A second time that hour of woe.

Well—it is past—but from my mind No power on earth can e'er erase That bitter hour—but heaven is kind. I woke with wonder and amaze. But till the life-blood cease to stream, I never can forget that dream +. Glasgow.

PAREWEEL, BE HAPPY, AND AN' A'.

- of the E-Fareweel—fareweel, in peace I part
Wi' you, wha aye I thocht to lo'e;
There's ae warm corner i' my heart
For e'en the frien' that's chang'd to foe; An' O its dour to learn to hate,
Them wha it liked, as soon's I saw:
It kens na yet the wardlin's gate,
An' hopes ye're happy, ane an' a'.

An' maun I teach't suspicion's lore, An' case't in doubtin's hard an' cauld? o!-though its wounded i' the core, I'll roun' it still kind mem'ry fauld. O joy's hae been, unbookt by crime,
Whan met wi' you in festive ha,'
Or wooin' truth, in boyhood's prime,-

Still be ye happy, ane an' a'. An' I'll forget ye e'er did wrang.
Withouten thocht it may hae been. Or, witless gied the heart a pang,
Ye ne'er had bruised could ye hae seen;
But frien'ship I can ne'er forget— Your faeship yet may melt awa; I'll ne'er unkind pay back that debt,

But wish ye happy, ane an' a'. Fareweel!--whan years uncome has past, An' reason lets na passion lead, Regrets ye'll maybe backward cast For him—then dwaller wi the dead, Wha' ne'er, willfu', did ye scaith,
Or nursed a hate o' you ava—
An' left ye—honour-ca'd—but laith,—
Fareweel, be happy, ane an' a'.

F. Y. Ter

Glasgow, May, 1822. -->--

A BOOK.

- 23

A poring wight, who, being wed,
Was always reading in his bed,
His wife address'd with gentle look,
And said, 'I would I were a book!'
Why so, good dame?' the sage replies i'. I'm
Because you'd love me then, she cried.

Why so, good camer the same coparase.

Because you'd love me then,' she cricel

Why, that might be,' he straight rejoin
But 'would depend upon the kindAn Ahmanek, for instance, dear,
To have a new one every year." 22

* It has been remarked by persons who have been nearly drowned, that after the pain of subcastless was past, a pleasing feeling stole over the senses; but the pain felt on returning to life is described as dreadful, occasioned by the blood resuning its circulation.

R. G

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The suthor of the piece signed A. I. will see from the description of a Storm, that his subject was an ticipated, this piece being first on our list. We shall be glad to hear from him on some other subject. Amirus will please to observe that his article cannot be inserted for the like reason. We are sorry that we have offended the incipient rhymer, Juvenis, by honouring his lines with a place in the Melange of last week, we take this opportunity of informing him, that they really were not inserted on account of merit, but as an encouragement to early genius, he shring assured us of their being the first fruits of his muse; indeed we were confident of their being the production of some pretty little Juvenal at school, who, under the eye of his paps, or mamma, had strung together a few bad rhymes: we never imagined that we were printing the lucubrations of a critic in definition and accentation. If he continues to rhyme, let him avoid such pedantic words, as that to which we objected. We hope this will be a sufficient spology for our error. We have yet to learn, that Editors must not make alterations in the communications of anonymous correspondents.

The Language and Poetry of Scotland; Evening; and Lines signed Endymion, are under consideration. Misery upon Misery will find a place in our next, as will also the Funeral.

Rusticus has nothing interesting, therefore it is not admissable.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Sucressors to W. Tst., Lyceum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor. Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers: John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Dick, Paisey; Robert Mathle, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glagow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James Thomason, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine; for ready money only.

LITERARY MELANCE:

OR.

Beekly Register

OF

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 19.

WEDNESDAY, 6th NOV. 1822.

PRICE 31d.

ON THE

LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

The final union of the two kingdoms under Queen Anne, was nearly fatal to the vernacular dialect of this Long before that period, country. Sectland was without a court, and the language of course fell into some desuctude: but while the Parliament remained, it still continued the standard tongue, forming the medium of communication, not only between the lower, but between the higher classes. What the want of a court contributed to weaken, the want of a Parliament nearly overthrew. The higher orders, instead of confining themselves as formerly to the capital of their own country, hastened to London; and, as the court was formed on an English model, they naturally adopted the manners, the language, and the peculiarities of England. This change descended to the inferior classes of society; and although the strongly-rooted prejudices of the Scots disputed every inch of ground against innovation, yet the grief, that these antipathies must abate,

of the Southern Kingdom. If Scotland had possessed poets between the period of James VI. and Anne, and if these poets had written in their native tongue, with the genius of a Burns, the language would have acquired stability, and defied the efforts of innovation and time. But with the solitary exception of Buchanan, who lived in the beginning of the reign of James, and who wrote in a different tongue, Scotland had no such bards. imaginative genius of the country was dried up, and every species of intellect turned intensely to polemical divinity. In fact, the genius of the times was un-The disciples favourable to poetry. of Knox drew their stores, not from the heart, but from the understanding. They appealed to reason, and not to fancy. Beneath the stern severity which clouded them over, they were too much agitated with their own passions to attend to the purer and more ethereal feelings of poetry.

The time that the inferior classes of society; and although the strongly-rooted prejudices of the Scots disputed every inch of ground against innovation, yet the patriots of that country foresaw, with grief, that these antipathies must abate, and that not merely the manners, but likewise the language of Scotland, must short-lived popularity to Scottish pogradually wear out, and be lost in those

Scotland was fast loosing her peculiarities, and though the Flowers of the Forest,' and various other pieces showed what a pure spirit might breathe in the northern idiom, they were but wild and scattered gems in the desert -gems whose brightness would last for ever, but would be inevitably hid by othersless beautiful than themselves! But a few scattered songs, by nameless bards, could never restore the language of Scotland. She wanted a poet to spread over it an enduring vigour-to rescue it from the odium of vulgarity which, as a provincial speech, it began to acquire. Even among the Scots, poetical, national, and enthusiastically fond as they are, of their native poetry, . their songs, beautiful as they were, failed in reviving a language which To restore was fast wearing away. this diminished energy, a new stimulus was required. A new spirit had to he born. A fresh popularity and impulse were all demanded to reanimate the Scottish muse. This, Scotland , had the fortune to find in Allan Ramsay-a man whose genius would have thonoured any age, and who is justly considered the restorer of the poetry of his native land. Had Allan Ramsay not existed, the Scottish dialect would have been lost-irretrievably lost. At the time of his appearance, it was sinking every day lower and ...lower. Every one who laid claim to ... polish and learning endeavoured to get rid of it as fast as possible, but Ramsay - arrested the current. He showed that his native tongue had a purity—an expressiveness—a simplicity and pathos of its own. He exhibited its beauties in strains, which neither Addison, nor Pope, nor Gay, or any of his great contemporaries could surpass, and in fact, produced a poem which, in its kind, has no equal in the English The polished pastorals of Pope, Shenstone, and Phillips, and it. The language of the north, in

the love verses of Hammond, were tame, compared with the ' Gentle Shepherd.' Their 'Corydon's,' and Delia's,' and 'Amyryllis's,' were fantastic, unnatural conceptions, when set beside the warm well-drawn characters of the Scottish bard.

The appearance of Ramsay in the world of imagination, was hailed with delight by his countrymen. A new life was breathed upon the language. It spoke of things it had long forgotten to exhibit, and diffused itself like a fresh current over a channel, which was on the eve of becoming dry. The 'Gentle Shepherd' found its way into every cottage, and we might say into every palace. In the simple details of the pastoral drama every one recognised Scottish manners, as they then existed among the shepherds-And, it is to be hoped, as they still exist. It forced itself into unparalelled popularity by faithfulness, heightened with the legitimate art of poetry-There was no meretricious ornament. Every incident was such as might have happened, and every character drawn with the truth of nature itself.

Ramsay then was the restorer of the Scottish tongue, but when we consider the long era between his death, and the appearance of another, deserving the name of a Scottish poet, we will not be surprised; that even his writings, beautiful as they are, should fail in giving it lasting stability. causes which prompted the eradication of the dialect still existed: he dendened their force by showing the beauty of the language; but a solitary bard could not contend with time: the beating enthusiasm his writings at first excited could not endure for ever-He had impeded the current, but he had not stopped it. It still went on, though more slowly, and swept the reluctant dialect of Scotland along with

truth, was so rapidly wearing out, that Dr. Johnson, in 1771, remarkedit was seldom heard in polished society, except from the mouth of an old ladv.

Between the time of Ramsay and Burns, Scotland possessed many men of high poetical genius. Thomson, Beattie, Home, and Mickle, had ranked themselves among the first order of classic poets, and Smollet had written verses, worthy of Collins himself. But although the north had the honour of giving birth to these eminent men, yet they were not, properly speaking, Scottish poets. Though with the birth and feelings of Scotsmen, they did not write in the language.-Their works were written for no age, or country; -they suited equally the soil of England; and all that Scotland peculiarly derived, was the pride of being parent to such illustrious sons.

Robert Fergusson made his appearance shortly before Burns rose into celebrity, and wrote many pieces of great merit in the Scottish dialect; but his influence in restoring it was feeble, compared to that of his great successor. His works laid claim to elegance, to ease, and to occasional touches of pathos and humour; but they possessed none of the broad unbridled excellence of the bard of Ayr. The spirit that breathed upon them was blander, but infinitely less diversified. His humour drew forth the smile, Burns's produced the laugh. His touches of the pathetic made the gentle heart of woman thrill; but those of Burns drew tears, even from the more unwilling eyes of man. touched the harp with the graceful hand of a stripling; but Burns threw along its strings; the hand of a giant. Posterity, the ultimate and legitimate judge of all literary merit, has done for his poems had not the laboured right in placing Fergusson behind Al- melody and grace of modern prolan Ramsay. What his talents might ductions, but possessed the freshness,

have achieved with longer and happier life, it is needless to conjecture; but excellent as these talents were, they produced nothing equal to Ramsay's poems ' The Gentle Shepherd,' ' The Vision, 'The Monk and Miller's Wife, and the continuation of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.'

We may say then, that, for nearly half a century, the dialect of Scotland stood without literary support. merely floated on the breath of the people. Except the writings of Ramsay and the unequal 'Evergreen,' published by him and his associates, it had nothing to which it could refer for native excellence. But at the very time, when it was again sinking fast into vulgarity—at the very time, when the high and the learned were banishing it from their speech, as an impure dialect the wonderful ploughman of Ayrshire made his appearance. Gifted with boundless enthusiasm-ardent national feelings-intense depth of character—a rich vigorous intellect, and matchless facility of expression, Burns entered the field. Rivalry was at an The highest poets of the day end. stood rebuked in the presence of the wonderful ploughman—the poetasters threw down their pens in despair, and criticism surveyed his performances with delight and awe. Cowper and Beattie, who held the sceptres of poetry in England and Scotland, felt them tremble in their grasp, as they looked on this new rival.

The dialect required such a man as Burns to inspire it with new vigour. What Ramsay performed sixty years before, he had now to repeat; but in proportion as the task was more difficult, he was gifted with greater powers. He seemed, in truth, one of the ancient minstrels of Scotland restored;

originality, and almost roughness, of the oldest ballads. Whoever read them, saw that they came pure, impassioned, and glowing, from the author's Every verse abounded in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; every line was dipped in inspiration. Under such an intellect, the national language once more revived; and how could it be otherwise? for his songs were sung in every quarter of his native land, and abounded in a warmth and beauty, which it would have been sacrilege to denominate vul-To use the language of Mr. Campbell, his poems acted ' like the elixir of life on his native tongue -and by the same high authority we are told that, in the whole compass of Scottish poetry, there are not alone six songs equal to the best of his.

To be continued.

RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND. No. I. -00

AMELIA.

It has been often observed, that we never felish eright the sweets that render life agreeable, till we are in danger of being deprived of them. The same may hold true with regard to our native place; we look on the objects around us with comparative indifference, till, by some unavoidable contingency, we are removed far from them; a full noontide of endearing recollections then rush into our memories, and paints, in the most fascinating colours, the dear place of our nativity. It boots not how insignificant that place may be in the annals of the world: the blooming hawthorn, where we trifled away our childhood in little frivolities, would then be viewed with greater emotions of pleasure, than that which, with its purple juices, fills the flowing bowl: the verdant landscape that teems with variegated beauty, and spreads its enchanting prospect far and wide, around the rural habitation, would be viewed with more intense interest, than the hum of crowded cities, or the everchanging turmoil, that characterises the haunts of busy commerce. The music of the serenaders, she was evidently hastening to that.

in the neighbouring grove, would tell m sweetly upon the ear, than the swelling symphonies of the sprightly ball-room. Even the nymphs that have engaged our affections, acquire by absence a more lofty elevation in our esteem; and, in the sallies of our imagination, do we adorn them with a more exact symmetry of form, and throw around their before-graceful features, a thousand superadded charms, and then bug the lovely phantoms, till the bubble bursts, and we awake to our rest situation, and mentally put the humilisting query to ourselves-Where are they?

But the feelings arising from these privations, may be greatly extenuated, though not annihilated, by the kindness of those around us; we may find, in a soil foreign to that which gave us birth, all the offices of unadultered friendship; we may experience all the endearments of social sympathy from the conduct and conversation of those, who claim no nearer ties of affinity to us, than that of being the descendants of old father Adam; we may meet with the soul, who studiously anticipates the state of our minds, who embarks in our every concern, and with unremitting and disinterested assiduity, throws a comparative brightness around what is gloomy, and a brighter lustre over what is pleasurable. in our every-day experiences.

Priendship, mysterious cement of the soul, Sweetner of life, and solder of society.'—Biain

Such friendship, and such a friend, found I in the Doctor, whom I met according to previous agreement; the former gaiety of his countenance was clouded by a covering of gravity, which he had drawn I inquired the reason of this over it. Without answering my metamorphosis. question, he put into my hand a small card, which requested him to visit a friend, who had been long in a declining state of health. I looked into his face, and thought I saw engraven on it, 'will you accompany me,' In order to prove my skill in phsiognomy, I linked my arm in his, we proceeded in a south-west direction from W---a till we came to an avenue, that led to the right, which was fenced on either side by hedges of beech, and alternately planted with willows and ossiers. As the house of Mrs. Simons was situated at the foot of this avenue, we soon arrived there, and was cordially received hy the old lady, and shown by her into the parlour, where Amelia was lying. I eyed her attentively.

Bourne from whence no traveller returns.

But there was an inexpressible something in her waning features, which rendered her even lovely in decay; a momentary ray lighted up her sinking eye, which proclaimed, beyond the power of utterance, the gratitude of a noble mind, that was soon, alas! too soon, to be laid in ruins by the indiscriminating leveller of mankind. My friend advanced to the side of the bed, and softly inquired how she felt. The substance of what she said, while we remained, was as follows: 'I have now nearly done with all things terrestrial, and am just standing upon the brink of the world of spirits. I cannot look back upon my past life, without beholding it stained with numberless imperfections; but, thank God, I can look forward without terror, by a well-grounded hope in the sufficiency of that atonement, which has been made by the Redeemer of mankind, in the room Animated with this hope, of the guilty. I anticipate that happy moment, when my disembodied spirit shall wing its way to the abodes of the just, and there find a sure sanctuary of refuge from all the troubles, cares, and perplexities, which are strewed around life's thorny path.' She then said a few words more to the Doctor, her cousin. I saw the marks of generous nature spreading around the features, and standing in the eye of my friend.

He had a heart to feel, an eye to shed the tear Of sympathetic feeling o'er distress.

But suddenly recollecting himself he quitted the room: I followed his example. We took our leave of Mrs. Simons, and left the house. Before we left the garden, I turned round, and took a hasty view of the exterior of the house; the huge architraves, and the leaden casements of the windows, plainly proved that it was not the work of modern architecture; but there was a visible taste and neatness in the execution of every thing around it, which agreeably compensated for the want of external decoration. On our way home, I received from my friend the following sketch:-Amelia was, while in health, handsome in form, and beautiful in features; the accomplishments of her mind, added to those of her person, gained her a place in the esteem of all who knew her; she was at a very early period of her life surrounded with a herd of admirers, who assiduously plied her ears with all the common-place terms, which are used on base, in a moment.

such occasions; she was dubbed a goddess and an angel, and received as much tongue adoration from coxcombs, as if she had actually dropped from the celestial regions; but strange as it may seem, she never once forgot, that she was neither more nor less than a mere woman.

When she had reached her 19th year, a spirit of another stamp solicited, and acquired the paramount place in her affections; the mind of the one seemed to be the exact portrait of the others; their turn, their taste, their tempers, exactly coincided. But unfortunately, the father of Fidele, for such was his name, was stern in his manners, and avaricious in his pursuits; his acres and his guineas were his Deities, and unto them he rendered the homage of his affections; he knew nothing of the finer movements of the soul, but in so far as they ministered to the gratification of his favour-ite propensity. When their love had nearly attained its zenith, my uncle died, and a train of exigencies followed his exit, which reduced the fortune, which Amelia should otherwise have had, far below that which Fidelo was likely to possess. This called forth the authority of his father; he peremptorily ordered him to break off the intimacy which had hitherto subsisted between them, on pain of his final displeasure: Fidelo remonstrated, but remonstrance was considered as an insult upon his parental authority, and only tended to render him He had now nothing more imperative, left but the extremes of beggary, or submission. Hoping that time might prove more propitious to his passion, he choose the latter, and wrote to Amelia the following letter :--

By the decree of my father, I must see you no more! O my dear Amelia, compose yourself under this sad reverse of fortune. A brighter day may perhaps emerge from the present gloom; --- see you no more'-gracious heaven! what untoward circumstances are inwoven with my I could live for ever in your destiny. presence, and gaze existence away in the contemplation of your charms; and can I see you no more? There is madness in the thought-I must pursue it no farther at present! adieu!

To Amelia.

The feelings of Amelia may be easier guessed than described, on perusing this letter; the superstructure of fancied bliss which she had fondly raised tottered to its The ray of hope that gleam'd athwart the gloom, Preserved her from absolute despair.'

The Father of Fidelo was unremitting in his attempts to erase from the tablet of his heart, every idea that associated itself with Amelia; in order to effect this, he proposed a union with a young lady who had nothing to recommend her to his esteem, but her possessions; but Fidelo indignantly rejected the proposal, and to free himself from the importunities of his father on this subject, solicited, and received a commission in the army. He contrived to gain a meeting with Amelia before he joined the - regiment-never was meeting more happy, never was parting so bitter! But why dwell upon circumstances which can only give pain to the feeling mind. Suffice it to say, that he joined the regiment, and secured the esteem of his brother officers, by his easy carriage and unassuming manners; and by his magnanimity, acquired the character of a brave soldier. But O! how transient is worldly greatness, his blood, along with that of thousands, stained the verdure, and soaked the plains of W-

The ties which bound the soul of Amelia to earth were now dissolved. She had lost her father, and her mother; yes, but she had lost more, she had also lost her Fidelo! The attempts of those around her to smooth the wrinkled forehead of sorrow were unavailing. While she was grateful for their kindness, she regretted the inadequacy of that kindness to the aid Her mind was not like the impetuous torrent, that bursts its boundsries, and flows with a momentary rage, and then returns to its pristine tranquillity; no, hers was the feelings of a mind which was fully sensible of a vaccuum in its enjoyment that all the world could not replenish.

It is now about 12 months since Fidelo Since that period, the gaity of her spirits has completely left her, at all times I should have said, but those in which she indulges the hope that she will meet with those whom she loved on earth, in purer skies, and bask with them in unclouded bliss through eternity's revolving ages. Thus far he entertained me till we reached home, with an account of Mrs. Simons, the woman with whom she lodged. was her aunt, by her mother's side, and had acted the part of a mother to her, since deprived of her own. I need not add that we never again saw Amelia. She died in a few days after this interview. AMICUS,

MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Melange.

'Love is heaven, and heaven is love.' -- Scott

SIR,—To the contemplative mind, it will appear a matter of surprise that any one, possessed of common sense, should think of bettering his condition in life by being married to a partner, who, though possessed of much wealth, is an object of dislike and aversion. But this is too frequently the case. Too frequently may be seen the miserable consequences which flow from a marriage, the subjects of which have not one iota of love towards each other.

Money is not a good itself. may be the means of our possessing elegant furniture, splendid equipages, and magnificent houses. Our tables may be covered, by its agency, with the richest wines, with the most delicate fruit of the orchard, and the most luxuriant herb of the field—our bodies may be sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather with the most expensive apparel—our couches and our pillows may be made of the softest down: but, if we receive these luxuries by being united in marriage to beings on whom we look with an eve of aversion or scorn, it is impossible they can produce in our bosoms one particle of happiness.

Without a similarity of opinion, of sentiment, and of disposition-if the feelings of either sex beat not at the same pace, a great degree of the comforts and felicities of the matrimonial state must be diminished. For should the husband hate his wife, or should the wife hate her husband, that couple and their family must be in a miserable condition indeed. Their children will either be fatherless or motherless: for the mother will love one child, and the father another. The child whom the father will love, the mother will bate;

The disposition of their offspring will be tinctured with the hatred, the malignity, and jealousy of their parents; and they will be left, in a few years, to plod through the world with hearts depraved and minds uncultivated: or. if they have accomplishments, they will be those only which attract the wondering gaze of the world. These are the deplorable effects which issue from a marriage unattended by the gentle and sublime passion of love. Without this divine principle, all the riches a couple may possess can be They may both, with of no avail. their children, sit around the winter fire, and we may call it a domestic circle; but it is not the circle of peace and love: they may both repose on the same couch; but it is not the couch of peace and love: they may beams of the morning sun; but they are entirely unaffected by the renovating beams of peace and love: they may both have their coffers filled with the treasures of the Indies; but they possess not the real and more substantial pleasures—those of peace and love. No, Mr. Editor; without that feeling, that affection, that passion, which we denominate love, their gold, and their possessions of every kind. will be their bane. But let them once love each other, and wealth cease to be their god, they will enjoy as much happiness as human nature can enjoy on this side of the grave.

As a further proof of the imbecility of riches without love, we ask, if the husband should be stretched on the bed of adversity, will his wife drop tears of grief, that his tears may be wiped? will her heart bleed, that his heart may cease to bleed? will she

and the one she will love, he will hate. him not. He has wealth, and he has opulence; but he is devoid of a tender, loving wife. He has a wife; but she loves him not.

I declaim not against money. It is the means by which the philosopher puts in practice his preconceived theories, by which the poet displays the creations of his fancy, and by which the christian performs his philanthropic and godlike deeds. It is the means by which the savage emerges from a state of barbarism to a state of civilization—from midnight darkness to noontide splendour. But though its advantages are innumerable, it is, nevertheless, liable to abuse. And he who imagines it to be of itself a good; who bows before it as an idol; who marries, for its sake alone, a woman whom he in his heart. perhaps, loathes or despises; will find both awaken, and feel the cheering himself miserably mistaken if he thinks. it will add to his comfort and happi-However miserable may be ness. the man who marries a poor woman, he who marries a woman for the sake of her riches is infinitely more miserable. The former has one consoling reflection, of which the latter is devoid, viz. that he has not perverted the sacred principles of his nature.

I think not, however, that the poor man, who marries because he is in love, has few or no comforts. We are not obliged to suppose, that, because he lacks what the world esteems riches, he has neither house to reside in, nor bed to repose in,—neither fire to warm him, nor raiment to clothe him, nor food to afford him subsistence. His house may not be stately, but it is convenient; his fireside may not be gaudy, but it is comfortable; his bed may not be soft, but it affords repose to his wearied limbs; support his head, assuage his pains, his raiment may not be splendid, but and pour the balm of consolation into it shields him from the wintry blast; his drooping soul? No, she loyes his table may not be covered with the elegant feast of Epicurus, but it is spread with the simple food which nature requires. There is more than this that makes him happy. He has a wife whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved. He has a wife, the tones of whose voice, and the expression of whose eye, and the glow of whose cheek, are calculated in the darkest hours of adversity, to shed a ray of light over his desponding soul.

When life sooks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
The womson, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see; And if more of heaven e'er dreameth, The when he thinks purely of thee. O woman !'

. AMATOB NICPTIAZUM.

MISERY UPON MISERY.

LETTER FROM MY COUSIN.

⁴ So dear coz, you are fairly settled in town, and have, I learn, carried your good characteralong with you. May your levee of beggars prosper there, as well asit did in the country, As for me, I am doomed to dwell for ever among corn fields, hay stacks, horses, clowns, and I don't know what. Doubtless, John, you will be surprised at my writing you at present, as I sent you a letter only two days since; but don't imagine that I do so on my own account, or at my own suggestion. I am not so selfish as do any such thing. write you solely at the request of divers young ladies in this neighbourhood, who are unmarried, and who, unless you bestir yourself, have every prospect of remaining so. La! John, you would be verily astonished at the number of ladies who go by the appellation of old maids in this Would you believe it ?- such is the spite of my acquaintances, (I mean my female ones,) that they allege I am on the borders of spinsterhood, and my two youngest sisters, saucy things, are casting the same in my teeth. Not to say that I value the name an old ribbon, or that I am ashamed of being a spinster. On the contrary, I think there is rather honour in it, than otherwise; for it requires no small degree of self-denial to stand out against cines Odoherty, every night to tea. Dear the attacks of square-shouldered fellows, John, I can acarcely hold the pen with joy-

and swearing they will kill themselves if you refuse to marry them. Indeed, John, I have taken many of them at their word, but none have ever killed themselves for me, that I could learn. Their protestations, therefore, are all false, and only calculcated to blind silly girls. But whether false or true, they were all lost on me. So they had better keep their distance in future, and not sigh any longer at my feet. I won't listen to one of them. Some of my acquaintances, to whom I told these resolutions, have all declared they will abide by them, and give no encouragement to wooers of any description. Miss Letitia Hardy, dear girl, who is only three years older than myself, has forsworn matrimony nine years since. La! what a sensible child she must have been when she could see through its follies when only twenty three years old. Indeed, I wish I had possessed her prudence; but it is not yet too late to learn, So, John, if any person intimates the least wish to be introduced to me, I desire that he may be told my real sentiments: bid him keep off, and not teare me with compliments and courtship. John, dear me! how I am flying from the subject. You know I was always subject to fanciful aberrations. Then 'coz, you must know that there are hereabouts a number of young ladies from twenty-five to thirty years old, who are so foolish as ta sigh after the very thing that I despise; and who have been teazing me to death to get them introduced, in a sly way as it were, to some of the sighing volunteers; but Lord! John, was there ever any thing more ridiculous than that? Very true, they assert that I have had more admirers than they, and that, of course, I must know how to get about the matter, but these admirers do not stay in a place like this. You know they came to see me from a great distance; and at any rate, how could I introduce the ladies to them, although they were at hand? 'Twould be so barefaced. But you, John, what would binder you to make us a visit, and bring a brace of swankies along with you? La! you would get amusement. They might stay in our house, you know, and we two would watch every thing so nicely-and then we might have Miss Flora M'Donald, Miss Amelia Arabella Siropson, Miss Lucy Crabapple, an I Miss Lucinda Dulwho are constantly sighing in one's ears, when I think on the droll oglings of the

men, and on the thousand killing glancest—sidelooks—broad gases—gigles—quirks and capers, shot from the ladies. To attempt getting up a batch of marriages you know would be no plan of ours; but if such a thing did happen, let poor silly she who is caught, bear the consequences.—Again, if any of the ladies get disgusted, (as I have often been) with the signing and languishing of the gentlemen, so much the better—they will be so many saved from fetters. Now, dear Johnny, write me if you will do this. The sporting season is on, and that will be a good excuse for a country visit from you and your friends. It will go hard if we don't get sport within doors as well as in the fields.

'Your loving cousin, 'MARION M'ARTHUR.'

'P. S.—Remember this letter is merely written to please the above-mentioned ladies. By-the-bye, what do you think of Major F—— or Captain D——.
M. M.

To J. M'Arthur, Esq."

The humble petition of BARBARA PAT-TISON to JOHN M'ARTHUR, Esq. humbly showeth,

That your petitioner is the wife of Alexander Pattison, farmer in Kirkintilloch—that she hath been married to the said Alexander Pattison fourteen years—that, during the whole of that period, till of late, she hath lived with him in loving kindness—that in testimony thereof she hath borne him ten children—and that eight of these said children are daughters; and that she hath, on two sundry occasions, blessedhim withtwins. Moreover, that she hath, at all times, behaved like a good, quiet, orderly wife, seldom quarrelling with her husband, the said Alexander Pattison, except when he got drunk at christenings and burials.

Further, that the said Alexander Pattison, her lawful husband, hath of late changed his disposition towards her, Barbara Pattison, his lawful wife, and hath on one occasion, threatened to kick her—the which threat induced the said Barbara Pattison to quit the house of her lawful husband, and turn her back upon him—that having sea children, she fears they will not receive proper usage and care at the bands of their lawful father—that, on this account, she wishes to return home again, and be reconciled to him—and that, with

men, and on the shousand killing glances the blessing of God, and through your housidelooks—broad gazes—gigles—quirks and capers, shot from the ladies. To attempt getting up a batch of marriages you know would be no plan of ours; but if ful husband,

And your petitioner will ever pray:

'TO MR. M'ARTHUR, ESQ. / 10.

' Hiving hard ass how u restituted the. onest womand, Barbary Pattizon, to hur' spouze, i hops u will endiver to restrute mi own wive to mee, fur she has runned awai from mee, becaise I gived hur a bit of a clink with a shelely, to post hur, in mind that i wauz her lurd and mister .--Bi Saint Partick, she's a perfic divil, or i wud not hai dun it; however, i likes her veri well fur all that, and i finds that 'i' cant carry on mi clothshope, in the Saltmarket, without hur. So, honorred cur, if u wud call on mi bruther-in-law, Duncan Connachy, that is her lown torether, in the Briggate, and just tell bur to return acgane to her lurd and mister, because he he is going to use hur well in feutur, u will oblige ure mech devotted servint.

FELIX DOUGHERTY.

I daresay the reader is a little surprised at these letters; but when Lines. form him of the circumstances, his wonder will cease. I have the misfortune then to be exceedingly goodnatured; and from my boyhood never had the heart to refuse app human being a favour I could possibly grantic This quality has gone abroad, and has brought me in a legion of petitioners from all parts of the country and of every sex and condition. Every morned ing, in truth, my lobby is crowded, and this is what my cousin impertmently calls my, ' levee of beggars,' It wouldbe a task utterly endless, to tell you the number of cases which come under my benevolent review. Iknownot, inheaven's name, what to do. 'I am in' a labyrinth from which it is impossible to contrive any escape. I frequently: resolve to deny every favour that in asked of me; but the pretty faces of some, the eloquence of others, and

the perseverance of a third, knock all my resolutions on the head. In truth, I am kept in perpetual employment. and my health is beginning to suffer seriously. I have given the three foregoing letters as a specimen of the way in which I am assailed. should only get rid of such cases, I should be able to move more freely; but alas! I am hemmed in on all sides, and must either give up my benevolent reputation, or perish under the load.-Misa M'Arthur's desires cannot be accomplished without putting me to great inconvenience, and I have certain reasons for thinking that she is not quite so disinterested as she pretends. Barbara Pattison's petition I have already answered, by restoring her in amity to her husband; but if I attempt any reconciliation between Mr. Doucherty and his rib, who knows but I may receive a broken head from Mr. Duncan Connachy, for interfering in his sister's affairs. I have been thinking of forming a register-office for the purpose of fitting sighing damsels with husbands, and for restoring disconsolate yoke-fellows together. By this means, I shall be paid for my trouble, and the sum shall be so fixed, that, while it keeps me free of trifling cases, it shall not check the tide of my benevolence in those of importance. My talents for intrigue (of an honourable kind) are well known, and there are many dames in the evening of life-and many as yet in its noon—who would gladly remunerate me, if I could prevent them from sinking disconsolate and companionless into the vale of years. And I trust there are some wives and husbands, who, like Barbara Pattison and Felix Doucherty, are more willing to come tagether, than to remain separated.

John M'Arthur.

THE FUNERAL.

To lay a brother's head beneath the clay,
A duty which we owe to one another;
So let it be performed—well, 'its a sad one.
How dismal does it seem to take repose
In such a lonely, narrow house as this?
I shiver when I think on't

On a cold, wet Sunday in last October, I had preferred the comforts of the fireside, and the perusal of my bible to the exhibition of my shattered frame at church, and was seated in my arm chair enjoying the sublime effusions of the psalms of Israel. I was reading the 102d psalm, which is one of my favourite subjects of contemplation, when sleep unwittingly stole upon me, and buried me in its embraces. I do not mention this with any other intention, than to show how little capable I am of enjoying the sublime and beautiful in poetry, and the wonderful influence of sleep, which steals our senses imperceptibly. Every man of true taste will allow that the book of psalms abounds with extraordinary beauties, and might have potency enough to keep awake a much more or less refined animal than myself: but alas! I am naturally of a somnific disposition; and, to my shame be it spoken, I prefer sleep to any other amusement on earth. I have forgone the pleasures of the table a hundred times, and have broken, heaven knows how many assignations with female loveliness, for the sake of indulging my slothful propensity. I awoke from my nap just as a dish of excellent beef-steaks and onions was placed almost under my nose, on the table on which I was leaning, and was congratulating myself on my comfortable situation, when my aunt, who had just returned from church, reminded me that I had to attend a The thought of trudging a funeral. mile or two through dirty streets, exposed to wind and rain, rather abated the fervency of my devotion to the dish set before me, and the shrill voice

of my aunt, lecturing me on my sluggishness, so completely discomposed me, that I frequently run the risk of being chocked, as I good-naturedly strove to represe my rising choler .--My aunt is, unfortunately for me, what is vulgarly termed an old maid, or in more polite terms, a Maiden Lady, verging on fifty; and, as she has not a husband to vent her spleen on when the fit is on her, I am always the object of her vituperations. She had more acid in her manner this day than she generally has when she returns from church; but the truth is, she had seen her only beau bow to a lady who is much her junior, and who is rather more handsome, as she was coming out of church, and the demon of jealousy had made a lodgment in her heart, hitherto impregnable to all the sieges of Cupid; this last is her own unqualified assertion, I 'neither extenuate nor set down aught in malice.' 'So, gin ye could stay awa' wi' ony kind o' decency, ye wudna gang to see your frien's head laid in the yird,' was the I could have dispensed with doing him such an office, I assure ye, had providence willed it otherwise, was the 'Ye'll maybe need a lift o' somebody's han' yoursel', or lang gang; an' nae doubt ye wad like to be weel conveyed to your lang hame, as every decent, respectable person sud. We sud ave do as we wad be done by; an' ye ken ae guid turn deserves another.' True, I exclaimed, I require no person to put me in mind of those gloomy inevitables; and besides, I have no wish that any person should be put to that trouble with me at present. 'Mockin's catching,' she replied, hae, there's your black coat. Tak' care na, an' no file the weepers, for do naething for yoursel.' Your cra- idea was occasioned by the contempla-

vat's tied roun' your neck like a tether about a stick; and your braw weel-plet ruffle sark, clean out o' the faul, might as weel been in the bottom o' the kist as whare it is: naebody can see gin ye hae yin on. There's your sticktrudge.

I left the house, and was soon out of the reach of my aunt's tongue, who, with all her bad humour, is the best and truest friend I have in the world. She is but 7 years older than myself, left at that early age an orphan, she became the faithful attendant and protector of my infant years; from that time we have never lived asunder. She has borne with me in sickness, and mental distress;—she has poured the balm of consolation on the wounds of. affliction, and has cheered me withhope, when the victim of despair; and I ought, and will bear with her previshness. Grumbling as I went along, at: the roughness of the day, I hastened to the house of mourning, spokes, and the three legged stool, arrayed, in funeral insignia, warned me of the place where the earthly part of my friend made its present resting It was down one of those long, dark closes, so common in the large towns in Scotland. A few half-starved fowls, dripping with water, gave additional gloom to the scene, as they sheltered themselves below an outshot stair, as the people here term it, and the squalled looks of the dingy inhabitants, peeping forth from their miserable dwellings, with the eye of curiosity, still added, as I thought, to its dreariness. As I ascended the stair, the steps of which were rough and uneven, from the accumulated dirt of perhaps years, I felt an involuntary shivering fit steal over me. In idea, they're clean out o' the drawer. Bide I stood already at the grave, which till I dight your elbows; I ne'er saw seemed more lonely and uncomfortable sic a han less being as you are, ye can than I had everthought it; no doubt this

When I entered the house, the master of the sad ceremonies inquired my name; on hearing which, I was ushered into the presence of the widow of my friend: years had passed since we had seen each other. She held out her hand and led me to a seat. 'This is a melancholy occasion on which we are met,' she said, 'but the will of the Lord bedone. 'Amen,' I responded. I felt that emotion in the olfactories which can scarcely be described, but which is occasioned by sudden grief, sympathy, &c.; but for my soul I could not speak, nor was it to be wondered at. She had been the object of my early and only love; and the adienation of her affections by her deceased husband, dubbed me a bachechanges since we last parted, yet I couldna ha'e believed your hair wad ha'e turned sae sune grey.' Welooked at each other; a tear stood in her eye. remark, said, I was turning old; the it off with the most perfect indifferwinter of life is sooner felt by some ence, evincing the frequency of similar than by others; mine has, perhaps, been premature. reply. My heart smote me when she tle, smacked their lips, and returned snewered not: I had touched a chord which should have rested for ever .--I strove to speak comfort, but failed in every attempt; at last the voice of the undertaker, calling on some one to ask the entrance of a person, laden with a blessing, furnished me with an opportunity to leave the room. We shook hands, and I was soon seated among speculations. In the application of the group of mourners. delivered a most impressive prayer, as I was afterwards told, the effect of eagerness of the young in devouring which, I hope, was generally felt. Strange as it may appear, I paid more tion of the father, who seemingly attention to the faces of the assemblage scorned to appropriate the sweet morthan to the admonitions of the speaker; sel to his own use, as he slyly slipped and it was not till he besought a bles- it into his pocket for the general be-

tion of so many images of miscry less, that my soul accompanied the petition to the throne of grace-My thoughts now reverted to the days of my youth, when her husband, now cold and metionless won her from my arms, and left a blank in my bosom which succeeding years have never been able to fill up; yet I never troubled the world: what I suffered I alone knew. I have been gay with the gay, cheerful with the cheerful. groaned under disappointment, the walls or the wind were the only listeners. I never harboured ill will against him who desolated my heart. she repented of her rashness; yet I never pleased myself with the knowledge of her sufferings. A single glass of wine was handed to each person. In spite of all I felt, I could not help lor for life. "We ha'e seen monnie remarking the manner in which I thought the boon appreciated by the various personages. Some prolonged the scanty portion to the time in which they might have swallowed a I coughed, hemmed, and keeping pint, evidently showing how seldom down the emotion which I felt at her they tasted such a luxury; others drank applications; some eyed the wine with A sigh was all the the look of connoisseurs, sipped a littheir glasses almost untasted; others concluded the potation with a long sigh or an augh! What an excellent opportunity for philosophising. But sugar biscuit and sponge cake, deprived the world of the benefit of my An old man these delicacies, I could remark other distinguishing characteristic traits: the the scanty morceau; the careful affecsing on the widow and the father- nefit of his expecting imps at home. I

I thought of my own loneliness. Thanks were returned; the company was asked to move to the close-mouth. I lingered behind, and saw the coffin borne from the sight of the widow.-· Farewell, may God bliss you, I ex-She held out her hand; I claimed. pressed it; and bade, her adieu. the time I got to the close-mouth all was ready to move forward. The rain, driven by the wind, pelted us severely. We arrived at the burying-ground as The grave-digthe clock struck five. ger, old and decrepit, with two at-The coftendants, were in readiness. fin was soon laid on the rollers, as I never they are technically called. before thought the grave looked so Before we let dismal and cheerless. go the strings of the coffin, ' How will ye hae't?' eried the undertaker, with the important air of indifference, which the unfeeling and ignorant in office generally assume. 4 To the head wi't,' was the laconic and apathetical reply of the hoary

envied him the feeling, and sighed as sexton, 'it'll lie better.' The earth rattled onthelid, where, stretched in the ghostly panoply of death, lay the souless form of him who had blighted the best hopes of my heart: I never felt a pang so bitter. He is gone, I mentally exclaimed! as I put my hand to my hat, and perhaps ere the return of the Sabbath I may be a clod as insensible as he is. How vain is the accomplishment of our dearest hopes! they are all marred by death, and our memories pass as a dream. When I got home, my aunt had on her best looks; the toast smoked on the table, flanked with some excellent beef-ham: and ere the tea things were removed, I had forgot the funeral; so transient are the effects of death. I thought as I tumbled into bed that night, in vain we sigh for immortality, when the very swallowing of a meal steals remembrance from the mind; and a new day brings along with with it new subjects of recollection.

POETRY

SONG.

4291

Tune.-Believe me if all those endearing young charms.

As ripe meiting fruit in a desart, would make
The weary parched traveller sigh
For possession, that he might his thirsty soul slake,
As his boutes 'nearth the burning sun fry;
So thy lip's rudyly richness would tempt me to sin,
If siming could be in the bliss,
Of melting that become, possession to win
Of those rubles. Good heavens, how I'd kiss!

My heart's like a desart, both lonely and drear;
A fiddid without e'er a string;
A sky full of clouds, when no star-lights appear;
A bird that's deprived of a wing:
But thy smiles to an Eden that desart would turn;
Thy looks make that fiddle-to play;
Chase the night from thy bosom, and make the stars burn.

And sorrow take wing and sway.

R. G. .

Glasgow.

.... EVENING.

Alt, purple and gold have cover'd the west, And the sun like, a bright sparkling gem, Enchas'd 'mong thewave, on the bur ocean's breast, Seems a diamond, encircled by them.

The groves are o'erapread with a deep sombre hue, And the green leary branches are still; The sweet istle flowers are all sparking with dem, 'S though their heads had been dupp'd the rill. The nightingale's ministrelsy, mellow and loud, Through the woods, like a trumpet of war, Resounds, as if bidding yon silver-folled cloud To uncover the beight evening star.

- of to rates, 4 e odio √d

Far, far, in the east, twinkling one after one, it.
Like the white pearls strong upon gold,
Rise the stars, to escircle the night's chen throne,:
For her casket rich jewels unfold.

The viear crystal streamlet they look themselves in, Murmurs on with its babbling tongue, As if in derision, when echo's wild din, Mimics strains which the nightingale sung,

O, calm silent eve, when the fond lover's hopes Rise unbridled and free in the breast; When from the sem'd bosom of flowers, the dew

drops, By the light foot of maiden, are prest.

For this is the hour, when she hastes to her love, Nor lingers sweet music to listen; The earth is all green, and the sky bright above, And the stars in the firmament glisten.

And this is the hour, when with rapturous delight, Ere night's gloomy reign hath begun, The bard mounts his throne, 'tis the mountain's

steep height, Still crown'd by the rays of the sun.

For O, it is life and enjoyment to him 'Mong the flowers balmy fragrance to rest;
To catch the long shadows, that gradually dim
The skies of the red glowing west.

The poet can syllable forth but a part, Even aided by music's sweet tone. To tell the emotions that swell in his heart. Communing with nature alone.

Glasgow, Oct. 1822.

. TO -

W. B.

···> & & d ··-

Oh! theme of my dreamings, I neter could have

thought, That thou wouldst to me more enchanting appear,
Or thy name be with mem'ries and images fraught,
More noble—more gentle—more blissful and dear

Than it was but a day since—but who shall assign
To thy graces of mind—to thy beauty of soul.
To that eye—voice—form—manner, and witching

of thine. A limit-or give to their triumphs a goal.

I knew thou wert fair-that around thee there hung The charms of a beauty—to see is to feel; lhad drank of the music that flows from thy tongue. I ill to thee, as a scraph, I've panted to kneel.

I knew thou wert gentle—thine eye I have seen,
As the soul which it index'd, lit up with a ray,
Which for lustre ethereal, and fire, might have been A spark some Prometheus had stolen away.

But I too have seen't more enchantingly beam, Though its lustre was dim'd and its splendours were quench'd.

When I saw't thro' the dew drops of tenderness gleam, And thy cheek, with the waters of Pity, was

blench'd!

I knew thou wert kind to the humble and weak.
I have mark'd thee give ear with a ravishing grace And soothe them with kindness, touching and meek meek,
As the blandness that beam'd on thy pale pen sive

face

I had merciful deemed thee—forgiving to all;
I knew that thy mem'ry retained not a trace
Of wrongs have been done thee:—thou ne'er
couldst recal

Those marks, which the spring tides of kindness efface.

That thine was the charity of the pure heart, Which, o'er actions of others, its own beauty throws;

Thine the best gifts of nature, and graces of art,
Who, plest with thy converse and friendship,
but knows?

Yet could I dare hope, that on one born as I,
The outcast of self—by myself most abhorr'd,
Would beam one kind glance of thy peace-speaking

cyc, Or e'en one thought of me in thy mem'ry be stored:

Nay more, having wronged thee, but never in

heart, though will-less, yet not the less deep— Osred I think would be thine, the angelic-like part, To speak my soul peace, and forbid it to steep,

Its young powers in the dregs of unceasing regret, Or deaden its throbs in the languor of wee; O'er the past, with the gnawings of anguish, to fret

And the future to fear, yet to scorn! No! ah, mo i

Yet thou cam'st, with the balm of calm quiet to my breast And a look, what a look! that yet seemed not as though

It were conscious of all that its beamings expres,
Or appeared half its seraph-like meekness to know

In that visit of marcy—that mission of grace, When done, like that look, told the waters of we thad left my heart, whelmed as 'twas still a place, Where the olive of peace, which thou brought's yet might grow.

More than lovely thou seemed'st-yet thy bessay

That the gentle and bland, yet an awe round it

That the voice of thy step—that the thrill of thy touch ' Dispoll'd not-while yet from its glance sorrer flew!

Then reject not this tribute—O scorn not my lay—Poor index to thought's words—looks never may tell.

Nor cast from thy mem'ry my image away—
Thine will live in my heart till 'tis cold—Part thee-well.

ENDYMION.

Sept 1822.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

O, little thinks the mind in love That love may soon be broken ; Or that the maid unkind may prove And parting words be spoken.

For Disappointment is a wee; -We reck not much to bear it, It kills the little joy below Of those condemned to share it,

O, when youth's gaudy dreams are high, And Hope's lamp burns the brightest, Then, Disappointment, thou'rt most night And all our pleasures blightest.

And then thy chilly-biting blast, Full heavily falls o'er us. And dries the sap of hearts more fast Than when black cares devour us.

Full well, my soul, thou loved'st a maid, Who was to thee a heaven:

But peace rest on her perjur'd head, By thee she is forgiven.

No more love's language may be spoke: No more may pass the token; Her lips, once dear, the charm bath broke, For 'Farewell' she hath spoken.

And is she gone for ever gone, Who once to thee was dearest, And wreath'd with guilt the eyes that shone

Upon thee aye the clearest.

Say, can that tongue again impart The power that could enslave thee: Ah, no! the falsehood of her heart Hath blighted what it gave thee.

O, would oblivion rise, and cloud
Thy memory for ever,
To quell the thought that swells so proud,
The springs of life to sever.

'Tis o'er, and thou shalt ne'er again,
While o'er life's desart roaming,
Be bound by the alluring chain
Of fair, deluding woman.
G. F.

VARIETIES.

Caiticism.—A country fellow being asked to give his opinion of a volume of poems, which an acquaintance of his own had published, seemed rather backward in complying with the request, at last he was asked what he thought of them, when he compared them with any other poems which he had read, he replied, 'I dinna ken, but he doesna say diel like Burns at a.'

LANGUAGE.—A clergyman who now presides over a small parish in the Highlands of Scotland, on being asked by a friend what language he thought most expressive, replied, 'had I to command army, I would speak Latin; had I a mistress to woo, French or Italian; but if I had Deity to adore, it would be in Gaelic.

ANECDOTE.—Moro, Duke of Milan, having displayed before the foreign Ambassadors his magnificence and his riches, which excelled those of every other Prince, said to them, 'Has a man, possessed of so much wealth and prosperity, any thing to desire in this world?'—'One thing only,' said one of them,—'a nail to fix the wheel of Fortune.'

ELOPEMENT.—A dandy, who recently underwent the fatigue of an excursion to Scotland with an heiress, in the hurry of such affairs, took his bride before the priest in a riding-coat. Before proceeding with his brief ceremony, the wag looked attentively at the parties, and said, 6 But, to prevent any mistakes hereafter, tell me, without prevarication, if ye are both wo-

men in disguise, or if not, which is the

Innorance of Fear.—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United Status vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasting a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, 'Now I've caught you.'

CURIOUS HANDBILL.—B—Y, mercer and sea-draper, High-street, Hull. Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz. chapeau, mapeau, flying-gib, and flesh-jack; inner pea, outer pea, and cord defender; rudder-case and service to the same, up-traders, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With canvas bags, To hold your cags, And chests to sit upon; Clasp knives, your meat To cut and eat, When ship does lay along.

Origin of the term Grog.—The British sailors had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or run clear, till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. The innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and for a time rendered the commander very unpopular among them.—The admiral at that time wore a grogram coat, for which reason they nick-named him 'Old Grog,' &c. Hence by degrees, the mixed liquor he constrained them to drink, universally obtained among them the name of grog.

A GENUINE BULL.—'Susan!' said an Irish footman the other day to his fellow-servant, 'what are the bells ringing for again!'—'In honour of the Duke of York's birth-day, Mr. Murphy.—'Be aisy now,' rejoined the Hibernian, 'none of your blarney—sure, 'twas the Prince Regents on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless indeed they were twins?'

TO THE PUBLIC.

We take the present opportunity of presenting our very warmest thanks to our large circle of contributors, our numerous subscribers, and to a seemingly gratified public, for putting us in possession of the necessary ways and means to proceed in our undertaking. Since the task of editing the Melange fell into our hands, we have strenuously endeavoured to merit the support and countenance of those, who at a former period, felt an interest in its success, by doing every thing in our power to make it interest. ing. We have culled liberally, and, we hope, judiciously from the various sweets which have been presented to us, whether original or select, and the encouragement we have lately met with, warrants us in believing, that our industry and care have both been duly appreciated: as one proof of this, our contributors have so increased, that we have been enabled to present to the public the present number, containing nothing that is not original, so far as we know, Varieties excepted, exhibiting to our friends a knowledge of our literary strength, and displaying a criterion by which they may judge of our future capabilities for carrying on the work. We have still the firmest belief that there is not wanting material, in our often libelled city, to carry on a periodical publication, though of a much more extensive nature than that over which we have the honour to preside; and we call on our contributors, generally and individually, who have arrayed themselves under our banners, to persevere in their efforts, in order that others may have confidence in our creed. Immersed in business, as most of our literary friends must be, our pages perhaps, may never boast of that classic richness and purity which so eminently distinguish the pages of our eastern neighbours—our philosophical speculations may never be so deep, or so varied-our ideas may never be so sublime, or elegant, yet we may boast of opportunities for acquiring as intimate a knowledge of human life and characteristic eccentricity, as those who are possessed of all the fore-mentioned advantages. No city in Great Britain, London excepted, exhibits to the inquiring mind a wider field of observation than that in which we live, without having recourse to a single personality, there are not wanting opportunities enough for holding up the ludicrous for sport, the worthy for imitation, genius for admiration, and the offender for punishment; there are scenes of misery and of suffering passing daily before us, which, if embodied in a tale, or a narrative, might call forth the sympathy of sensibility; incidents, humourous enough, coming hourly under review, which, if well related, might make the most rigid set of features turn flexible, and the most stoical and selfish bosom beat in unison with the feeling—benevolent or good-humoured. The poet may find themes, though distant from lake and mountain, in the contemplation of a street, and the diversified imagery that is continually flitting before him; in short, no person capable of writing need be at a loss for a subject; for, as one of our friends remarked, while we were promenading the Trongate together on a late forencom As one crowd from another crowd recedes, so one crowd to another crowd succeeds.' We cannot conclude without expressing our high sense of the behavour of many individuals, whose communications were rejected as unfit for our pages, and who, so far from feeling hurt, have still continued to assist and encourage us.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our mathematical friend Diagram, will be pleased to accept our best wishes in return for his kindness. We have already mentioned to him the impossibility of our presenting to the world his ingenious speculations in the manner they deserve.

To the Querist we are much obliged, but his communications would be productive of a literary warfare, and be the means of monopolizing too great a proportion of the

Melange.

We are obliged to the writer of The Effects of Society; but cannot insert it, being too personal.—He will find it addressed to him at the publishers.

The Letters of Mrs. Maffat, and A Distressed friend, are under consideration.

Mid-Day in the Trongate will positively appear next week.

The Rambles of an Ant in search of the sublime are too particular for insertion.

Asmodeus is much too personal. We would advise him, in his next flight, not to come near the Trongate.

C. W. A. will find an early insertion.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successors to W. Tait, Lycoum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor. Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; a the Shops of the Frincipal Booksellers, Glasgow. Also of the following Booksellers: John Hislop, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thombis Dick, Paisley; Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rockesny; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine; for ready money only.

LITERARY MELANCE 3

OR.

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 20.

WEDNESDAY, 13th NOV. 1822.

Price 31d.

THE PARRICIDE:

OR, RETRIBÚTION.

Yesterday—(so writes Mr. M. to one of his friends)—was the wedding of the lovely Bildac with the young Saintville, at which I, as a neighbour, of course was present. The day passed with the customary mirth of such occasions; but the night brought with it an adventure scarcely credible, and certainly without example.

When the hour came for breaking up, I was shown, for want of better éccommodation, into a room imme- mediately below the turret; and, exhatisted by the mirth of the day, I soon fell into a slight slumber. could not have lasted long-perhaps not more than half an hour-when I was awakened by the rattling of chains above me. At first I thought it was and laughing at my own mory weakness, I again laid my the pillow, and it must have day break, when the same again interrupted my sleep .-Thoroughly roused by this, I listened and distinctly heard the dragging of a chain ou the stones. Then I heard footsteps beat beat beat. On a clothes, the thing on the hearth exsaddle my door flew open, the chains claimed, Is there any one in this 'rattled diese beside me, and there was bed?' the spectre on the hearthy distinctly vi-

sible in the fitful light that came from the embers of a wood fire. The thing seemed to be nestling there as if for shelter against the cold—it was in the month of January—and at last if multered, 'Have n't warmed myself for a long time! cold! cold! cold!

I confess to you, friend—for why should I dony it?—that a shudder came over every part of me; yet still I gazed on the spectre—I could not help gazing on him. I could even distinguish that the figure was that of an old man, almost wasted to a skeleton, and more than half naked, who stretched out his withered harids towards the fire; it seemed by the action, and the rapid motion of his lips, that he was imprecating curses on the house, and devoting it to ruin. I could not have borne this much longer -human nature must have sunk under it.

A few minutes only, and the aged figure tottered, and fell on its knees. sobbing and praying. I could plainly make out the words- God! O God! How just are thy dispensations! At these words I started up in my bed, and at the rustling of the

curtains and who are you, old to lord it over my lands to have all

· • The most wretched creature on the face of earth. More I ought not to say to you; but it is so long since I have seen a human face-so long since I have heard a human voice-I needs must speak! I needs must speak !

My fears of a spectre had now subsided into pity for a poor old man, whom I half suspected to be a maniac. I therefore hastily flung on my dressing gown, and took my seat beside him-a mark of confidence which anoved him again to tears. tne by the hand with an expression

not soon to be forgotten.

Good man! good man! I will tell you all.—But first say, why are you in this horrible chamber, which else, has been deserted for many, many What was all the tumult of this morning? Has any thing extra-

ordinary. happened?'

On my telling him of the marriage of the fair Bildac, he stretched out his arms and said, "Has Bildac a daughter? Is she married? God in heaven bless them! and keep their hearts free from sin-from the curse that rests on their race: I am Bildac, the grandfather of the bride, whom my monster of a son-yet no-I do not accuse—I have no right to accuse.'

.. The words, 'Do you really live, or are you only a spectre?' were trembling on my tongue; but I did not speak." The old man probably guessed them from my manner, as he instantly went on, as if in answer-

yas It is no spectre that you see before you, but a living man-a man who is not dead, though his coffin is in the grave—the living grandfather of the bride, whose bridal you have But I lived too this day celebrated. long.—My son—O his heart is hard! -My son thirsted to be my heir-

the pride, and the luxury, and the pomp, and the observance that waits on wealth and power. He seized me at midnight, and having chained me in the turret above, by the aid of two ruffians-well paid no doubt for the purpose—he deceived the world by a false report of my sudden death: then followed a mock funeral—and my friends were following my coffin to the grave, while I was moistening my solitary meal with my tears. From the turret above, I saw my own hearse -I heard the tolling of the death-bell. How soon will it really toll for me! -but no-no bell will tell for my death-no grave will be dug for my bones-no priest will speak a blessing over my tomb.—No—no—I shall rot amidst the dust of my turret, till I am as that dust.-O, if they had not left my door open, by mere chance, in the bustle of this morning, I never had again seen a human face, for my jailors are not human.'

My first idea, on recovering from the surprise of this story, was to free the old man from his horrible imprisonment; but he refused my offer, declaring that he would not bring such shame on his innocent grandchild, who must, in some measure, be affected by the publication of her father's guilt. All this was true enough, but it did not quite satisfy me; such self-denial was something more than extraordinary, and I persisted in my 'Oppression,' I said, resolution. ' has, for the moment, enfeebled your mind, as well as body, but follow my advice, and all may yet be well-There will be time enough hereafter to consider, as to the means of restoring you to the world; the immediate business is to free you from your confinement, and that may be done by your following me, without delay, to my castle; there you can remain in

measures are best to be adopted.'

' I seknowledge your goodnesswould to God that I could take advantage of it !- But O, I may notcannot follow you.

'Then do you remain, while I announce your situation to the governor of the province, and we shall then free you by open force, from your unnatural con.

Not for the world! Do not, I conjute you, abuse your knowledge of my sad secret! Let me die here -monster as I am, unfit to be again in the light of heaven !- Look here -look at this hand-do you see itdo you see the mark of blood?--of my father's blood? I too thirsted for a father's inheritance.-I too would have lands, and wealth, and power! -but I went to work a darker way than my son did-I murdered my father!—He only made a prisoner of his.'

A frenzy seemed to possess the old man as he said this; he tore his hair and rolled about on the floor like one in convulsions, while I stood rooted to my place, specchless and motionless. There was a long silence, interrupted only by his groans, and the grashing of his teeth, that were shocking beyond description, till at last his passions subsided by their very violence. It was now day-break, and we heard a stirring in the passages below, which roused the old man to the full possession of his senses. raised himself slowly from the floor, without, however, lifting up his eyes to me as he spake :

You are filled with horror of me -I know it, though I dare not look on you....I know it by your silence... and it is right.....Farewell !--- and, if you can, forget that you have ever seen the parricide. I go back to my H. medica on the

secret, till we have resolved on what grave, and swear never again to leave

I could neither stir nor answer, and the old man went his way unhindered by me. It is impossible to describe to you the horror of that moment, or the state of my mind when the first shock had passed by: and I began to consider what was fittest to be done under such awful circumstances. give both the offenders up to justice was the most obvious line of conduct, but what then would become of the innocent daughter, and why was I to take on myself to be the minister of vengeance? 'No,' I said internally - No, I will not disturb the peace of the young and innocent—I will not usurp the office of my Maker, who has said,

Vengeance is mine, and when the hour shall be, I will requite them.

AUSTIN; -A TALE.

On one of those fine Autumnal evenings, that Geofry Crayons could well describe. and which I delight to contemplate, I took a walk into the country. All was still and serene-the voice of man was not to be heard—the noisy hum of the city wa faintly fading away in the distance, and the feeble rays of the declining sun shed a dusky hue upon the scene. The air was mild: it was like the bracing atmosphere of spring, breathing over the maturity and desolation of Autumn. I was sometimes inclined to think that it was ushering in in the life and warmth of summer, while every object, upon which I cast my eye, bore the marks of decay. The fields were robbed of their load—the trees were striped and bare—all were clothed in the sober livery of brown and yellow, and seemed to mourn the verdure that had passed away. My mind accorded with the scene. softened malancholy brooded over my thoughts; and I pensively meditated over my own misfortunes, and the folly of the world. My love and my friendship had both been scared in their growth. Decay had supped the foundation of my peace.

gray adda as assay siles

No summer sun had ripened my hopes; and the harvest in which they might have been resped, found them blighted and withered. The fairy visions of boyhood had been dissipated—the fervour of youth was already frozen by disappointment; and I almost felt the sickening of age sinking down upon my frame, without daring to hope for the pleasures of manhood, since all for which I lived, seemed to have faded from my grasp. Every thing with which I was surrounded, furnished food for my melancholy musing; and I walked pensively forward, in the sad and solitary enjoyment of the scene. The withered leaves rustled drearily among my feet, and aye as another dropped, it vibrated on my ear with a melancholy sound. The wind whistled over my head with a gentle mouning, and swept the fragments of summer beauty softly before it. I saw the verdure of the forest now made the sport of the breeze, and thought that the wind sometimes lifted up the rustling leaves, and toised them about in very wantonness. It is thus that folly sports with misfortune, and pride laughs over the desolation of ruin.

The range of my prospect comprehended an open champaign country, beautifully diversified by a variety of interesting objects. There was a meandering river, that flowed in many a winding over the space below me. Across it was thrown an airy bridge, that added neatness to its beauty. I followed the course of the stream till a gentle eminence hid it from my view, and then I thrined my eyes to a ruined tower -once the seat of arms-now no sound but the croaking of the rooks; and the turf was fast spreading over the balls of revelry. I walked onward, and sighed as I looked upon the stripped and blackened branches of a plantation, and with sorrow upon the elegant, but methought comfortless dwelling that was placed in the midst The sight of the works of man somehow jarred with my feelings, and I looked upon the superb and costly pile, as a blot upon the scene. It was the residence of wealth and pride, and I turned my eyes way. I had not advanced far before the streams of curling smoke, which I saw ascending, reminded me that the village to which I wished to go, was almost at hand. I rather wished to shun the liaunts of man. So isolated had my thought been from the world, that I cared not to hasten to the kind embrace of the relatives that were waiting to receive me, I approached, as

the clouds of evening were beginning to assume a duskier hue, and met many a weary peasant returning homeward from the toils of the day. I never thought their stare so rude, and thought they gazed upon me with more than the interest of common curiosity. Their glance distressed metheir presence broke in upon the train of my meditations, and went well nigh to dissipate the melancholy I was anxious to I turned into a path which went round the village; and, in order to prolong my walk, I took this circuitous route to the house of my friends. Here, still all was silent and lonely, and my thoughts became gloomy to a degree of painfulness. My previous melancholy became heightened, for I was approaching the sanctuary of the dead-I was within a few paces of that, at all times interesting object, but doubly more so in the present state of my feelings a village church-yard.

It was seated on a spot of peculiar beauty. Nature around it, was dressed in the garb of her utmost simplicity, and yet there was The small about it something venerable. grey church, unadorned, and of the rudest handywork—the hamlets of the lonely persant, and a few tall, thinly scattered trees composed the group. There was a large, wide-spreading plane tree, under whose shade I had often sat in boyhood; and I now approached it to look upon the grave of a friend, for which its branches formed a canopy. As I came near, I saw a person sitting upon the neatly carved stone; and the increasing darkness of the evening prevented me from making the discovery till it was too late to retreat. My heart smote me: I felt that I had intruded on the sanctuary of affliction; and as he lifted up his head, I saw pictured upon his countenance the traces of serrow. His face was pale and haggard; despondency seemed to be weighing down his frame. scarcely seemed of middle age, but sorrow appeared to have made greater ravages upon his countenance than time. Notwithstanding his woe-begone looks, enhanced perhaps by the darkness that was fast spreading around us, he exhibited features of great expression—a complexion uncommonly dark-quick, large hazel eyes, that seemed capable of glancing fire, but now bedimmed with sorrow-eye brows uncommonly dark, and finely arched. All this I had an opportunity of seeing. I was struck with his appearance, and stood still. heard him sigh. He spoke, and his voice

weashed upon my ear with the accents of a well, and trembled. Friend. 'Austin!' I exclaimed, and instantly I felt the grasp of one whom I had mot seen for six long years, and whom I had fancied dead. The joy of our meeting was damped, soon as we had leisure to reflect, on the spot on which it had taken place, 'Why,' says Austin, 'should I have returned to my native land? my sojourn with strangers, there was but one image that haunted my soul-the thought of my Jessie, and the displeasure in which we parted—that displeasure which drove me from my home, and which continued to depress my spirits. Still her image cheered me amid all the ills of life; and fondly I cherished the idea that I might yet return, and that again we might macet in peace; but it is all over, and mought now remains for me but to weep over her grave.'

On the spot where we now stood, was buried a young lady whom Austin had loved; and with whom I knew he had quarrelled immediately before his departure. The circumstances under which he went away, were a mystery to his friends-he only made arrangements for the remittance of the income of his patrimony to North America-no one knew the cause of his disappearance, and no word had ever been heard of him. However, I rejoiced at his return, and endeavoured to soothe his grief; but all my efforts at consolation only made his wounds bleed afresh .-' No!' says he, ' it is all in vain. reasons of my departure were known to no one; and none can know the agony which a reflection on the rash step has occasioned I acted from the impulse of blind impetuous passion-and bitterly have I lived to repent it,'

I had known Austin well. He had been my school-fellow, and he afterwards, hecame my friend. He was possessed of many amiable qualities, but passionate and irritable to the highest degree. When his feelings were roused, he became ungovernable; alike heedless of the dictates of his own reason, or the counsels of his friends. I had often cause to lament this foible of a noble mind, and more than once warned him of the danger. But it was all in vain. He was carried along, the sport of passions; and a circumstance often agitated his soul with the fury of the tempest, that would not have ruffled the surface of a firmer bosom. He loved, and his love was returned; sed the ocean—I have traversed deserte—

He was indeed above disguise; and she knew him not so much from what she saw of his conduct, as from what he himself told her, when deploring the influence of his unhappy temper. His candour gave her hope; and while she lamented the exceeding warmth of his temperament, she did much to correct it. She really had much power over him; and I anticipated from their connexion much remaining happiness to But the violence of his my friend. temper frequently burst the bonds of prudence and restraint, and nullified all her efforts. Still she bore with him -applied many gentle corrections, and tried to make him happy. I knew that a rupture had taken place between them, immediately before the departure of Austin; but well as I knew him, I never imagined that the one was the cause of the other .--I saw Jessie frequently after the departure of Austin; and the circumstances which she told me had led to the breach between them, I might have imagined capable of rousing the irascible nature of my friend; but could scarcely imagine that they would have led to more serious results. His departure, I was inclined to attribute to some other cause—his silence was inexplicable, I saw that the lovely and accomplished Jessie mourned over his waywardness, and sighed in sorrow for his fate. Notwithstanding her knowledge of Austin's pature. she had fondly thought she might be happy with him, and would willingly have undertaken the task of making his better nature triumph over his passion. By his sudden disappearance, all her hopes were blasted. she at last sunk under it; and two years afterwards she fell the victim of premature decay.

When I looked upon Austin, and saw his grief, every feeling of resentment for the folly of his conduct vanished. I but mourned the result of his rashness, and endeavoured to soothe his woe. I led him away from the spot coupled with so many melancholy associations. He did nothing but sigh—he turned a melancholy look upon it as we passed away, and uttered a broken exclamation. 'I once thought she loved, he at last said, 'and when the severity with which she treated me, made me believe she did not, there was nothing in life worth living for. I fled from the home of my fathers, and became an exile. I have crosbut the object of his affection knew him I have plunged into forests, wild and unmade myself dizzy on the brink of the precipice, as well as endeavoured to drown my care amid the din of riot and dissipation: but my brain was burned up-my spirits were harnesed and consumed: but still I loved her-her image still haunted me, and peace no where was mine. I returned-nry pride was bent; and I was determined to humble myself before her. Would to God I had done it before I went away !- But I thought she had insulted and spurned me, I thought she could not have loved me, and treated me thus severely; but O! why did I not become a suppliant at her feet-I must have melted her to compassion." As he spoke his looks became wild; but we walked slowly forward, and he became more calm. then told me, that his resentment had been roused by the severity with which Jessie had treated one of his slight indiscretions. I told him that she had done it for his good : that it was only one of her attempts to tame his spirit. She returned your love, Austin-she was constant and sincereyou sported with her feelings, while she was fondly endeavouring to mollify yours. She loved you to the last, and she breathed her spirit away in a prayer for your welfare. He gave a convulsive sob. God,' be exclaimed; and shook with the violence of his agitation. 'W--m,' he said, 'hear me-I knew that I had incurred her displeasure-I knew it, and was willing to bear it. There was one evening, just as I had my hat in my hand to go and vielt her, and with my mind made up to bear her reproof, I received from her a card which I thought contained a stern and severe reprobation of my conduct.-Well do I remember the night. It was that night I had refused to accompany you to a scene of festivity, for I had intended to spend it with my Jessie. I instantly rushed into your presence-you saw my agitation; but I refused to explain the cause. What a night we spent: well indeed did I merit the appellation you gave me of madman-but I was wretched till my senses were lost in the delirium of in-I awoke to the reality of my toxication.

known-I have climbed the mountain, and, horror-my hopes and joys all fled. longer loved by my Jessie, I seized my pen, and poured out the full tide of my indignation. I told her that she might have excluded me from her love, but that our long intimacy might at least have entitled me to the respect of friendship, and protected me from insult; but that since it had not done so, I abjured her for ever. Sure she did not know the sacrifice that it cost me: I did not know it myself-it was the frustration of my fondly cherished hopes, and was the death blow of my peace. Well do I remember the answer she returned-it was full of that dignity and independance which were the finest features in her character. She requested me to bum it, but I preserved it in my hosom, and have often blotted it with my tears. It, and a small ringlet of her hair, which I stole when she was all unconscious of what I did, have been my only solace in adversity, and they are all that now remains of She told me that she had neviewed her conduct, and could not discover where she had acted wrong; that she must ever consider the manner in which I had acted as extremely rude—that she could not solicit the return of a friendship I had seen it fit to withdraw on so slight an occasion; but, she added, that the person who would call himself her friend, and at the same time trample on all the forms of friendship, was unworthy of that place. On the receipt of this, I became delirious. In six days the shores of my native land were fast fading from my view-and it was but yesterday that witnessed my return.'

Austin seemed to be relieved of a load as soon as he had ceased speaking. He spoke with difficulty-I felt him becoming more and more feeble, I thought from fatigue. I got him conveyed to the house of my friend, and then saw that disease was preying upon his frame. He never again rose from the bed in which he was placed—a violent fever boiled in his veins. In fourteen days he was buried on the spot where we met, after having bequeathed the remnant of his little patrimony to the mother of his Jessie.

A. W. Denny, October, 1822.

JAMES VI.

ENTRANCE INTO EDINBURGH.

The entrance of James into his capital, was celebrated by a splendid pageant; the style of which, probably contributed not a little to give a fixed ascendancy to that inherent vanity of character, of the effects of which Buchanan was so justly apprehensive. As he entered the West Port, a party of masks, representing a deputation of the wise men of the cast, hailed him as a second Solomon come to bless the Nations. The story of the two women striving for the child was then represented, to signify to the people the surprising wisdom which they might expect to find in the decrees of their young sovereign. As he advanced, Love presented him with the keys of the city; Peace harangued him in the language of Arcadia; Plenty offered him congratulations in that of Campania; and Justice, as a more homebred deity, told him, in plain Scotch, ' how unco glad she was to see him.' His Majesty then repaired to St. Giles's church, where Religion made a solemn address to him in Hebrew; after which, a worthy divine expounded, in a short sermon of two hours and a half, the causes, circumstances, and consequences of the distressed state of the kingdom of Israel, that is to say, the modern kingdom of Israel, inhabited by that chosen people of God, the Scotch. After sermon, his majesty repaired to the market cross, where he found Bacchus bestriding a hogshead, and distributing bumpers of wine among the people, while the trumpets sounded, and the multitude helped to rend the air with shouts. The King then descended the High-street, towards the ancient palace of Holyrood; as he Scottish Kings, from Fergus J. appeared to welcome him as the living representative of their manifold virtue.

THE UNCALLED AVENGER.

. t. net net i de

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE, RELATED BY M. OLDECOP, OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The return of the victorious Russian army, which had conquered Finland, under the command of General Buxhovden, was attended with a circuinstance which, it is true, has at all times been usual in the traintof large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly, subdued the original savageness of the soilun Whole droves of famished bears and wolves followed the troops on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the garcases of the artillery and baggage horses that dsopped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overnin with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers. Hence, in a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons of different ages were enumerated, who had been devoured during the winter by these ravenous beasts. became hazardous to venture alone and unarmed into the uninhabited barts of the country; nevertheless, an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of which was still at the breast. light sledge, drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten, the snow on entered which, the shades of all the each side deep and impassable, and to turn back, without danger of sticking infant to her heaving bosom, she fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a suspicious noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight is her first thought; and, with unsparing whip, she urges anuffs the danger. Soon a couple of ed horse. With the thick and gloomy beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop the way. Though their intention seems to be only to the mother and of the children depends on the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value; it seems entitled to claim for its preservation an extraordinary sacrifice. As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct: the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this dis-She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even now offends her ear, and threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters—she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and before the mother is conscious of .what she is doing, it is cast out andemough of the horrid tale! The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes belief, again closely pressed on The anguish of her soul the aledge. increases, for again the murder-breath- follows this new path: it enters through

casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and eloser to her knee: 'But, dear mother, I am good, am not I? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?" - And yet! and yet!' cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair-' Thou art good, but God is merciful !-- Away!' The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash, into a gallop the horse, which itself to accelerate the gallop of the exhaustthe strongest and most hungry of the forest before and behind her, and the nearer and nearer tramping of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollecattack the horse, yet the safety both of tion of the infant that she holds in her arms-only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. once, two rough paws are laid on het shoulders, and the wide-open bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which having partly missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along with it, in vain seeking with its hinder legs for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on to the frail vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards—her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravening beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farm-house, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse, left to itself, ing forms are at her side. Pressing the an open gate; panting and foaming, it

persons who crowd round with good- derous axe, and returns to his work. natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears All leave to her as a guardian angel. their work—the mistress of the house. the kitchen; the thresher, the barn; the eldest son of the family, with his axe in his hand, the wood which he has just cleft—to assist the unfortunate woman; and, with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn, by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by whatever can be procured at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an intelligible account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone. The insensibility with which fear and distress had steeled her heart. begins to disappear; but new terrors seize her—the dry eye secks in vain a tear-she is on the brink of bound-But her narrative had less misery. also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay, and abhorrence, imposed alike on all the same involuntary silence. One only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart, advanced before the rest-it was the young man with the axe: his checks were pale with affright—his wildly-rolling eyes flashed ill-omened fire. 'What!' he exclaimed; three children-thy own children! the sickly innocent, the imploring boy, the infant suckling all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves?---Woman, thou art unworthy to live!" And at the same instant, the uplifted steel descends

stands still; and amidst a circle of calmly wipes the blood off the mur-

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates. who caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. was of course sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the Emperor. Alexander, the splendour of whose virtues is only rendered more conspicuous by the throne, caused all the circumstances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him in the most careful and detailed manner. Here, or nowhere, he thought himself called on to exercise the godlike privilege of mercy, by by commuting the sentence passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labour not very severe; and he accordingly sent the young man to the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the Gulf of Riga, there to be confined to labour during his Majesty's pleasure.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

. 1

The great road from England in former times skirted the firth of Solway, pursued its wild and extraordinary way through one of the deepest and most dangerous morasses in Scotland, and emerging on the Caerlaverock side, conferred on the Kirkgate of the good town of Dumfries the rank and opulence of a chief street. Commanding a view of the winding and beautiful river Nith on one side, and of the green stately hills of Tinwald and Torthorwold on the other, with their numerous villages and decaying castles, this street became the residence with resistless force on the skull of of the rich and the far-descendedthe wretched woman; who falls dead numbering among its people some of at his feet. The perpetrator then the most ancient and potent names of

Nithsdale. The houses had in general something of a regal look-presenting a curious mixture of the Saxon and Grecian architecture, blending whimsically together in one place, or kept separate in all their native purity in another; while others of a different, but no less picturesque character, towered up in peaked and ornamented Norman majesty, with their narrow turret stairs and projecting casements. But I mean not to claim for the Kirkgate the express name of a regular street. Fruit trees frequently throwing their branches, loaded with the finest fruit, far into the way, and in other places antique porchways, shaded deep with yewtree, took away the reproach of 'eternal mortar and stone,' and gave the whole a retired and a sylvan look. The presence of an old church, with its thick-piled grave stones, gave a gravity of deportment to the neighbourhood; the awe inspired by a religious place was visible on the people. There was a seriousness mingled with their mirth-a reverential feeling poured through their legends, and their ballads. Their laughter was not so loud, nor their foy so stormy, as that of men in less hallowed places. The maidens danced with something of a chastened step, and sang with a devotional grace. The strings of that merry instrument which bewitched the feet of the wisest men, when placed under the left ear of a Kirkgate musician, emitted sounds so perfectly in unison with devotion, that a gifted elder of the kirk was once known to sanction and honour it, by measuring a step or two to the joyous tune of 'An' O to be married an' this be the way.' Over the whole street, and far into the town, was breathed much of that meek, austere composure, which the genius of ancient sculptors has shed on their divine performances.

It was pleasant to behold the chief street of this ancient border town in its best days-those times of simplicity and virtue, as one of the town bailies, a barber by trade, remarked, when every woman went with a cushioned brow and curled locks, and all the men flourished in full-bottomed wigs. But the demon who presides over the abasement of streets and cities entered into the empty place, which the brain of a sheriff ought to have occupied, and the road was compelled to forsake the side of the Solway-the green fields of Caerlaverock, and the ancient Kirkgate, and approach to Dumfriesthrough five miles of swamp, and along a dull, and muddy way, which all travellers have since learned to detest under the name of the Luchmabengate. From that hour, the glory of the old chief street diminished. The giddy and the gay forsook a place, where the chariot of the stranger, with its accompaniment of running lacqueys and mounted grooms, was no longer seen: and the ancient inhabitants saw with sorrow their numbers gradually lessen, and their favourite street hasting to decay. A new and a meaner race succeeded —the mansions of the Douglasses, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kirkpatricks, and the Herrieses, became the homes of the labouring man and the mechanic. Tapestried halls, and lordly rooms, were profuned by vulgar feet; and for the sound of the citterns and the robeck, the dull din of the weaver's loom, and the jaring clamour of the smith's steel hammer, abounded.

With this brief and imperfect notice we shall bid farewell to the ancient splendour of the Kirkgate—it is with its degenerate days that our story has intercourse; and the persons destined to move, and act, and suffer, in our authentic drama, are among the humblest of its inhabitants. The time too

with which our narrative commences of this life—the hare, caught in her and terminates, is a season somewhat uncongenial for descriptive excursions. ·A ruinous street, and a labouring people, on whom the last night of December is descending in angry winds and cold sleets and snows, present few attractions to dealers in fictions, and few flowers, either natural or figurative, for embellishing a tale. With all these drawbacks, we have one advantage, which a mind delighting in nature and truth, will not willingly forego; the tale, humble and brief as it is, possesses truth beyond all power of impeachment, and follows conscientiously the traditional and accredited narrative, without staying to array it and adorn it in those vain and gaudy embellishments, with which fiction seeks to encumber a plain and simple story.

The night which brings in the new year to the good people of Dumfries, has long been a night of friendly meetings, and social gladness and carousal. The grave and the devout lay aside for the time the ordinary vesture of sanctity and religious observance; the sober and the self-denying revel among the good things of this life, with a fervour, perhaps, augmented by previous penance; and even some of the shining lights of the Scottish kirk have been observed to let their splendour subside for the evening, that, like the sun, perhaps they might come forth from darkness with an increase of glory. The matron suspends her thrift, and arrays herself in her marriage mantle—the maiden, and the bond-maiden, flaunt and smile, side by side, in ribbons and scarfs, and snooded love-locks, all arranged with low-browed window, and seen an old a careful and a cunning hand, to assist merry blue, or languishing black eyes, in making mischief among the whose bent shoulders bore a plaid of

twilight march through the cottager's kaleyard, or the wild duck shot by moonlight, while tasting the green herbage on some lonely stream bank -send up, stewed or roasted, a savour the more gladsome, because it comes seldom; while the flavour of smuggled gin and brandy is not the less acceptable, because the dangers of the deep sea, and the terrors on shore of the armed revenue officers, were in the way of its gracing once at year the humble man's supper-board.

Amid the sound of mirth and revelry, and shining of lamps and candles in porch and window, there was one house, covered with humble thatch, and of altogether a modest, or rather mean exterior, which seemed not to sympathize in the joys of the evening. A small and lonely candle twinkled in a small and solitary window, and no sound proceeded from its door, save now and then the moving of the slow and aged feet of the mistress of this rude outtage. As the more roving and regardless, youths passed the window, they were observed to lower their voices, regulate their steps, and smoothe down their deportment to something approaching to devotional. Within the window, sat one who, ungracious in the outward man, and coarse in his apparel, and owner only of a bedstead and couch, and a few controversial books, was nevertheless a man of note in those days when things external were of little note in the eyes of a Presbyterian minister. Indeed, had one, of the present generation glanced, his eye through the coarse green glass of the man, whose silver hairs were half concealed by a night cap, not over pure; hearts of men. Each house smells homely chequered gray, fastened on from floor to roof with the good things the bosom with a wooden skewer-

while over his knees lay a large old Bible clasped with iron, on which his eyes were cast with a searching and a serious glance—our youth of Saxon broad-cloth and French ruffles would have thought of something, much more humble than the chief elder of the old kirk of Dumfries. It was indeed no other than William Warpentree, one of the burning and shining lights of the ancient of days, when serious prayers, and something of a shrewd and proverbial cast of worldly counsel, were not the less esteemed that they pertained to an humble His consequence, even in this lowly situation, was felt far and wide; of the fair webs which came from the devout man's looms, let the long linsey-wookey garments of the matrons of Dumfries, even at this day, bear witness-garments which surpass silk in beauty, while many a blythesome bridal and sorrowful burial bore token, in their fine linen vestments, of the skill of William's right hand. Indeed, it was one of the good man's own practical proverbs, that there was more vanity in the bier than the bridal. Though sufficently conscious of those gifts, he wished them to be forgotten in the sedate and austere elder of the kirk; and long before the time of our tale he had become distinguished for the severity of his discipline, and his gifts in kirk controversy.

But the influence of ancient times of relaxation and joy, of which he had been a partaker in his youth, had not wholly ceased; and an observer of human nature might see, that amid all the controversial contemplations in which he seemed involved, the jolly old domestic god of Scottish cheer and moderate hilarity had not yet yielded entire place to the Crumb of Comfort, the Cup of Cold Water to the Parched Spirit, The Afflicted Man's best Com-

He lifted his eyes from the page, and said, 'Marion, even before I proceed to matters of spiritual import, let me know what thou hast prepared for the nourishment of the bodies of those whom we have invited according to the fashion of our fathers to sit out the old year, and welcome in the new. Name me the supper dishes, I pray thee, that I may know if thou hast scorned the Babylonian observances of the sister church of England, in the matter of creature-comforts. What hast thou prepared for supper, I pray thee?-no superstitious meats and drinks, Marion, I hope, but humble and holy, and halesome things which nourish the body without risk to the I dread, by thy long silence; woman, that thou hast been seeking to pamper the episcopalian propensities of our appetites by ceremonious and sinful saint-day dishes.'

'Ah! William Warpentree,' said his douce sponse Marion, covering old oaken table as she spoke, with a fine patterned table cloth, wove by no other hand than that of the devout owner of the feast himself: 'Ah!' said she, 'what words have escaped from thy lips-superstitious meats and drinks,' said ye? ' Na! na! I cared mair for the welfare of the spirit, and the hopeto sing hallelujahs in Abram's bosom, as ye say in prayer yoursel'; Ah! Willie, they say, who kenned you in your youth, that ye would sooner gang to Sarah's.' 'Woman, woman, said the douce man; what say ye to the supper?' 'First, then,' quoth his spouse, forsaking unwillingly this darling road of domestic controversy and strife; 'what have you to say against a dish of collops scored, nicely simmered owre the head amang Spanish onions?' Spanish onions, woman,' said the elder; 'I like not the sound,' 'Sound,' said the dame, panion, and Boston's Fourfold State. ' would ve lose your supper for 4

sound? Had they grown in the garden of the Grand Inquisitor, and been sown by some pope or cardinal, then, man, ye might have had your scruples -but they grew in the garden of that upright man, David Bogie; I'll warrant ye'll call the scored collops episcopalian, since they were cut by a knife of Sheffield steel.' ' Pass to the other viands and vivers, woman, said the elder. 'Gladly will I.' said his obedient partner; 'the mair gladly because it's a gallant Scottish haggis, full and fat, and fair. Hearken to the ingredients, Willie, and try them by the scrupulous kirk standard of forbidden luxuries. What say ye against the crushed heart of the kindly corn -a singed sheep's head-plotted, par-boiled, shorn small, with a slice of broiled liver ground to powder, and a dozen of onions sliced like wafers, powdered with pepper, and showered owre with salt; the whole mingled with the fat of the ox, and stowed in a bag as pure as burn-bleached linen, and secured with a peg that would make seven spoolpins. I'll warrant it will spout to the rannel-tree when ye stick the knife in it. My certe will't.'

At this description of the national dish, the old man displaced the book from his knee, placed his hand on his waistcoat, where time and daily meditation had made some spare cloth, and rising, paced from side to side of his humble abode, with a look of subdued and decent impatience. wonder: wonder is an unwise word, said he, checking himself; 'for nought is wonderful, save the divine presence, and the divine works; but what, in the name of warp and waft-a mechanical exclamation of surprise, and therefore not sinful-what can stay Deacon Treddle, my ain dear doon neighbour, and what can keep Bailie Burnewin! I hope his prentice boy his present, he seated himelf by the has not burnt his forge again, and

made the douce man swear.' 'Saul to gude man, but ve feu ill.' 'But we have all our times of weakness-even I myself,' he muttered in a low and inaudible tone, ' have matters to mourn for as well as the wicked; I have buttered my own breakfast with the butter which honest men's wives have given me for anointing their webs. I have worn, but that was in my youth, the snawwhite linen, purloined from many customers in hanks and cuts. I have looked with an unrighteous eve after that dark-eved and straight-limbed damosel, Mary Macmillan; even I who rebuked her, and counselled her before the session, and made even the anointed minister envy the fluency and scriptural force of my admonishment. But in gude time here comes auld Burnewin,' and extending his hand as he spoke, it was grasped by a hand protruded from a broad brown mantle. and tinged by exposure at the forge into the hue of a tinker's travelling 'Whole threads, and a weel wallet. gaun loom to thee, my douce auld fere,' said the Bailie, removing a slouched hat as he spoke, and displaying a rough jolly countenance, on which the heat of his smithy fire had infflicted a tinge that would have done honour to Vulcan's forehand hammer man. 'And a hissing welding heat, and an unburnt tew-iron, and ale fizzing and foaming for thee in thy vocation, my old comrade,' returned the weaver, in the current language of his friend's trade. ' Aha! Marion lass,' said the blacksmith, 'I have nee forgot that we were once younkers running among the moonlight on the moat-brae-here's a shawl-I wish it silk for thy sakeye maun wear it for me at Paste and Yule, the seven trades dance, and other daimen times;' and enveloping the not unwilling shoulders of the matron in side of a blazing hearth fire, and promising supper board.

It was now eleven o'clock the reign of the old year was within an hour of its close, and the din of the street had subsided, partly from the lateness of the hour, and the fall of a shower of thin and powdery snow which abated a little the darkness of the night. loud scream, and the sound of some-* thing falling, were heard at the end of the little narrow close or street. which descended from the old Kirkgate to the residence of the elder. 'There's the sound of Deacon Treddle's voice,' said Marion, 'if ever I heard it in my life; and the cry too of sore affliction.' Away without bonnet or mantle ran the old friends of the expected deacon; they found him lying with his face to the pavement, his hands clutched like one in agony, while from a shattered punchbowl ran the rich and reeking contents. As I live by drink, and sometimes

bread,' said the Bailie, ' this is a hapless tumble; I feel the smell of as good brandy punch as ever reeked aneath the nose of the town councilthere it runs; water, saith the word, cannot be gathered from the ground, nor brandy punch from the street, saith Bailie Burnewin.' peace, I pray thee, said the elder; Speak, Thomas Treddle, speak; art thou harmed in spirit, or hurt in 'The spirit is running from him,' said the son of the forge, in the true spirit of citizenship: 'dost thou not feel its fragrance?' ' Peace, again I say,' enjoined the elder; ' I say unto you, something fearful hath happened unto him; he has felt an evil touch, or he has seen some unholy sight; such things have been rife ere now in the land; and he endeavoured to raise his prostrate friend from the pavement.

To be continued.

PORTRY.

SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR WRITING NO MORE POETRY.

By a disappointed Author,

Addressed to the Muse, and all concerned therein.

No, Madam, no, 1 pr'ythee do keep at.
I'm skr'd of rhyming—none on earth need wonder,
When I'm solig'd to bear the snerr and scoff
Of cerety critic who is pleas'd to blunder.
Thus I—thy curs'd, inspiring mantle doff;
'Tis thread-bare quite; I'd rather live on plunder,
Or beggar turn—or be slave to Jack Ketch;
Or aught than such a miserable wretch—

As I have been—My business I've mistaken; For though my rhymes are tolerably good, They ne'er have fill'd my guts with beef or bacon. And one gets tir'd of vegetable food.

No Egg or Butter e'er is seen my cake on. And light-food some asy, acqueous makes the blood; Though water-gruel good is for the sick, Hunger and health still something like that's thi. k

Reas witness for ne-now my thread-hare coat; My lantern jaws; sunk eyes, and haggard mien: How saviable is a poet's lot! And you my linen, seldom over clean; And ye my Patrons, be not unforgot; The Public too—all who my works have seen, If I have not done much while coorting fame, Though every body fald I was to blame, For daring to assume the name of Poet; And I believe the good folks all were right. Though at the time, I readly did not know it, And verily believed, 'twas only spite Or envy made them speak—nay works will show it, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that never saw the light, I mean those works that it is print, And this I'll prove, or else the devil's in 't.

That's neither here nor there—I'll rhyme no more, As rhymin very seldion shows a reason, Why people should be subject to the hore Of list ning while 'the read—'I here is a season For doing all things'—the was known before; But plagiarism is not held up-as ir ason, Or I, as well as manys smother Bard, Would not have starv'd for want of due remerd. I've seen my folly—I repent it too. Starvation, nakedness, and soorn, and alsame, I will no more endure, though it were true. I will no more endure, though it were true. That suffering would immortatise my manie; I had the muse will set the soul on famine; This said the muse will set the soul on famine; This may be true; but either wine or study. I've written sonnets oft to please the helice, But most of people think there were the limit; Such paltry writing certain to degrade is, Whether one writes to Ibelia's nose or smaff, Such paltry writing certain to degrade is, Whether one writes to Ibelia's nose or smaff, In fact, it does not matter what the maid is, For judges say, that Fetrarch wrote enough of those same kind of rhynnes—dou't think. I'm sucring At lovers who are feite of vonnettering.

And I have written satire-what of that? Twas without point—so every body said; Twas like stale been, and that we know is flat. 've written epitaphs upon the dead And living too .- I've written-Lord knows what? And twing to ... I we write in ... I we ransacked every cranny in my head
For some new thought, in vain. Gall says, a skull
Bump-ed like mine proves the possessor dull.

I've written Epics, Lyrics, and Addresses, Eulogies, Elegies, and once a Play, Anacreontics of a quite new species, Heroics, Comic Songs abundantly, I studied most assiduously the Grace, Who never would the least attention pay: I sought over description, hill, and dale, But every thing I tried was sure to fail.

I've sung for Publications, periodical,
For Pamphlets, Newspapers—but never hire
I got—such treatment very odd I call;
No soul on earth disposed seemed to admire.
Beside I did attempt what a New Mode I call;
And this too fail d—crest-fallen I retire;
And who need wonder if I be uncivil,
And wish the Muses dining with—the Devil.

For I to dine with them no more am hent; Twee worse than madness, witness O! my bones, That seem inclined to quit their tenement; A mar seem recined to quit their tenement;
No woulder they are peching forth, like stones
In gravel-walk; but all this to prevent,
And not to plague the world with sight and groans,
I am determined to write nought but prose,
Rhyming is not my forte—away it goes.

Postscript.—I've written Story, and Lampoon; Paraphrase and Translation I have made; I've written riddles that would take a moon Them to unriddle; and at a charade None could be more obscuro; but out of tune And temper by neglect, I leave the trade Open for him who'll try; for O! I'm shock'd. "Tis like the muslin market overstock'd.

MATTHEW MISSIT.

Glasgow.

MID-DAY IN THE TRONGATE.

TOM Sollloquizing.

There are, that love companionless to stroll In lonely paths, pursuing fancy's dreams,
Or, when the sun is bright and warm, to loil
Upon the verdant banks of limpid streams.
For me—I'll fellow no such idle walms,

My fancy is to cultivate the graces;
And so I seek the town—the scene that teems With gazing crowds, and haunt all modish places, Where I may best be seen, and best see others faces,

-Tom, what d'ye mutter? Tom-Dick, pshaw, what the deuce!

what the deuce:
You've got into your meditative vein;
See, here's a mirror—deck thee neat and spruce;
Brush up thy head of hair, and seize thy cane,

Brush up the need of nair, and seize the Carle,
And let us to the pavement once again;
The sun is up, and all the world's parading
Along the glorious Trongate. Street and iane
Send forth their multitudes a-promenading,
And many a maid is there—young, blooming, ripe,
and fading.

Dick—Is not this market day? I think it is;
And therefore, with your leave, I'll keep my seat:
Fox, just to look upon a girlish phis,
I care not to be elbowed, thrust, and beat,
From side to side along a crowded street,

Where two are every moment driven asunder:
Some clown perchance, before again you meet, With head turned round to some shop-window

wonder,
Shonklers you down, and then grins at the ill-bred
blunder;

And dirty porters running here and there, And beggars too, and bakers, and a head Of inconvenient objects, every where Beset the luckless lounger to his cost. The gentleman is altogether lost Among a crew so vulgar and so humbling. And then the noise outroars the ocean coast; Coal carts and carriages together jumbling, Would rend the devil's ears with their confounded rumbling.

-Yet something may be learned from such a

mass
Of population, as they move along.—
To mark the various faces as they pass,
All beat on something, either right or wrong,—
To read the character that may belong
To every new expression of the features,—
And, from the looks and airs of old and young,
To guess their occupations, feelings, natures,—
May teach some useful hints anent one's fellowcreatures.

And, Dick, the ladies, man! the ladies, Dick! And, Dick, the ladies, man! the ladies, Drex: All gorgeous in apparel—glaf and gay—With looks and smiles that touch one to the quick.—Dick.—The ladies, Tom?...the ladies at mid.day, Laced, plumed, and parasoid, in hright array, 4 Are so well fortified in the possession Of pomp, and pride, and inherdashery,—Adonis' self would fail to make impression! So I resume my book and end this long degression

P.

000 80 N.N E T.

TO J---- Y-

Tis vain to weep—the tears of sorrow flow;
But flow, alas! in vain, o'er the seared bloom
Of opening loy, when hope is sunk in gloom,
And all is dark and dead, no mere to glow
With life and beauty. Pangs of heartielt woe
Are softened not by tears, when the last doom
Of death hath scaled our hope, and on the tomb
They trickle unwiped—unheeded. When low,
The blighted hopes of love are laid, and o'er
Our soul broods absence lonelines; nor tears,
Nor sighs, again can to our heart restore
Its wonted buoyancy—our grief but sears
Our heart; —'its thus, alas! when now no shore
My Jessie's love my soul illumes and cheers.

October, 26th.

REBUS ... Answer requir d.

Take a 3d of a man, let him be great or small;
The 6th of an insect, that only can crawl;
Take the 3d of a isp, and the 4th of a hand;
A 6th part of nose; a 4th part of grand;
When all these nam'd parts you can make in rhym jingle, Take the 6th of an Adjective, namely of single;

Set them all in rotation, just one after one, And tell me their names, and a work when all wome

SIMON SLY.

VARIETIES.

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE. This nobleman was not more distinguished for his abilities, than for his amiable disposition. Of this, his domestics felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends, than as menial servants. His lordship one day entering his bouse, in Pall Mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, 'They are our's, my lord, from our country-house.'- 'Very well,' rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriagestopped at the door, and Lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was, 'Our's' said honest John. 'and are the children in it our's too?' said his lordship ' Most certainly, my lord,' relaughing. plied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

IRREMAN ROBBED. - An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he holding his purchase under his arm, a dog | rivers. snatched it, and ran away. ' Now, my dear joy,' said the Irishman to the dog,

what a fool you make of yourself? What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

SCOTCH AND INISH OFFICERS.—As two military officers of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behinder: the counter of a Magazine der The Hibernian instantly proposed Modes. to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle, by way of excuse, for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel-' Hoot awa' man,' said the equally curious, but more economical Scot, there's na occasion to throw awa silter: let's gang in, and ask change o' twa sixpences for a sbilling.'

Answers given to the following Connecdrams will oblige

PAUL POETLE

Why is a washerwoman like a church

Why are two large rivers in Scotland was returning, repeating the method, and like man and wife? with the names of the

Why is Lemm juice like a good saying?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that we cannot admit W. M's lines.

We thank W. H. for his lines on Yarrow, but the original song is so much superior, that we are admidcomparison might be made to the injury of our correspondent.

After consulting with our friends, we are sorry the Effects of Society cannot be admitted.

Our Irvine correspondent, D. D. in our next.

We thank A. W for his support, he will find his MSS, when he calls.

Our Paisley friend A D, will soon have a place.

: The packet of Titus is too heavy and inaccurate. We would not give offence, but must be im D. is under consideration.

We thank S. M. R. and wish he would call at the office.

Montane in our next.

The Irsh Cabih wants interest.

Want of room alone prevented the poetry of Amicus from finding a place; he will he attende our next.

Best respects to J. Ogle. We will gratify the puble with a peep next number.

Our Distressed Friend is so tedious, that we cannot sympathise with him.

No. 2.-Rambles in Cumberland in our next.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successor's tolwi. The published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successor's tolwi. The sold also by fir. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street, atthe Stops of the Printed Bestings.

Also of the following Booksellers: John Histop, Greenock; John Diok, Aye; There I alsoy; Robert Mathie, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conde, Rockess; Montacon, Hamilton; and M. Drick, Irvine; for ready money only.

MELANGES MITTERARY

or:

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 21. WEDNESDAY, 20th NOV. 1822. Price 31d.

GIBRALTAR.

The very name of Gibraltar revives, in the bosom of every Briton, the spark of military ardour. It is justly considered as the brightest jewel of the British crown, which no boon, however splendid and valuable, could induce the nation ingloriously to barter. The importance of this fortress, which is considered by Europe as the key to the Mediterranean sea, does not seem to have been duly estimated by the Spanjards until they lost it; not even by the English, who became masters of it more through accident than design. Sir George Rooke had, in the year 1704, been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong fleet, to assist Charles, Archduke of Austria; but was so limited by instructions, as to be ' unable to effect any enterprise of importance. Unwilling to return to England with a powerful squadron without having schieved something, he called a council of war, and it was determined to attack Gibraltar.

On the 21st of July, 1704, the fleet reached the bay, and 1800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse d'Arm-

mole, which, in five or six hours, drove the enemy from their guns in every quarter, but more completely from the New Mole head. Captain Whitaker, with the armed boats, was ordered to possess himself of that post; but Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay with their ships nearest the mole. eager to share in every part of the glory, pushed ashore in their barges. before the other boats could come up. On their landing, the Spaniards sprung a mine upon them, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. assailants, however, kept possession of the work, and, being joined by Captain Whitaker, boldly advanced, and took a small bastion, half way betwixt the The Marquis mole and the town. de Salines, who was governor, being again summoned, thought proper to surrender; and the British colours, for the first time, waved over the rock of Gibraltar.

No sooner were the Spaniards acquainted with the loss of this important fortress, than they made every effort to regain it. Foiled in several attempts, they formed the extravagant and desperate scheme of surprising the stadt, were immediately landed on the garrison, although a British admiral On the 23d, the ships com- was then before the town. On the menced a brisk cannonade on the new 31st of October, five hundred volunteers took the engrament, never to TPturn till they had planted the Spanish flag on the battlements of Gibraltar. This forlown hope was conducted by a goatherd, to the south side of the rock, near the Cave guard. They mounted the rock, and during the first night, lodged themselves unperceived in St. Michael's cave. On the sucfeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and massacred the guard at Middle Hill. By the assistance of ropes and ladders, they got up several hundreds of the party appointed to support them; but, being by this operation discovered, a strong detackment of grenadiers marchtd up from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that one hundred and sixty of them were killed, or forced over the precipice; and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners.

Since that period, several attacks have been made on Gibraltar, with no better success; but the greatest of all was the memorable siege of 1781-2, when France and Spain brought before it the most tremendous force ever employed in any modern siege. General Elliot, whose name has been immortalized and identified with the event, was at this time governor of Gibraltar, with a garrison of The Spanish army, near 6000 men. consisting of 14,000, was encamped within a mile and a half of the gates, and had constructed the most extensive works. These General Elliot determined, if possible, to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a sortie was made from the garrison, the enemy surprised, and their works set on fire, and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of one man only, who being the first to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish

ed; but being wounded also, he could not be got off before the flames had reached him. The works thus destroyed, cost the Spaniards the enormous sum of thirteen millions of large piastres, equal to three millions sterling:

The Spanish monarch, mortified at the disgrace brought on his arms, and the great loss that he had sustained by this sortie, publicly declared his determination to have Gibraltar at all events, cost what it would. now determined to make the grand attack by sea and land, which had been so long projected; and the command of this mighty enterprise was given to the Duke de Crillon. From the arrival of this commandant, the most active preparations were made in constructing batteries, which, however, were frequently destroyed by the gar-The whole force of the allied crowns seemed to have been centrated in this spot, and such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. naval force consisted of forty-four large ships of the line, three inferior two deckers, ten battering ships, fire bomb-ketches, a great number of gun and mortar boats, and large floating battery, many armed vestels, and nearly three hundred bouts. The land batteries were furnished with two hundred and forty-six pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers; and the combined army now amounted to forty thousand.

determined, if possible, to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a sortie was made from the garrison, the enemy surprised, and their works set on fire, and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of one man only, who being the first to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish captain of artillery, whom he wound-

explosions. Brigadier Curtis, with long joury hishes as he stroaked his beard, his squadron of gun-boats, exerted himself most gallantly in the cause of humanity, and saved upwards of three hundred persons from the ships which were on fire, who must otherwise inevitably have perished. Lord Howe afterwards arrived with a fleet, and reinforced the garrison. Spaniards, after the failure of their grand attack, kept up a petty warfare until February, 1782, when the news of preliminaries of a general peace having been signed at Paris, terminated hostilities.

RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND. No. 2.

···>•4·-

ROSELY FAIR.

⁴ Laugh and grow fat at the follies you see. ⁴

Teague's Jest Book.

There is in sorrow, as well as in all the passions inwoven in the human frame, a seemly mediocrity between an overpowering display of pathetic emotion, and callous insensibility. The features well adjusted, with the appearance of woe, and the outer man sombred over with its external trappings, has oftimes belied the latent feelings of the heart; and could we draw aside the vell that obscures internal feeling from actual observation, we might possibly see joy playing in sportive beams around many a bosom, from the thoughts of the snug little fortune which reverted to them from the demise of those whom they outwardly affected to deplore. there is actually no occasion for supernatural agency to establish the truth of this hypothesis: the conduct of many in this, as well as every era of the world, unfolds an ample and literal verification of its

They dinice about, in all the mockery of woe, To midnight denote and the public show. —Pope

I had just noted this down in my patch book, as an incontrovertible fact, when the Doctor entered my lodgings, at Wa——n. I never saw him decked so sprucely since the death of Amelia. The thatch of his attic was tastefully frisated, such his prominent of central position of the county of Cumeyes beamed gracefully from beneath their berland. It had been appropriated, time

and said, I was just thinking ----, naming me, on doffing these sables. I think I have just mourned long enough for that sweet creature. God rest her soul! She is now far happier than I am; and though I should mourn from this to dooms-day, I could not add one jot to her stature : besides, you know to-day is Rosely Fair. Bravo! said I to myself, here is a man who treads the middle path of right feeling: he loved Amelia while she was in life, and seriously lamented her loss at death; but now, that the intensity of his feelings and abated, he wishes to maintain the outward appearance of grief no longer, than he retains its realities upon his heart. Besides, said I to myself, to-day is Rosely Fair. The thought had an instantaneous effect upon me; I started up with wonderful agility, considering my green old ages adjusted my auburn wig, and seized my, oaken staff, round the huge head of which, I had, as a token of respect for my native place, engraven, 'Let Glasgow Flourish';" and forthwith, the Doctor and I sallied into the open air, and boldly set our faces Rosely. toward Its distance from -n was 5 miles. It was a most delightful morning. How shall I paint it? Spirit of Hoggarth, assist me! Phoebus was scaling the blue wault, and shed-I ding his refulgent beams on the sides of the distant mountains, which seemed to thrust their towering tops into the azure, and mark nature's boundaries. The sweets of expanding flowers were gently exhaling, whilst boyish cephyrs fanned around the ambrosial fragrance. The fertile vales were sprung up in rich luxuriance, to cheer the heart, and repay the toil of the labo-rious husbandman. The meadows were sprucely dressed in emerald robes; tastefully set with daisies and cowslip; and over the lee, the shepherd played his morning air, while the sportive lambs gambolled about, in all the gaiety of inno-The lark, high poised in air, cacence. roled his joyful song, while the black birth and the mellow-thrush, poured their melody on the tuneful ear, from the groves and thickets which occasionally diversified the scenery; in one word, all nature was rejoicing; and under its sweet inspiration, we soon arrived at Rosely. The ground on which the fair was held, lay on the side a of the highway, and was situated in a kind of central position of the county of Cum-

immemorial, to this purpose; but its present owner had showed some disposition to infringe an ancient privilege, Tas I was informed,) and as one step towards this, had surrounded it with a parapet. Through it we however, soon found an entrance, and (as you know, Mr. Editor, men, like monkeys, are often fond of showing themselves,) made our way to the front of the crowd. Heavens! what a Babel of strife was here! Human nature, in two of its many forbidding forms, presented itself is the persons of two showmen, who were vicing with each other for pre-eminence in their honourable occupation; one of them was a little sount bandy-legged fellow, with a woice as hourse and monotonous as the mastiff, Cerberus; this, he occasionally put forth in roundly bawling, ' Walk up, gentlemen, walk up;' and concluded every effort of this kind with something like an assurance that every thing worth looking at, was contained within the precincts of his paltry caravan. He was assisted by a Babylonish dame, a plume of feathers nodded over her face, it was nicely bestpeared with paint; but, in spite of this paltry substitute for beauty, it was visible that unsparing time was ploughing his femows there, and setting his seal upon her withering lips, as they pronounced, Walk up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies. I candidly assure you, that what Monsieur Grumblegutter says is true, and if you an't satisfied with the performance, I shall, upon my honour I shall, return your money.' 'Honour !' exclaimed the Doctor, 'a fiddlestick, d'ye hear that old beldame honour? O shame, where is thy blush? Fled, I suppose, with the natural co-- lour of her face, I an't joking now. the time that their d- mummeries, are over on the deck, this honourable lady will dive into the cockpit, and leave the clodpoles, the surest road to honour, in a trip down that there scurvy ladder.

The other was a long lean fellow. His eneral appearance bore some analogy to Dr. Syntax in quest of the Marvellous. powers of his body and mind seemed gone; for the being seemed to be centered in his

rustý cymbals, in order to drown the clamour of Grumbleguttar... A meavy Andrew was making wry faces, at the crowd, and rusning over his well-conned vocabulary of antic vagaries, and occasionally pointing to the painted canvass, which hong in front of the caravan: "this, I woderstood, was as much as to say, Look's, gentlemen, this speaks for itself.' To the right of these, stood a tun-bellied German, one of the many rightful successors to Herman Boat, in the mysteries of hocus pocus and legerdemain. Whether it was magic rings, petent incantations, or the names of two of the fancy, viz. Chicken and Johnson, who were exhibiting within, that attracted the attention of the crowd, I cannot pretend to determine; but certain it is that the German monopolised all the trade, while the two rivals were repaid with the noise, for the seemingly small trouble of making We were now heartily tired with contemplating this motley carriesture of man folly; and accordingly retreated to the back ground, while the Doctor muttered, ' A murrain seize them, what a pity nature intended them for men!' and such like cynical expressions. Here, all was bustle and animation; joy seemed to have erected a throne in every bosom, and mirth The wag a seat on every countenance. was playing off his drolleries upon the simpleton, while he, little suspecting that he was his butt, swelled with his laugh, the long and loud peal of merriment, at is own expense. Here, the man of guety was in his proper element, as objects of attraction, diversified in kind and name, were floating about like motes in sun-below-The grave and the morose had apparently left their every-day faces behind them, with a solemn injunction not to trouble them till to-morrow: indeed, were one disposed to take as a criterion, the time to which I now allude, I might, with tolerable safety, assert that bad nature would never be more seen in Cumberland. But to proceed. the cynic had forgot his snappishness, and seemed for once resolved to let others live, and move, and breathe as well as himself. The moral man slackened the bridle of relipows, and exerted in clanking a pair of old restraint, and gave a holiday to some of

a I do not mean to say that this lady, pardon me, belonged to Babylon; no, no, she might be a native of Cross-my-Luif, for any thing I know: but sure am I, that I have often heard both clergymen and laity talk of the whore of Babylon; now, it is only to assure these gentlemen, that this was not her, that I have taken the additional trouble of writing this foot note.

with his existence, hoping, in all probability, that, like a good catholic, he might, by an act of supererogation, transfer the surplus of some days' good deeds, to the chasm made in morality, by the sports of Rosely Fair. My friend, the Doctor, was a moral man; but, the encircling motto of all his actions on that day was, ' Let us eniov ourselves. Rosely Fair comes only once a year,' &c. The amorous had ample scope for all their oupidical prowess, as the fair sen were floating about in vast varicty, between the stiff Z- virtuoso, and she whose virtue sits as easily upon her as smiles do upon a coquette, *

Rosely town is of itself, a contemptible A few houses are all that support place. the name, and these are built without the least regard to regularity. But the landlords of ale houses, in the surrounding towns and villages, had erected tents upon the ground, for the purpose of furnishing refreshments for such as wanted them, and means of inebriety to those who wished to engage in Bacchanalian orgies.

The votary of Bacchus sips sweets from the vintage Until its meanderings pervades every pore;
His body's a barrel; his pocket's a mintage,
That oftimes is drain'd to pay a sweet score.'

As the tipplers emerged from these canvass suttling houses, and joined the crowd, the pleasure and enjoyment which prevailed on the former part of the day, gave place to the nonsensical hiccups of inebriefy. Rings were formed, and pugilistic exhibitions began to predominate over As neither the Doctor nor every other. I was initiated, we now consulted our safety in an honourable retreat. As we were leaving the field, we witnessed a display of science between a noisy fellow, of the name of Mossat, a native of Wand another whom the Doctor did not know. The eyes of the latter were in deep mournings. Moffat was the favourite of the fancy, and two to one upon his head few houses in Rosely were soon crowiled was resounded with stentorian lungs from to excess, and candidates for admission be-

the grosser appetites that was incorporated salmest every corner; but, O fate, how devious are thy ways! at the very time that Moffat was cock sure of victory, his sableeyedantagonist lent him a rom one between the day lights, which fairly floored wim ; ** he showed no innate inclination of again coming to the scratch, the victory was, of course, awarded to the unknown: "I would not have adverted to this scene of folly; had it not been for the opportunity it afforded me of slightly glancing at the conduct of one of the sporters. He was one of the two to one heroes on the head of the ware quished; consequently, it was now his turn to pay: he accordingly dlipped his hand into his pocket, with perfect strng froid, so satisfy the demand of his opponent; but, suddenly contracting his brows into a frown, he exclaimed, "Egad; some of the nimble-figured ones has been making clean. work here; the deuce a stiver is lest; my pocket is here sure enough, but where in my money? Well, Rosely is a daysed rascally place, to be sure; one would almost require to have eyes in their we keep their own; but there is no cure like setience for misfortune; as the saying hy we must look about us for time to come." Here he ended his harangue. I felt some. thing like pity for the fellow till I was informed by some who knew him, that he was a notorious sharper, who, to rid himself from his present dilemma, had trumped up the present story. When I contrasted this account with his own indifference at his pretended loss, I was fully persuaded; that it was the true representation of his cliaracter; and, in unison with this consistion. I exchanged pity for disdain, and darting a look of it indignantly at him, the Doctor and I left the field.

The day was, by this time, pretty far The sky which had been advanced. hitherto serene, lowered, and copious showers of rain presented a striking contrast to the finery of the morning. "The and and march

Some of my readers may probably suppose that I am over colouring the picture, but the very reverse of this is the case. Were I to do my present subject justice, I would, at least, occupy one number of the Melange; but as I have no stomach for this kind of work, I have only taken a superficial view of some of the leading peculiarities of Rosely Fair, without hinting at the extensive traffic that is carried on by men, from almost every part of the kingdom. Besides these, all the itinerant vaga-Londs, from Johnny Grot's house to lands end, float about like locusts in Egypt, loaded with their partable puppy-shows, rowly powlies, wheels of fortune, mother tables, dire boxes, and dancing dogs.

sieged the doors; into one of these, the Doctor and I found means to force a passage: within, all was noise and bustle. We were in the downer flat; the loft above us was trembling with a load of dancers. As dancing was congenial to the temperament of my friend, he must needs be aloft; I followed him. He had one particular advantage over many, namely, that of suiting himself to the humours of the different companies into which choice or necossity might lead him. Were I to do gustice to his character, I would, for this night at least, classify him among the amorous; but his success in the prosecution of this character was a little more questionable than his right to the title. indeed ogle most wickedly, and tipped the wink with easy debonair; but some cursed rival undeviatingly interposed between him and the object of his desires; till at last, by diat of fair battery, he gained a dulci-She was richly dressed, and possessed tolerable symmetry of form; but her facepardon me, my dear Florida, I must be candid to the eye of a superficial observerit met with a disaster somewhat analogous to that of Rollas, when he crept quietly out of his skin; but the Doctor was satisfied, and pr'ythee, what occasion had I to he otherwise? But after all, the theoretical part of any thing is easier than the practical. I have a good deal of owlish gravity blended in my features, but not so much as could keep them to the grave side, when this mon-delicate began to recount the number of her admirers, and their devotedness to her service.

1. Who span'd her waist, and who, where'er he came, Scraw'd upon glass Florida's lovely name:
Who stolk her allyner, all'd it with tokay,
And drank the little humper every day. — Comper.

She observed the bent of my muscles,

and resented it by indignantly pouting with her lips, and, for aught I know, inwardly comented herself with parodising one of Esop's fables, in the following manner. You Scottish dog, I see you look upon the fruit as if it were sour; and why so? because you cannot get at it; no, that you cannot, though you stood upon longer legs than those which support your little fabric. However, as I before said, the Doctor was content, and shuffled away, till his legs almost tottered below him. We now thought of bending our steps

back to Wa-n, and accordingly de-

scended. All there, was noise and confusion. All were indiscriminately blended

THE PATRIOTIC SMUGGLER.

A man of notorious celebrity in the annals of smuggling, and whose name was Johnson, had, by some extraordinary exertions, escaped from a prison in London, in 1803. He fled to the continent, and principally resided in Flushing. On the commencement of hostilities, this man was arrested by order of the French Government, and conveyed to a prison at Boulogne: be was accused of having piloted the British fleet to the Helder, during the In a few days after Johnlate war. son was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who, for some time past, had been sedulously employed in obtaining British pilots) called upon him, and, after some preliminary observations, entered upon the chief object of his mission. I am told mid the officer, 'you are well acquainted with the opposite coast." I know every sounding and creek,' replied Johnson; 'and what then?' 'Why, my good friend,' continued the visitor, ' if you will engage to pilot a certain division of the French fleet to the British coast, and conduct yourself on that occasion with fidelity, I am directed to say, a general pardon will not only be granted to you; but an ample provision settled upon you doring the remainder of your life. The answer of this virtuous delinquent

should never be forgetten. . Sir, replied Johnson, in I have not been kindly used by my country; but, notwithstanding that, I cannot be a trai-I consider your proposal, Sir, as an insult, and treat it with the disdain it merits. The officer admixing his principles and resolution, endeavoured to soothe him into a compliance, which Johnson observing, very calmly said to him, 'Do not endeavour, Sir, to render me a villain in my own estimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treason you propose, I am confident that, in the hour of trial, my heart would guide me to my duty, and I should betray you.' roused the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "Then, villain, you shall die." "With all my heart,' said Johnson; and in a tone of voice highly expressive of his determination, said 'The sooner the better—I am prepared—I have no fayour to ask but one-over my grave let it be written, in legible characters,

HERE LIES

AN HONEST ENGLISH SMUGGLER,
Who scorned to betray his country.

TO MISS A.

DEAR MADAM,—The other day, when perusing a volume of the Spectator, I observed the following letter:

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am, Sir, a member of a small pious congregation, near one of the north gates of this city. Much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to conduct ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole isle has been disturbed with one of those set of men whom I choose to denominate Starers; that, without any regard to time, place, or modesty, frequently are known to disturb large companies with their impertinent eyes. is the head taller than any in the church; but, for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a tiptoe, and commands the whole congregation, to the great anpoyance of the devouter part of the audi-

tory; for what, with blushing, confusion, and vegation, we can neither mind the prayer nor sermon. Your animadversions upon this insolence would be a great favour to. Sir.

Your most humble servant,

Now, my dear, this account has given me a great deal of concern and apprehension, that I may have been offending you in a similar manner, in so much, that on reading the letter, and the remarks which precede and follow it. I resolved never to look at you more. But on farther consideration, it occurred to me that there were many aggravations in the cohduct of the Starer above complained of, which I was not guilty of. example, I do not, like him, stand upon any place, nor am I the head taller than any in the congregation; neither do I gaze at you during the prayer, and seldom at the time of the psalmody. My glauces, too, are tof so secret a nature, that, with the exception of one young lady, whom I sometimes suspect you have set, as a watch upon me, no body but yourself is privy to them. In this important point, long practice has "made" me remarkably expert. I do not, like some inexperienced in the science of optics, lift my eyes off the minister, and directly cast them upon you; but, when I am disposed to have a look at you, I generally first full the suspicion of the audience, by casting about with my eyes along the roof and walls of the church, and descending, I take a general view of all the faces in the gallery, and by this means receive a glimpse of yours, the most beautiful and interesting of the whole, as it were, by the way, which is a sufficient reward for all my trouble. At other times, for it would be dangerous not to vary my stratagems, I make my starting-post al tall, dean,

gentleman, who never suspects my real plead as an argument to let me go on. design, as being a divinity student of And again, that generous desire of some vanity, he flatters himself I look at him in compliment to his genius; and from him I describe a circuitous route to the seat of attraction. When there is any noise or bustling, occasioned by people taking or leaving their seats, in your neighbourhood, I take care never to lose such opportunities of indulging my favourite propensity with impunity. I was much gratified sometime since by a woman fainting near you; and the consternation which the people were thrown into by the apparent demise of the precentor in his box, gave me inexpressible pleasure. The old woman too, who contended with Somnus for leading the music, was not lost upon

You will have observed, I think, Madam, that it is generally when the sermon is not very interesting, or, on the contrary, at the close of any splendid passage in a great discourse, that I indulge most in the passion. take a pleasure in observing the glow of feeling, which the thrilling eloquence of our pastor suffuses over your countenance; and from which exhibitions. I haveformed a very favourable opinion of your mind and understanding. Indeed, your face has become to me a very expressive one-insomuch, that without any vain affectation on your part, I can satisfy myself with a single glance, whether you agree with me in the excellence or puerility of any saying, in the beauty or infirmity of any illustration.

Now, my dear, it is with you to determine whether I am to continue, or if I am to forego this pleasant recreation. The question is, does it disturb or incommode you in the smallest? The many dull sermons which, since the amiable Mr. I, left us, the arrange-

expressing, by some means or other, the satisfaction and delight which we are all made to feel by the force of irresistible eloquence, is another argument which I offer to your consideration, for a decision in my favour. I will say nothing of the pleasure which one feels in looking at beauty: for that would equally offend your modesty and piety; and will conclude this epistle, by expressing a hope, that, if you do deprive me of the pleasure of looking at you, you will, as an equivalent, encourage my often-foiled resolution of speaking to you, by some little, name less indication, that you would not frown upon the attempt.

I am, Dear Madam, Your humble admirer, John Oger

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Concluded.

'I renounce the sinfulness of long thrums and short ellwands, now and for ever more, Amen; muttered the overthrown head of the venerable calling of the weavers, Long thrums and short ellwands, said he of the smithy to him of the loom; 'I'll remember his confession, howeverthere's knavery in all crafts, save mine. ' Avaunt, avaunt, whither wilt thou carry me!' exclaimed the deacon; that man hath perfect blessedness, who walketh not astray in counsel of ungodly men.' 'O! that I could mind a prayer now, when a prayer might be of service, and no he! borne " away owre the fiend's left shoulder like holy Willie gaun hame with a customer's web. The man's demented, muttered the Elder : 1 possess'd by a demon-fairly possess'dments of St. J. subject us to, I would here, Bailie, bear thou his heels, I'll

bear up his head, and let us carry him home, and deliver him up to the admonition of dame Marion. 'And lifting aloft the weaver as they spoke. away they marched-but not without speech or resistance. A fiend at my head, and a fiend at my feet! Lost beyond redemption! Lost beyoud redemption! O! if I mann be doomed, let me lie in my grave like other sinners, and no be borne away to be picked by the flend behind the stake and ryse dike that divides the foul place from purgatory, like a gled picking a cock-hird.' Their entrance into the chamber beside dame Marion, seemed at first to augment his terror-he' shut his eyes, and clenched his hands, in the resolute agony of despair. 'Ah! the black pit, and the burning fire, wi' fiends to torment me in the shape of holy Willie Warpentree, and that wicked body Bailie Burnewin,' 'A shefiend too! Na. then there's nae redemption for me-I'm in the hollowest hell, I'll warrant me!' and half unclosing his eyes, they wandered with something of a half insane and half suspicious scrutiny around the elder's apartment.

At this irreverent allusion to herself and her sex, the yoke-fellow of the elder exclaimed: Ungracious and graceless body, I'll she-fiend thee!' and, lifting up a spoonful of the fat liquid in which the haggis had been immersed, she threw it fairly in his This application was much more effectual than the grave inquiries of her husband; the liquid, too cool to scald, and yet hot enough to make flesh feel, caused him to utter a scream. " Well done, " she fiend! said the blacksmith, if a woman's wit brings nae a man to his senses, I wot nae his eyes, exclaimed, 'Praise be blest! ever laid claim to; while the Baillie leaped to his feet, shouted, ' redeemed! declared, it would be a droll tale that

redeemed !- won from the clutches of the auld enemy, and set on my feet at the fire-side of my sworn friend, William Warpentree.; But, O! man, I have gotten such a fright this blessed evening, as will gang wi' me to my grave.

' Fright!' said Marion, 'what could have frightened ye in the douce Kirkgate of Dumfries; the kirk at your lug, the kirkyard at your clhow, and the fear o' God afore ye, and a gallant bowl of brandy punch in your hand. I feel the smell of the spilt mercies yet, ye donard bodie; what field made ye coup the creels, and scream you way?" ' Woman, woman' said the elder to his spouse, 'bridle thy unruly tongue, and curb thy irreverent speech -this man hath, peradventure, seen something: which he will do, well to disburthen his conscience in describing; 'I shall make bauld to tell ye, said the deacon of the weavers, ' how it. happened, and whereabout; but, O! man, never let sinful flesh pride itself; again in the joys of this world, Who would have thought that a man like me, a bowl of reeking punch in one hand, and buttered short cake in the other; the town clock chapping eleven, a glass in my head, the pavement aneath, and my friend's door open before me, should in ae moment be spoiled. and bereaved of all in which he had sinfully prided. O! William Warpentree-flesh and blood-flesh and blood. Here he wiped away the moisture of Marion's haggis from his face, muttered, 'Grace be near me, I'm barely come to my senses yet-Lord, I'll never forget it-how can I-I'm a doomed creature, that's certain,'---The clder enjoined him to tell why he was disquieted—the elder's wife desired to know what elf or brownie had what will. The afflicted weaver opened scared him out of any little sense he

would recompense him for the privation | horse ran masterless about the fields,

of the spilt punch.

deacon of the weavers, 'I main be ters are fine madams now, and would frightened out of my senses as minute nas like to hear that their mothers rode with the Packman's ghost, and fairly die in describing it the next." The horse, but its true that I tell ye. Packman's ghost!' exclaimed the three auditors, at once gathering round the am come to the present concernment. affrichted deacon. 'Yes! the Packman's ghost,' said he, ' give me leave to breathe, and I shall tell ye. As I came out to the street, there was a slight fall of snow; the way was as white afore me as a linen web-a light glimmered here and there—the brightest was in the home of Lowrie Linchpin, the Haunted House ye ken; the carle lies in a departing state.— As I looked o'er to his window, I thought to myself, the minister, or some of the elders will be there, doubtless, and a bonnie death-bed story he'll make on't if he tells the truth. And then I stood and thought, may be, on the wild stories the neighbours fell of sights seen at midnight around his house—how he cannot rest in his bed, but converses with his dumb horse to drown darker thoughts: while atween his own house and the stable, the shadowy fingers of an auld Packthen are seen plucking at him. gold pose Auld Linchpin got by nicking the pedlar's thrapple, else there are many liars. There was my donce gudemother, ye mind her weel Bailie, many a mutchkin of brandy you and auld Brandyburn, and John Borland, and Edgar Wright, and ane I winna name emptied ahint her hallan. Aweel that days are gane, and my gudemother too; but mony a time she told me, when she was a stripling of a lassic, that the auld Packman (nae other name had he) was seen coming laden, horse and man, along the lane distilling streams of amber from every to the house of Lowrie Linchpin .- pore; while, from the collops scored, a

and mony a ride she and Peg Lawson, O? hard, hard! exclaimed the and Nell Thomson had: their daughround thet own meadows on a strayed

' And now,' said the deacon, 'I I stood looking at old Ne'er-do-good's house, and thinking how soon he might be summoned, and what a black account he would render; when lo, and behold! what should I see coming towards me from auld Lowrie's, but a creature,—the queerest creature that een ever saw: I thought I should have sunk where I stood, with dread, and yet the worst had not happened. I could nae for my soul take my cen from it, and straight towards me it came. I think I see it vet the breeks of hodan gray, the Packman plaid, and the Kilmarnock bonnet: the hair of my own head, gray and thin though it be, raised the bonnet from my own O! William Warpentree, could I have remembered but three words of thy prayer which seven times to my knowledge ye have poured out before the men who swear by the wolf's head and shuttle in its mouth, I might have come off crouse perchance, and triumphant. But the world winns credit it I tried to pray I tried to bless myself, I could neither do the one nor the other, and curses and discreditable oaths came to my lips; I shall never dare to sing a psalm, or speak of a thing that's holy again.'

The deacon's story had proceeded thus far; Marion had with a light foot, and a diligent hand, and an car that drank in every word of the narrative, replenished the table with a noble haggis reeking and rich, and He was never more seen; but his smoke thick and savoury ascended; and a table of inferior size exhibited an ancient punch bowl curiously hooped and clasped, flanked by a brace of gardevines, filled to the corks with choice gin and brandy. Upon the whole looked the clder and Bailie with a strong wish that the deacon's adventure with the pedlar's apparition would come to a close. A hurried foot in the street, and a mighty rap, rap, rap at the door, equal to the demolishing of any ordinary hinges, accomplished the good man's wish, Ere Marion could say Come in, in started an ancient Kirkgate dame, her hood awry, and a drinking-cup, which her hurry had not hindered her to drain, though she found no leisure to set it down, was still in her right hand. She stood with her lips apart, and pointed towards the haunted house of old Linchpin, half chocked with agitation and haste. 'The saints be near us, woman; have ye seen a spirit also?' said Bailie Burnewin - Spirit, said the dame, an interrogatory suggesting words which she could not otherwise find—f ten times worse than a thousand spirits. I would rather face all the shadows of sinners which haunt the earth, than sit five minutes longer by the bedside of auld Lowrie: the fiends have hold of him, there's little doubt of that—for he's talking to them, and bargaining for a cozie seat in the lowing hough—its fearful to hear him -and what can have brought the evil spirits around him already-naebody will dispute possession; and then he thinks the Packman is at his elbow. and begins to speak about the old throat-cutting story, but his wife, a wicked carlin and a stout, lays ever her hand on his mouth, and cries out, He's raying, sirs, he's raying! But I think I'm raying myself.—Come away, Elder Warpentree, and try and speak solace to his saul, though it be

as well gang to hell with the words of salvation sounding in his ear.

Sore groaned the devout man at this ungracious and untimely summons; he looked on the smoking supper-table; he thought on the wretched and the worthless being, for whose soul's welfare he was called to minister by prayer and supplication—and despairing of success in his intercession, he threw himself into a chair, pulled it to the head of the table, laid aside his cap, and spread forth his hands like one ready to bless the savoury morsel The Christian spirit of before him. the messenger, reinforced by strong drink, came down like a whirlwind, ' A bonnie elder of God's kirk, indeed, to sit down to his smoking supper, with his full-fed cronies aside himand leave a poor soul to sink among the fathomless waters of eternity Had it been a douce and a devous person that was at death's door, the haste might have been less ; but a being covered with crimes as with garment, whose left hand clutched men's gold, and whose right hand wrought murder, it's a burning shame and a crying scandal, not to fly and seek to save, and send him the road of repentance. A bonnie elder, indeed! O my conscience, Sir, if L'in but spared to Sunday if I stand nas up and proclaim ve for a sensual and selfish man, who shuns the dying man's couch, for the sake of a sayoury supper, may the holy minister give me, a hot face, clad in a penitential garment on the cutty stool.' During this outpouring of remonstrance and wrath, the good man found leisure for reflection; he rose ere she concluded, assumed his hat and mantle, and saying, 'I will go to the couch of this wicked man; but wicked should I be to hold out the hope that an hour of repentance will atone for an age of a rotten and a doomed ane; he may crime—It's but casting precious words away, ane might as well try to make damask napery out of sackcloth thrums, as make a member for bliss out of such a sinner as Lowrie Linchpin.'

When the elder entered the dying man's abode, he found him seated in his arm chair, pale and exhausted, his clothes torn to shreds, and his hair (as lint, white and long, as if it had waved over the temples of a saint) scattered about in handfuls; while his wife, a stem and stout old dame, pinioned him down in his seat, and fixed upon him two fierce and threatening eyes, of which he seemed to be in awe. 'And what, in the fiend's name brought auld Wylie Warpentree at this uncivil hour, when we have more distress than heart can well endure, said she of the haunted house; * are ye come to steal our purse under the pretence of prayer, like bonnie Elder Haudthegrup? de'il may care if ye were all dancing on the morning air in a St. Johnstone cravat, the land would be well rid of ve.' 'Woman, woman, said the elder, in a tone of sorrow' and Christian submission, wherefore should ye asperse the servant of Him above; I come not here to take, neither come I hither to steal, his I come to one sick and subdued in spirit, sick even unto death, for the hand of the enemy will soon be upon him. O man!' said he, addressing the dying person, if if ye had seven years to live, as ye may have but seven minutes; if your soul was as pure as the unfallen snow, now descending at your window, instead of being stained as with ink, and spotted as with crimson, I say unto you repent -repent-cast thyself in the ashesgroan and spread thy hands night, and morn, and noontide-thy spirit will find it all too little to atone for thy faults, and for ____ ' Devil! wilt thou even tell-all that we can say is easily talk about the Pedlar also? exclaimed summed. Hearken, and I will dis-

dame Linchpin, placing her hand as she spoke on the mouth of the elder; dit's enough that my poor old demented husband should upbraid me with planning and plotting on't, without thy uncivil tougue. O sirs! but Liam a poor broken-hearted mad old woman, and my words should not be minded to my character's harm; and she covered her face with her hands, and west aloud.

Ay, ay! exclaimed her husbend, 'I'm coming-I'm comingwill ve not indulge me with another little-little-year-I have much to settle-much to do, and much to say, and I'm not so old what is seventy and eight?—there's twenty in the parish older, and my limbs are strong. and my sight's good—I can see to read the small print Bible without glass, and that's a gallant brag at my time of life. Weel, weel, all flesh is grass, the word says that; and I shall fulfil it—but wherefore am I not to die in my bed like my douce father? ye will never punish an old man like me—its bad for the land when the gallows sees gray hairs. Prove it! who will prove it, I pray thee?—who shall tell that I slew him for his gold?-how my wife plotted his death, and helped me bravely to spill his blood, and rifle his well-filled pack?—Ah, mony # bonnie summer day has she gone gaily to kirk and market with the price of our salvation on her back-She gave a gallant mantle from the pack to the proud wife of Provost Mucklejohn; the wife's good luck was ended; she gave a plaid to Bailie Proudfoot, and proud was he no longer; he was found drowned in the Nith on the third day; it was nae sonsie to wear the silks and satins, and fine raiment, of which a dead man was the owner. weel, women, if ye will tell of me,

close it myself. He came with his packs and his pillions filled with rich sating and fine twined linen; and silver in his pouch, and gold in his nurse. I was poor, and my mind was prone Here he clenched his teath! wrung his hands flercely for a momenty his colour changed, his lips quivered, and he said, in a low and determined tone, 'I see him, there he sits; there he sits: a thousand and a thousand times have I seen him seated and watching, and he will have me soon: Ah, it's he it's he! My dog Tippler sees him too, and the creature shivers with fear, for he lapt his blood as it streamed o'er my wife's knuckles upon the floor.' The dying man paused again, and he said, 'Wife, woman, fiend, why come we not when I call? Wipe my brow, weman, and clear my een, and let me look on something that seems as a black shadow seated beside me: and passing his own hand over his eyes, he looked steadfastly on the elder, and uttering a cry of fear, fell back in his chair, and lay, with his palms spread over his face, muttering, 'I thought it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; an elder of the kirk! an elder of the kirk! He's come to hearken to my disordered words ; to listen to my ravings, and bear witness against me. O, farewell to the fair, and the honest, and the spotless name that my father gave me. The name of my Forebears will be put in a prayer, made a proverb in a sermon, and hallooed in a psalm; the auld wives as they go to the kirk will shake their Bibles at the naked walls, and the haunted house, and say, Blood has been avenged.' The shudder of death | whatever to the contrary, one repulsing the approach of an ene-

death-bed,' said William Warpentree, resuming his seat at his supper-table, and casting a look of sorrow on the diminished haggis—' but I never was at the marrow of this -and now for the collops scored.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

It is a common cant to decry Glasgow for want of taste, because, with its immense wealth and population, it will not, or cannot support a body of regular players. This species of cant is however more specious than solid; and not the less so, that it has been echoed and re-echoed five hundred times since our large theatre was built. If managers imagine, that a company of brokenwinded hacks, who are fitter to rant before clowns in a barn than do any thing else, can satisfy the inhabitants of an intelligent city, they will find themselves mistaken; and if the said managers meet with disappointment in bringing these backs before the public, who are to blame? It says a great deal for the good sense of the Glasgow people, that they discountenance such balderdash. proves that they possess a taste often denied them, and, more than any thing else, shows that their purses are open to merit, and merit alone. they did encourage such exhibitions, they might be fairly charged, not with wanting taste, but with possessing a taste vitiated and absurd in the highest degree. We do not say, that a perpetual company would meet with constant encouragement, but send good actors now and then, and they will be encouraged. There is no instance came upon him; he tried to start from O'Neil, Matthews, Braham, Mackay, his seat; he held out his hands like Catalani, and a host of other eminent hands, are living evidences of the limy, and uttering a loud groan ex- berality of the Glasgow public, to depired. I have been at many a serving performers. The Musical

Festival, a monument of folly on the letti-themselves, could not draw forth, one hand, and profusion on the other, shows to what lengths it will go-Even Mr. Kean, with the band of miserable clodnates who lately attended him, drew full houses. We are led to these remarks, from observing the reception which Miss Stephens met with in her six nights of performance. Messrs, Mackay and Calcraft, we will yenture to say, have reaped no bad harvest in bringing forward this lady. And they deserve all their success, for on their part nothing was omitted that could give satisfaction. The band was excellent, so were two or three of the performers, and the rest were very respectable. Mr. Mackey, in his fayourite Bailie, and Mr. Calcraft, in his matchless personation of the poor Frenchman, were hoth first rate performances, and quite enough to draw good houses. Of Miss Stephens, it is impossible to speak too highly.-She is certainly an admirable singer .-Nothing can possibly surpass the purity, clearness, and precision of her style. Her voice possesses a richness, combined with a silvery tone, and melody which can scarcely be equalled. Compared with Mrs. Salmon, she may be said to stand in the same relation as a violin to a flute. Not that she is a finer, singer than the latter, but that her voice possesses greater compass, flexibility, variety, and ease. In Mrs. Salmon there is a softness and melting melody, which resemble the finest tones of the flute. In Miss Stephens, the notes bear such a resemblance to the violin, that it was sometimes impossible to distinguish her voice from the fiddles which accompanied it. This was the triumph of the human voice, and proved that it may possess a richness and sweetness not inferior to the cadence of that divine instrument. We will ven-

with all their matchless skill, more delicate tones, than proceeded from Miss Stephens! She may be said to hold a middle rank between Madame Catalani and Mes. Salmon. She has not the boundless compass, and rending tones of the wonderful Italiannor the thrilling power which falls, with a volume of sound, the most capacious apartments nor that faculty which arrests the heart in astonishment, and stamps its possessor as the Queen of Singers. Neither has she the soft, melting, flute-like tones of Mrs. Salmon, which fall upon the ravished ear in a soft delicious enchantment. Miss Stephens has none of these in such perfection as the above-mentioned ladies-but she inherits a portion of their respective qualities, which ste blendid together so harmoniously as to produce a singer-not greater, but to British ears more delightful than We say to 'British ears,' for either. of the two other singers, Catalani did not delight-she merely amazed our Let the British, but more public. especially the Scotchi, talk as they will of the pleasure they experienced. Let them tell how their hearts thrilled # her ear-piercing notes how they were rapt in delight at the boundless could pass of her vocal powers, and how they felt her songs in all their beauty. We tell them plainly that they felt no delight—that the almost magical combination of melody went to their ears, and went no farther—that there was nothing in her style—no feeling with which they could possibly sympathise, and that, if they felt any emotion, it was one of wonder, and won-What sympathy can a, der alone. Scot be supposed to feel, in hearing songs of whose meaning and language he was totally ignorant: or what resemblance is traceable between the ture to say that Yaniewicz or Spagniol- complexity of her songs, and the atmost proverbial simplicity of the Scot- and best sustained characters, is almost tish music? hears Catalani, must feel deep astonishment at her powers; but none He sung many songs finely, especially except Italians, or those whose natural taste has been vitiated with intricate melody, can possibly feel anything like delight. Connoisseurs, or professed judges, may be allowed to feel pleasure, but plain, ordinary Scottish ears, must be contented with simple admiration. But the feeling, with regard to Miss Stephens, is different. She sings beautifully, simply, affectingly—and finds an echo in every heart. 'The solder tir'd' and 'Charlie is my darling,' are two of her finest performances. The latter, in particular, she sung with exceeding sweetness and The song 'Nid nid noddin,' pathos. was likewise sung. It is a pity that this fine air should be coupled with such stupid words. What would hinder the Ettrick Shepherd, or Allan Cunningham, to suit it with proper poetry?

Mr. Leoni Leeappeared in different characters. Among others, in Harry Bertram, but he did the character no great credit. In truth, it is not very susceptible of effect, either in the novel or drama especially in the latter. matised. entirely from the original. Hatteraick, one of the most prominent

None! Every one who kept out of view. Mr. Lee, we suspeet, is a better singer than actor.-' Dunois the brave; but his voice is not strong enough for our theatre.

Mr. Weekes sung some Irish airs with great spirit. The effect was much heightened by the grotesque Hibernian figure of this gentleman. He is an excellent singer, but has not enough of the brogue for Irish

Of Mr. Calcraft we need say nothing. The performances of this excellent actor speak for themselves.

Mr. Mackay performed various characters with his usual excellence, but his personation of Dominie Sampson is not equally fine with his Bailie Jarvie and Laird of Dumbiedykes. do this character well, indeed, the actor must have the long, lank figure of the worthy Dominie, and his lanthorn jaws, or one half of the effect is lost, It was certainly out of all place to make him sing a song. This might do very well with the Bailie; but with Dominie Sampson it was most mal appropos. However, various parts of the character were done with abundance of truth: and if Mr. Mackay is here inferior to By-the-bye this novel is not well dra- himself, in some other characters he is In some places it differs at least above any other who has yet Dirk appeared upon our boards.

POETET.

TO DECEMBER.

All hail! thou gloomy ruler of the storm;
Theu boary terminator of the year:
Thou com'st, the face of nature to deform;
Soon shall we thy loud tempest's roaring hear,
Which strike the breasts of instriners with fear,
And often hurl them to a watery tomb;
While theirstond friends on shore shed many a tear As sad they eye the fast increasing gloom, And watch each changing form the tempest does

Thy cold breath binds up every little brook; Even lake and river must its power obey; While the bright sun has almost us forseok. And southward far, does light the shorten'd day; For he, to southern climes has to'en his way

To make a Summer in lands distant far;
To pour on them his bright enlivening ray,
While we endure the element's fell war,
And all the horrid train that follow Wister's car,

No more with leaves is clad the stately oak; The woods are strip'd of their rich verdure quite; Bare, stern, and rugged, they sustain the shock Of the rude elements in all their might; And now on every hand, farsas the sight.

Can travel o'er the surface of the earth,
Each object is clad o'er with mony white;
Till a new seasonshall again have birth,
And Spring return again to renovate the earth.

A. D.

Paisley.

Digitized by Google

LULLABY.

Imitated from the Galic.

Hush, my baby, hush, and rest Softly on thy mother's breast: Sweet and soothing be thy sleep, While I in sorrow o'er thee weep!

Little gem of purest love, Wilt thou mother's deed reprove, When thou know'st that thou wast born, To be with me, thy father's scorn!
Hush, my baby, &c.

Or, when thou reachest manhood's day, Oh! wilt thou be poor mother's stay, And screen her from the bitter scoru That she for love and then hath borne?
Hush, my baby, &c.

Wilt thou with friends then intercede, To heal the breach that love has made? And try thy mother to restore, To that sweet peace she knew before?-Hush, my baby, &c.

But that sweet peace she ne'er can know! Her fate is seal'd to dwell with woe! That peace for ever, ever fled, With the false vows thy father made! Hush, my baby, &c.

Ah! cruel, thus to leave use here, Of friends the scorn, of fees the jeer!— Ah! cruel, cruel, to destroy The hopes of thee, my darling boy! Hush, my haby, &c

MONTANA.

---> • **--**---

SONG.

Tune,- Ye banks and brace o' bonny Dogn."

The sun was sinking in the west, Surrounded by a liquid gold;
A vernal shower had kissed the ground, And spread a fragrance through the wold;
Oh Irvine's verdant banks I stood, And saw her stream pass amiling by; Her tranquil bosom keenly viewed— But ab i 'twas grief that fed my eye.

I heard the oosy margin washed— I saw the spangled trout uprise; But vain these play to cheer the heart— A heart that's torn from other ties. Farewell! ye early haunts of youth; With glistening eye, I bid adieu-With parched bosom, still farswell-I'm severed from my love and you! D. D. Scagate, Irvine, 4th Nov. 1822.

LINES ON A YOUNG WOMAN

Who drowned her child and herself on a test uous night, from an eminence on the shore, between M _____ and P____ in consequence of having M _____ and P____, in consequence of having been seduced and afterwards abandoned by a pretended lover.

Wan and dejected, Elenora stood;
Wan and dejected, Elenora stood;
Loose flow'd her garments—streaming was bethir
Her gestures wild—her very look despair.
As she began 'Perfidious lograte!
'Reck'st thou thy babe's or Elenora's fate;
'Reck'st thou thy babe's or Elenora's fate;

neces is mousing papers or Exempts 1886; Reck'st thou—but if thou did'ist, what's that to the 'Tis Elenora's woe—and, thou art free; But where's thy honour—where thy plighted love. And where the boon thou us'd, thy truth to prov; And where the wreath that was to bind my head,

And where the wrestn that was to build my in-And where the ring, and where the nuptal bel? Fled like thyself; but not till thou hast torn My honour, virtue—but my dear first born. Thy mother's woes shall never thee betide,

She wildly cried, and plung'd it in the tide.

Hark, pity! Hark! I hear its plaintive cries;
Save, mercy! save, my little Mary dies.

Dies did I say? heaven! 'tis already dead,
My own right hand hath done the croel does.

My own right hand hath done the cross sweet.
How, Boress how! —ye wares importuous sur
Beat louder! best upon the sea-girt shore—
Flash, forked light-jungst—shounder, neasur as
Your dreadful language suits my sable sout.
I dread no ruffian but the ruffian man.
I dread no ruffian but the ruffian man.

'I dread no rudian but the rudian mais dist.'
Ope, ope ye waves! O hide me from his dist.'
'Prepare your deepest shades, eternal fugit.'
'Home, home! she cried, then with a franch in She headlong plung'd into the footning floop;
The deep exultingly receiv'd the load:
Her body sink —the rest is known to Gid.

AMECUL

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answer to the Rebus in our next. We are aware of the error.

We are of opinion that S. M. R's lines may yet be improved; if he will permit in, we would try in next week. We admire the piece.

In consequence of a recent occurrence, John Bashful's communication cannot be inserted. We va thank him to favour us with an article on some other subject.

A. B. C. D. in our next. We are much obliged to him.

Paraphrase on part of the 3d. Chapter of Eadras in our next number.

We were a little surprised to hear of a certain attack. We can assure Hercules, we are both ablested willing to defend ourselves; at the same time, we would be happy to have his assistance when a simple when a simple way when a si

We do not admit old stories, though well disguised. We hope Ranter will not repeat the insult-Lines on Wallace will find an early insertion. We would be happy to receive a press article for our correspondent.—Sunset is under consideration

We would be much obliged for the continuation of the strictures on the Language and Postry & Scotland, as we have promised them to the public.

Printed, published and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successors to \$2. Diversity. Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may breaddressed to the Editor. Sold slao by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shope of the Principal Changes, Also of the following Booksellers: John Hislop, Greenock; John Pick, Ayr; Themas Pander; Robert Mathle, Kilmarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glagów; D. Conde, Bothesbyy Themson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Ibrine; for ready money only.

MITERARY MIRILANCIE 3

OR,

Wegister Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS.

No. 22.

WEDNESDAY, 27th NOV. 1822.

Price 34d.

ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

Concluded

The writings of Burns alone would have given life and stability to the language for a century to come. But he was not left unsupported in his brilliant attempt. No sooner had his spirit set in death than, like the fabled Phœnix of old, a legion of rhymers sprung up from his ashes. But few of these children possessed a ray of that splendour which shone around their adopted parent. soon as their works appeared, they subsided into forgetfulness, while those of their great original towered more beautifully and more majestically than ever. It would be an endless attempt, even to name the best of poets who now gave their productions to the public. The press groaned with rhyme—for poetry it could not be called -and the heads of hundreds of the lower classes poem it is needless to speak. were turned with the vain idea of emulating the fame of Burns. under this cloud of dullness, a few

suitable care, he spread over his Scottish poems, a purity of thought and expression, and a classic eloquence, almost unknown to his predecessors. Macneil had a soft imagination, and a feeling heart. He delighted to contemplate nature in a state of repose; and the bowers of Roslin, and the banks of Loch Lomond, infused into his mind that richness of imagery, and that pastoral beauty, which breathe in all his productions. Had he lived under happier auspices, and had the years of his youth and strength been unblighted by calamity, he would have shone, not merely as an elegant, but even as a great poet. But, till his fiftieth year, he was tossed from clime to clime-oppressed with ill health and misfortune, and the current of his imagination balefully interrupted by hardships and grief. Under these discouraging circumstances, he wrote, ' Will and Jean.' Of this admirable public voice has long sanctioned it as But one of the fairest gems of Scottish poetry. Its simplicity, purity, and choice spirits burst forth to illumine moral aim, fit it for every eye, while the way, and shed a new lustre on the pathos, descriptiveness, and imatheir country. Of these, Hector Mac- gery with which it abounds, render it well, **Esq.** is among the first. Born no less a work of admiration than of in the better ranks of life accustomed love. The plan of this poem is taken to polished society, and educated with from 'Watty and Meg;' but in this,

Macneil does not stand alone. Burns founded his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' on the ' Farmer's Ingle;' and for the groundwork of the 'Monk and Miler's Wife,' Ramsay is indebted to The last fifteen years of his Dunbar. life were passed in lettered ease and affluence, and during that period he composed many of his works. Among a few of his poems, we may mention the following,—' The Harp,' ' The Links of Forth, Mary of Castlecarry,' 'Donald and Flora,' 'Hey Bonnie Lass can you lie in a Hammock, and 'Come under my Plaidy.' Macneil is one of the first writers of Scottish lyrical poetry.

The Paisley poets, Alexander Wilson and Robert Tannahill, attracted notice at the time they appeared, and some of their pieces are still read with pleasure. Wilson possessed considerable talent for humourous poetry. He wrote 'Watty and Meg,' 'Rab and Ringan,' 'The Laurel Disputed,' and various other pieces of merit. He was a man of little education, but of a powerful, laborious, and persevering mind. He was alternately a pedlar, schoolmaster, and weaver. He imbibed the republican principles which followed the subversion of the French Monarchy; and, in a fit of discontent, left His native country for America, in He died at Philadelphia, in 1794. 1813. In that distant quarter, he composed his Herculean work, the "American Ornithology,' an undertaking on which his fame mainly rests. Watty and Meg,' his poetical masterpiece, though full of vulgarisms, possesses great merit. Some of his townsmen have been absurd enough to compare it to the 'Jolly Beggars,' ' Christ's Kirk on the Green, ' Pebhis at the Play,' and ' Will and Jean.'

Tannahill laboured under a thousand disadvantages; and has written a few debted for completing that superstructure which will redound to his last-

ing reputation. He was a sort of Burns in miniature, had a feeling heart, and great sensibility. time his poems were published, they were exceedingly popular, and gave rise to expectations, which, in public opinion, his brief and unhappy existence prevented being realised. questionable, however, if he would have been a better poet than he was, even if his life had been more favour-Much of the merit of his poetry depended on the untoward circumstances in which it was composed. He wanted imagination; and, at say rate, the loom of a weaver was a bad element for the visits of the Muse.

A greater poet than either Tannahill or Wilson, is Richard Gall. is surprising how little the writings of this ingenious man are known. he appeared before Burns, he would have gained universal popularity; but the works of the latter threw all contemporary and succeeding song-writers into the shade. In point of merit, he comes as close to Allan Ramsay 25 it is possible to come without absolutely equalling him. His poems, we believe, were first published four or five years ago. He enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Burns, Thomas Campbell, and Macnell. The 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' generally published among Burns' poems, is, in reality, the composition of Gall. There are scarcely in the Scottish language two finer songs than his, beginning, 'As I came through Glen Dochart vale,' and ' For many lang years I hae heard frae my granuit.'

These poets, and various others whom we shall not even name, gave, if possible, an additional extension and popularity to the tongue. But it is to Hogg, to Cunningham, and to the author of Waverley, that we are indebted for completing that superstructure which Barns had commenced.

and for robing it in the last and therefore, in one sense, had the advanbrightest hues of fancy. Nurtured tage of them all. The years of among the wilds of Selkirkshirefamiliar, from his earliest years, with unbroken stream-enlightened with mountain scenery—and dwelling in a region of shadows and clouds, and a poetic mind. In his writings, he spirits, Hogg may be said to have has shown that these advantages were! been born in the land of poetry, not bestowed in vain. They display, Sitting upon the mountain side with the pure visionary ideal of his imahis sheep feeding before him; his eye was accustomed to gaze on solitary scenes-and his imagination, heightened and expanded with romantic a soft shadowy imaginary touch, which, tales, peopled the solitudes with unearthly forms, and threw over them a dim and visionary veil. There was not a vapour that hung upon the mountain-nor a meteor that bespangled its side-nor a murmur that floated down the glens, but contained the elements of poetry; not a stream, or lake, or fountain, but was pregnant of Cunningham; but, in clothing the Every hill was peopled with its aerial inhabitants. They floated on the filled and beautified. idea than of reality, and formed to himself a region of fancy, with whose Ettrick Shepherd, therefore, had betunpoetical occupation of periwigplough, in the midst of distress and sor-

youth and fancy flowed on in a clear. every circumstance which could adorn, gination. There is no strong depth. of feeling—no vigour of expression no impetuous burst of intellect-but floats like a cloud, and skims over the mind, as a vapour along the surface of a stream. He has not the fire, the intensity, the keen play of passions, and the understanding of Burns nor the feeling for pastoral; beauty of Ramsay-nor the gracefulness of Macneil-nor the devotional purity with wild and poetical associations. shadowy regions of fancy in material hues, and in investing ideal forms and places, with a ! local habitation. wreaths of gossamer, glittered in the and a name, he excels them all, moonlight beams, and danced upon When this incomparable shepherd is the rainbow between the earth and so eminent as a poet, it is to be reheaven. His wild imagination was gretted, that he ever tried his hand He became in prose composition. Neither the more conversant with the world of Brownie of Bodsbeck, 'The Winter Evening Tales, nor even his 'Three Perils of Man,' will add to mysterious scenes and inhabitants, his his fame. As a prose writer, he is soul loved to hold communion. The far inferior to Burns, which is the more unaccountable, as his opportunities ter external advantages for forming the have been much greater. He is tomind of a poet than any of our bards. tally destitute of the ease, energy, and Ramsay's genius expanded in the dull manly diction of the Ayrshire Ploughman. In poetry, 'Kilmeny' is, per-. maker; Burns' came forth at the haps, his masterpiece. It is certainly, an exquisite production, and breathes row; Macneil's, though familiar with an unearthly spirit and wildness, which the lovely scenery of Roslin, was long no poet of the age could have spread withered by misfortune; Wilson's and over it, but himself. Of the Queen's Gall's expanded in poverty and grief; Wake, 'Mader of the Moor,' the and Allan Cunningham's sprung up 'Mountain Bard,' the 'Forest Minwith beauty, in the monotonous oe- strel, and 'Pilgrims of the Sun, it is cupation of a stone meson. Hogg, impossible to say any thing at present-

but his genius has not the condensation and variety necessary to form a

Arst-rate lyric poet.

Of Allan Cunningham, we shall say little; and for two reasons-lst. His writings, although beautiful, are little known, and have formed no era in his native dialect; and 2d. We are too imperfectly acquainted with them to give any thing like a general or conclusive opinion. From the little, however, we have seen, we have no hesitation in placing him by the side of Burns and Hogg. Many of the songs which Cromek gave to the world, as the remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, are now ascertained to be his. Whether Cromek knew this or not, is a matter of indifference. The fact is true, and stamps Cunningham as a man of extraordinary talenta ' The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks,' 'She's gane to dwall in Heaven, my Lassie,' 'There's Kames o' Hinney between my Luve's Lips,' are among a few of his songs. He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that Burns, or Hogg, or Macneil, never went beyond them. 'The Lass o' Preston Mill,' 'Mary Halliday,' and 'Julia Vernon,' are in a different style, and no less beautiful. Why many of the tame sentimental lyrics of Moore are so much admired, and why the writings of this incomparable Gallowegian are negleeted, we leave the public to say. Beautiful as some of Moore's songs are, we will engage to pick out a score of Cunningham's, which shall surpass any equal number of the Irish bard's. We have no hesitation in saying, that Thomas Moore never wrote any one poem better than those of Cuuningham's, which we have named. 'Sir Marmaduke, Maxwelt,' a tragedy, is the most splended effort of his genius -and deserves the high encomium - variety of wretchedness! . . .

He has written some beautiful songs; bestowed upon it by the great magician in his introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel.' Praise from such a quarter, is praise indeed, and sufficient to console a man under every neglect.

We have been obliged to skip over a host of writers, many of them men of genius, and have restricted ourselves almost entirely to those whose writings have been instrumental in restoring and preserving the dialect. Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. John Wilson, and various other writers of the present day, have added splendour to their native language; and the author of Waverley, whoever he be, has placed upon it the stamp of his matchless die, and has bid it live for ever.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Society, Women, &c.

Cape Town, the capital of South Africa, has, for some time past, amongst travellers at least, enjoyed the reputation of being a lively, pleasant town. How long its gleries have passed away, I know not; but am very certain, it is entitled to no such encomiums at the present day. The fue tuating condition of the individuals whe compose the society of the Cape, will # once account for its instability and varistion. The respectable part of the inhabitants may be divided into two classes: Arst, the military upon the station, and the inlids in the East India Company's service, who may be said to comprise nearly all that there is of gentility: and, secondly, the merchants; a most comprehensive word; among whom are to be found a few. men, who might rank with that class on the Royal Exchange; and a vast number of the lowest order of money-getters. The invalided warriors of the East, are permitted to wander, for their health, upon the high seas; and to-retain their full pay, if their peregrinations are not extended to the westward of the Cape. From this circumstance, and the attraction of good air, they abound, thick as 'autumnal leaves,' exhibiting a splendid specimen of disease

Lowable to sport with human infirmity) might seem part of Milton's squadron of diseases.

All feverous kinds— Convulsions, epilepsies, fleroe catarrhs, Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, And sus-struck madness.

A society, therefore, which is dependent upon such moveable gentry for its tone and brilliancy, must be subject to incessant chianges; and, accordingly, the last removal of military made a woeful afteration.

. There is, at present, little or no visiting going on at the Cape; and few amusel ments, either public or private, to enliven the hours of relaxation from business .--Bating and drinking, however, in the absence of other attractives, are by no means forgotten, but engross at least as large a share of attention as in any other part of the world. What is wanting to their festivities in science-in 'pomp and circumstance,'--is made up for in solid feeding. There is a pretty theatre, where amateurs performed; but the actors are dispersed; even theatrical entertainments were too refined an amusement for the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape. Public dancing assemblies are held monthly during the winter season. I was present at one of them, and found but little to distinguish it. from an English country assembly. The women, taken collectively, were much upon a par with our own country-women, in face, figure, movement, and dress; but there was nothing above mediocrity-none of those strikingly beautiful and elegant forms, one or two of which are usually to be met with in a ball-room at home-the admiration of the one sex, and the envy of the other.

It may be remarked, that the women have for less influence upon the general tone of society than with us; as is ever the case in less polished countries. Dutchmen are of an inferior stamp: yulgar and awkward; with an attempt at smartness and fashionable deportment, which is visibly unsuccessful. The women dance well enough : the performance of the men is more conspicuous for energy than grace.

Nearly the whole of the residents of Cape Town, excepting, of course, the military, and members of the government, are merchants, traffickers in some shape or other; who pass their mornings in attendor in lounging before their houses. The the exterior aspect of things.

· These miserable gentlemen (if it be al- | English merchants, who are the most opulent, can boast of a few highly respectable characters, who would do honour to any society: but many are more unprincipled Nothing is to be purchased extortioners. in this town, in the shops, or stores, as they are termed, as an advantage is taken of a man who wants any article in a hurry; and cent, per cent, profit is expected on all goods sold in that manner. In addition to this, you have to endure a most intolerable degree of insolence. If the master of the store is engaged in cating. drinking, or smoking, you may wait in pa-Ladies have been requested to get upon a stool, and hand down, for their inspection, the particular wares they were desirous of purchasing.

The public sales are the only places where things are sold for their real value : indeed, from this circumstance, there is little business done in any other manner :: and every mercantile house has one or more of these sales during the week. They are usually held in the open street: and it is considered as nowise derogatory? to the dignity of a merchant, to be seen at. the auctioneer's elbow, displaying Bandana : handkerchiefs, bundles of thread, or such like articles; or standing with a goose-,

quill behind his ear,

' arrectis auribus,'

ready to note down the names of the different purchasers of his wares. It was in this gentlemanlike situation, that I discovered, to my surprise, one of the most respectable and opulent merchants of the town, in whose company I had dined the previous evening,

There is very little export trade at present: wine was the principal article; but the market at home is glutted with the bad adulterated wines, and has spoiled the sale of the good. A considerable quantity is sent home, in pursuance of private orders, to the friends of persons resident here.

Baths, which in a hot country are almost indispensable for refreshment, cleanliness, and health, are a luxury unknown in Cape. Sea-bathing is not in fashion: Town, the beach is much exposed; and en that ?. part of it which is best adapted to the purpose, it is the custom to deposit the filth of the town, to be swept away by the tide.

The streets are overrun with dogs, who act in some degree the part of scenengers, as at Lisbon, Alexandria, &c.; but there di ing sales, and their evenings at the table, is no want of neatness and cleanliness in

The Dutch are early risers. Theymake a point of attending the market, which is daily held at sun-rise; and, as there are no public evening amusements, and little private society to tempt them to encrouch upon the night, they go early to bed. At ten o'clock nothing is to be heard but the baying of the dogs, or the distant fouring of the tide. In the country, however, or the environs of the town, the summer nights are not altogether favourable to repose. Stillness and solemnity are here no attributes of the Sable Goddess: the earth swarms with crickets, and other chirping fry, that come forth to revel in the cool dews of night, like true Anacreontic spirits; as if

The busy day
Drove them from their sport and play;

and the air is filled with the incessant hum of insects; to say nothing of the musquitoes, whose operations are not confined to

banuming.

The English follow precisely the same mode of life as at home ;-dine late; go to bed late; and get up late; drink Port wine, and bottled stout; wear narrowbrimmed hats; and walk in the noon-day This attachment and close adherence to national habits, in defiance and contempt of all local customs, is characteristic of the English, wherever they are found. A late ingenious author gives a very pleasant instance of this :-- arriving at Naples, he found 'a regular doublewicket cricket match going on-Eton against the world-and the world was beaten in one innings!'--(Matthew's Dairy.)-A subscription pack of fox-hounds is regulary hunted during the winter season, for the recreation of the English, with very indifferent sport; for though game is in plenty, the country is uninclosed, and the glorious difficulties and dangers of the chase are wanting. The horsemen, who literally intist be 'patientes pulveris atque solis, are occasionally precipitated into deep holes, formed by the ant-eater and other animals, and may return covered with the sandy honours of the field. have not heard that any of them have been fairly ingulfed, like Curtius, for their country's weal.

Literature is wholly neglected. The chapter of the garrison takes in a few pupils, but there is no school in the colony.

A good School matter is much wanted.

Such as can allived it, among the English,

give their children an education at home.

The Dutch go without,

A fine collection of the Latin and Greek classics was left to the public, by an old German gentleman, who died here; and they are deposited in a room, adjoining to the Lutheran church, called the Public Library. However, a friend of mine applying for admission, it was thought to be an innovation upon established rules, and so hazardous a step, that the colonial secretary was consulted upon the occasion!

There is a subscription reading-room, whose shelves are supplied with a very few novels, and books of travels; and one circulating library, to which Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker have not yet found their Intellectual refinement is, in fact, at the lowest ebb, both among the Dutch and English. Their business and plessure are buying and selling. I could not help thinking of the soliloguy in Seneca's Epistles:- Let me be called a base men If a man is so I am called a rich one. rich, who asks if he is good? Dbe question is how much we have, not from whence, or by what means we have it. Every one For has so much merit as he has wealth. my part, let me be rich, O ye gods, or let me die; for there is more pleasure in the possession of wealth than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends!'

'He tibi erent artes:' For the polite arts, of course, can have no

admirers in such a community as this.

Music, the first of the sister arts that finds its way amongst an unlettered people, is cultivated with little assiduity, and with a success hardly proportioned to that assidui-The Hottentots are the best natural musicians; and, I think, altogether, the best vocal performers I heard. The voices of the women are sweet, rich, and in excellent tune. At a distance of two hundred miles in the interior of the colony, I heard several of them singing, in parts, the psalm tunes which they had learned at the Missionary Institution. One sang the air, another sustained a second part, confined chiefly to the third below. Sometimes a third part, by way of base, has been attempted; though not so perfect in the execution, but still without the slightest violation of harmony. This they call, in Dutch. singing gruff and fine. The in Dutch, 'singing gruff and fine.' men do not appear to possess, or, at least, they do not exert this talent; and how the women acquired it, I could not discover,

nor were they able to inform me. All that I could gather upon the subject from those to whom, like myself, it had been a matter of astonishment, was, that being naturally gifted with fine ears, they fell into it instinctively; for, at the Missionary Institution, nothing beyond the plain chaunt, or melody, is taught; the men and women singing the same note upon different octaves. If this be correct, it is a singular phenomenon, that a horde of savages should, by instinct or accident, have attained that of which the polished and luxurious Greeks are supposed to have been ignorant.

But though not easy to trace its true source, it has probably originated in the military music, which some of the Hottentots have occasionally heard, and which has operated powerfully on the minds of a people, who, like the other savage tribes,

are ardent lovers of melody.

To be continued.

KEAN AND TALMA.

BY M. DE ST. POIX.

In tragedy the English have, I think, more merely good actors than we have; but a merely good actor is the most insipid person in the world to describe, so I shall tell you no more about them. But there is one tragic actor on the London stage, by whom whose powers appear to me of so ex-

lebrated Le Kain is remarkable. has already established a reputation nearly as great as that of Talma. expect, too, that you'll be a little startled, if not scandalized, when I tell you that I think he deserves itthat he is, upon the whole, nearly as great an actor-that he possesses as consummate a judgment, as pure and delicate a taste, as clear, quick, and vivid conceptions, and as admirable. and wondrous a power of embodying those conceptions. For physical: powers he is about as much and as little indebted to nature as Talma is : but it is remarkable, that whatever Talma wants, Kean has, and whatever Kean wants, Talma has. Unlike Talma, Kean's person is insignificant, and his voice is totally bad; and unlike Talma, also, his eyo is like light. ning, and his face has a power of expression that is perfectly magical. The action of Talma is less constrained and redundant than that of any other French tragedian; but Kean's is still less so than his. It has much much more variety, and yet is much more simple and natural; his attitude I have been so deeply interested, and in any given situation being precisely that which a consummate painter traordinary a description, that I shall would assign to it. If I were to notake some pains to give you an idea tice the general resemblance, and the His name is Kean. The general difference between these two coincidence of name with our own ce-lextraordinary actors. I should say,

'Harmony,' it has been well observed, 'is not an adventitious quality in somorous bodies, but it is in some sense inherent in every sound, bowever produced. Every sound is as much made up of three component parts, as a ray of light is composed of

seven primary colours.

[.] That there exists a natural sympathy between sounds, tending to form that harmonious combination which is distinguished by the name of concords, the most simple experiment places beyond a doubt.

It is difficult then to conceive, that a refined people, who arrived at such perfection in sculpture and painting, should have remained such barbarians in musical science; and still more difficult to conceive, that the stupid Hottentot should have stumbled on a discovery that was denied to the subtlety and enthusiasm of Greece. Perhaps the hypothesis concerning the ignorance of musical combinations amongst the Greeks is built upon too slight a foundation, for the little that has been handed down upon this. subject seems hardly to warrant the conclusions that have been drawn."

that both draw their resources fresh and direct from nature, and that both study her as she exists in the depths of their own hearts; but that Talma has more imagination than passion, and Kean more passion than imagination.-Not that Talma wants passion, or that Kean wants imagination; but passion is the characteristic of the one and imagination of the other. When Talma exclaims in Macbeth, 'Il est, la! la!' the strength of his imagination kindles that of the spectators, till they absolutely see the image of the murdered king reflected from his face. His imagination is still more conspicuous in the tremendous power he gives to the words in the same play, 'Attete, donc, ce sang qui coule jusqu'a moi! But surely the most splendid and astonishing of all theatrical exhibitions, and the effects of which are to be attributed to the realising power of his imagination, is that of Talma in Œdipus, at the moment that he discovers his involuntary crimes. It is a thing to be seen once, and remembered for ever; but not to be described. Kean has nothing like this in the same class of acting. His characteristic, as I have said, is passion—passion under all its names and varieties—through all its windings and blendings in all its delicate shades and most secret recesses. Its operation never for a moment ceases to be visible; for, when he ceases to speak, every motion of his thoughts is absolutely legible in the astonishingly varied expression of his face, and eye, and action. Passion seems to be the very breath of his mental existence—or rather its vital stream-into which every thing else resolves itself. If he has to express love, his whole soul seems to cling to the being on whom he is gazing-

lips, as if they were the smallest part of what he would express. all this there is no show; no endeayour; no pretence; for real love is the most unpretending thing in the world; the most quiet; the most able to repose upon itself, and the most willing to do so. If hatred and revenge are his themes, it is hardly possible to image yourself looking at or listening to the same person. eyes glare; his teeth grind against each other; his voice is hoarse and . broken; his hands clinch and open alternately, as if they were revelling in the blood of his enemy; and his whole frame seems to have imbibed the will and the powers of a demon-This actor's delineation of all the other violent passions—as remorse. jealousy, despair, &c. seem to me to possess alike a force, a truth, and a distinctness, which render them almost perfect. And all is done, too, without the slightest appearance of art or effort. It is scarcely possible, while you are seeing him, to recollect that he is an actor; and he himself seems never for a moment to feel that he has an audience before him. Kean's in picture of remorse, as it affects Mecani beth after the murder of Duncan, if it has not the overwhelming and terrid fic force of that of Talma in the same in play, has, I think, more variety, more in intensity, and more truth. Phere, is a no extravagant and hurried action; no me loud and vehement tones for voice 4.5 there is no bursting forth of the flamous A they are all within, and are only to get be discovered by their torturing and in withering effects upon, the outward: " frame. The eye is fixed and vacantis di the hands hang down motionless, ion ... are clinched in the fruitless endeavous. to suppress the agony of soul; the knees tremble, and scarcely suppost in his voice melts—his eye swims and the body;—in the general and total. trembles and the words fall from his convulsion of the frame, the tongue

becomes choked and lost in forced picture into a living human being, and attempts at utterance. To all this place it before us in all the breathing succeeds a dead calm, which is not reality of fiesh and blood.

less featful than the agitation which preceded." There is a point at which say to my admiration of their fayourite human suffering destroys itself. His actor; for he is their favourite, shough, agomized mind and exhausted body they hardly seem to know it. At the can endure no more; and they sink theatte, indeed, the magical power of together into a motionless stupor. A his genius sometimes works them up loud knocking is at this histant heard into something approaching to enthus at the gate of the castle; but there he siasm; but, when they get home again, stands in the open half, with the it is all forgotten; and if you ask their , bloody witness of his guilt upon his opinion of him, they tell you that he hands,—vet nothing can rouse him; and his wife drags him away by force indifferent person and a bad voice to his chamber. I have no hesitation in telling you that I think this piece of acting (including from the time he makes an uncommonly good Macbeth duits the chamber of Duncan, till he is forced away to his own), though it is not so tremendous as some parts of Tahna's Œdipus, nor so fearfully grand as his Orestes, nor so, what I should call, beautiful as the Hamlet of that actor, is, without exception, the most affecting and impressive exhibition I ever beheld.

But there is one other character in which this actor displays still greater powers than he does in Macheth: a character 'in' which he appears to me joy it! to have reached the absolute perfection of his art, in the very highest class of it! This is the Othello of Shakespeare. You know I am not very familiar with this relebrated English dramutist. But, since I first saw Kean in Othello, I have taken great pains to make myself acquainted with this play in particular. I have seen it twice since; and read it twice; and though I have been a good deal puzzled by some old phraseology, yet the more intimately I come to understand

refuses to obey the will, and the voice towards the actor who can turn this.

is a very clever little fellow, with an in and that it is a pity he is not more, prudent in his private character: that Richard III.; but that in Hamlet he is not near so much of a gentleman as Kemble was, and that they don't think he could play Coriolanus at all'! -and that is all they know about the matter! Even among the critics there is but one who has had the skill, the courage, or the justice, to speak of Kean as he deserves. How paltry this is, to withhold from a man the homage that his genius merits, merely because he is alive to receive and en-

. To the Editor of the Melandonde of of

names and varieurs

windings and blerg ties in

All men have faults stand, as then artised many. It Do not expect too much, for all must err. Then has the failings too a so think not lightly (2017). Of those who journey on with thee through life 1992 1111

SIR, -- The proper study of manking, is man; so Popesays; but we are inclined to doubt, if the information acquired would be a sufficient compensation for the drudgery of the study, A question very naturally occurs how much real good can be obtained by the longest it, the more I am assonished at the and strictest investigation of the huwriter who could drew so miraculously man mind? We will suppose an intrue a picture of the human heart; and dividual who, by making man his only
the more delighted admiration I feel study, can, it a single glance, pierce the inmost recesses of the bosom; who of a kindred spirit. ean unveil all the secrets of the heart, by marking the changes and workings making our election; but, after trying of the face; one who can trace the motives of every action, and can know the bias of every mind; whose knowledge of human nature is so thorough and correct, that he cannot be deceived by any of his cotemporaries; and what then? will his happiness be increased? will the study of the mind exalt man in the individual's estimation? we are afraid not. The more we know of the human mind, the more we know of its selfishness and depravity; and we believe every step that an individual descends in the estimation of another, causes a diminution of happiness. Hence we infer, that if we knew the motive of every action, we would think man descending step by step, until he had stepped entirely out of our good opinion.

We have been induced, Mr. Editor, to make those remarks, from having studied man as he came under our own observation; and we reluctantly confess, that all the good we have obtained, is only a more complete knowledge of man's infirmities and weaknesses; and after weighing maturely, in our own minds, the advantages resulting from the knowledge we have acquired, we are compelled to say, that it has not added in the least to our happiness; and we thereby consider the study of man unprofitable. We may be blamed for holding such an opinion; but the current of thought is not easily checked; and we are at best warranted in holding our opinion, until we are convinced we are holding an erroneous one. We entered life with the same hopes and fears of other young men. seek for happiness wherever there was the water drawn from their pipes, after a probability of finding it; and, as a passing through a number of filtering principal desideratum, we wanted a processes; but we beg they will not ffiend whose bosom was the tenement think the remark invidious, as we

Determined not to be rash, we were in no hurry in anxiously and assiduously for a number of years, we never could find the kindred soul which, in idea, we had often contemplated. We saw 60 shades in every character, that in no wise assimilated with our own; traits from which we shrunk, as if it were intuitively; some possessed a weakness, which required a support we were neither able nor willing to give. Some, on the other hand, were so conscious of self-superiority, that we turned from them in disgust; as we saw them demanding homage to which, we thought, they had no other claim than a very large portion of conceit and arrogance. Some seemed too gay, others too grave; some profuse, and some stingy; so that, among all the young men to whom we were introduced, we could not select one in whom we could repose unlimited confidence. We had read a little, and from our books had learned the danger of being too rash in the choice of a friend; but we are now convinced of the folly of being too squeamish; for, by expecting too much, and by prying too narrowly into the lives and characters of men, we have become so suspicious, that we can place faith in no one. From all this, we believe the 'proper study, &c. &c. unprofitable, as it has burdened our mind with uneasiness, and told us, in no very pleasing terms, that we ought not to expect pure and unimpregnated water from a fountain that has its source in a spot defiled by a The Glasgow Wathousand causes. ter Company may raise, objections to We were determined to this remark, by proying the purity of

have no wish to injure the sale of bereby declare that we consider the their water, being well aware of the ladies perfectly justifiable in keeping advantages we enjoy, in having such a mode of supply; but if they would only consider for a moment what the path of life is, they will find that every step abounds with contamination, and among the females of their acquaintthat neither the length of the way, nor the channel through which it must pass, are calculated to improve the

quality of the body. Disappointed in not finding a male friend in whom we could confide, and feeling ourselves occasionally affected by the attentions paid to us by the opposite sex, we resolved to seek for that solace in their society, which fate had denied us among men. The same cautious spirit still hovered over us, and we were determined to be perfectly convinced of a reciprocity of sentiment and feeling in a female soul, before we would unfold to it the workings of our own bosom.-Beauty was, of course, desirable; but the love of admiration which we saw in lovely women, and the hosts of rivals by which we saw them surrounded and beleagured, so chilled and terrified us, that we thought happiness incompatible with those who dealt out their smiles as liberally and generally as the sun emits his rays. This was a yery trying time of our life. We were always admirers of beauty; but we had pictured something more than mere face and form to ourselves; and the consciousness that it could only be enjoyed in idea, gave us some very pungent twitches. Had we taken into consideration the coquetry of our own bosoms.

their Strephous in suspence, being no more than a just retaliation, for the manner in which a certain set of danglers strive to excite hopes and fears Smirking at their supposed conquests, like summer insects among flowers, they wander from one object to another, until their hearts get so completely embossed in vanity, that they are incapable of feeling a genuine attachment, and at last deliver themselves up to men-hunters, as unfit to feel as themselves. We conclude from this, that such conduct on the part of men, is one great stimulus to femile caprice; and the men have no reason to complain when they get a Rowland for an Oliver. We cannot blame ourselves with having been guilty of such a dishonourable, and we may say, contemptible mode of conduct; but the 'proper study,'&c. &c. ever running in our head, made us so wary, that we were lost in the net of our own cunning. We drew the unfair inference. that women, who allowed more beaux than one to pay them attention, could possess no quality that was not completely selfish; and, in despair, we turned from beauty, to seek a congenial mind among those who were less indebted to nature for the richness of her gifts. After a long and an anxious search, we at last stumbled, as we thought, on the being destined to make us happy. She was as plain and homely as the most jealous husband would wish his help-mate to be. sex, we would have ceased to wonder at | She seemed quite conscious of the the seeming capaciousness of female feebleness of her claims to admiration. We mean nothing offensive | She never was obtrusive; and evinced, to the ladies; but, in the days of our on all occasions, so much seeming experience among them, we have often eagerness to make other people happy, wondered at the impartial manner in that we immediately decked her mind which they dispensed their smiles and with all, imaginable graces. After other tokens of approbation. We a very short siege, we carried the for-

tress by emphasision. The leasiness of the conquest, misterd of lowering its value in our estimation, was only considered as a proof of the great kindness of her disposition Alast we were sown beduvineed that she was as very woman as any we had ever known. When married, slie assumed a will of her own, and in three months we became her slave, in spite of ' the proper study, &c. &c.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have we fallen a victim an fastidiousness; for had we married a lovely woman, we would have had some consolation in being henpecked, as we could have boasted of our wife's superior beauty over those whose wives honour and obey them; but we are now made the sport of every one, and our former caution is made the source of eternal ridicule and merriment.-Pope's maxim should, as we think, be thrown entirely saide. 'The proper steply! &cu &to. being only calculated to engender unessiness and suspicion. We are now of opinion, that the better we can think of man or woman, the more happiness will be forthcoming; and we are certain that to know little of must people, the higher will they stand in our estimation

sur twomes hiresulail, the EDIN OF SOLOMON SEEKSHADOW. A de la teste di about intro territoria.

Lear makam, zam est

We sincerely sympathise with the fair writer of the following letter; but can do nothing more than show it to the public. By reading the letter from Mr. Scekshadow, she will find that there are people in the world as in celibacy. Might not parents make : miserable as herself. If any thing we could say would induce the gallants to renew their attentions, we would say it cheerfully; but Editors are now too common, that all advise from them is considered impertment and pre- around more than ! balf willing to be sumptioe.

To the Editor of the Melange.

SIR,-It is quite retations to think, of the ungallantry of the Edser of the Chronicle, which displayed itself a short time after his marriage, in publishing the surplus of my sex show that of the male, it has created a haughtinessamongst many of the junior bachelors of this city, which I once imagined they never would have had the presumption to assume. Even some of the most fusty pnes, that I once thought not worth looking have got themselves brushed up so trimly, that I shall scarcely be able to withstand their pressing condescensions, unless the young ones-resume their wonted courtesy. Several young gentlemen who used to visit our family. come now very seldom mear us, and when they do so, they behave very differently from what they once did If they send me a card respecting any thing, it is couched in the most careless manner, written on soiled purer, clumsily folded, and sometimes scaled with a filthy wafer, whereas they were formerly sealed with wax, having some pretty device upon it, such as U.X. L.; but it would fill your Melange to mention all the mottos I have received since my 18th year. And indeed, Sir, I am quite impatient to get to the main object that has urged me to lift the pen. O how I should rejoice to see some scheme, fallen unen to bring obstinate and confirmed backelors into disgrace, and some achesis devised, for deterring young, ones from passing the prime of their lives: it a point to do no business with men who allowed themselves to nie: the 30th year of their life in dironastances, for entering into matrimont, while so many lovely mater standpressed Alludecent men who have good established businesses, whenever | bundreds of their posterity to the they reach their 30th year untrammeled, should have the patrehage of families taken from them, and given to married men, and young bachelors, who seem inclined to get married. But really, Sir, I am in such a perturbation, that I cannot compose my mind to suggest what might be of use in our "present sad dilemma." Perhaps, however, you may be able to serve our cause somewhat, and if so, considering our number, your paper may meet with an extensive sale. It would not be unworthy the attention of the legislature to endeavour to ameliorate our forlorn condition. It was deemed a crime, Sir, in Greece not to marry, and the men, when in proper circumstances, were not permitted to decline it beyond a certain age. And more, Sir, it was even permitted (and most wisely too), that incorrigible bachelors, should be treated with contempt. By the laws of Lycurgus, they were reckoned so base as to be excluded from certain processions, and even compelled to march, in the depth of winter, round the market-place in a state of nudity, singing a song to their own disgrace. see them treated so unmercifully. as much to our advantage, such a one, capital thirmed by the plague, war, the choice of a good wife, or the bas-(which is little better than murder) of the proprietors, as it is much to be

thousandth generation More I cannot add for want of time, but hope you haste, I am, get to a small Your most obedient, I. NANCY CRABBY . A. Nov. 21st 1822, hour or road to Paker " in the de off the property then and not

> CRITICAL REMARKS 100 (10) ON THE

PERFORMANCES at the CIRCUS. TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, &c. &c. ***

To the Editor of the Melange. One man in his time plays many parts.

SIR,—We went to the Circus on Saturday evening, conquising it approx. per place to relex from the labours of the week: we were surprised on taking, our seat in the boxes, at the well one dered alterations of the interior of this; little and favourite seat of the Muses. Our reminiscences were both of a pleasant and painful nature, as four! thoughts reverted to the days: of: our youth, when the Theatre Royal Duxlop Street, was the legitimate seat of the votaries of Thespiss but, since that time, converted into heaven; I blush to mention this, and conjure knows how many ignoble uses! you not to imagine I should like to Here, we said to ourselves, have the representatives of kings, and princes A milder punishment might conduce strutted and fretted their little hour. until the increasing opulence of the for instance, as was adopted by the Glasgow public deemed it unworthy Dey of Algiers, when he found his of containing their corporeshities. The meanness of the exterior made them &c. A number of young men, about build a house, which they have since 20 years of age, were brought to the proved, they were unable to occupy, public place, and there presented with either from want of ways and means. or from some error in calculation, or timade. "Now surely, Sir, this being from a sudden declination of Dramano puzzlesome case to determine, tic taste, or from what cause you will. bachelors who refused the former, At any rate, the house would have well deserved the latter. By their been better unbuilt, that is, the money mode of living, they left unproduced would have been better in the pockets

own of it; and it is a reproach to tolerably, as did Miss Newcombe; our fellow citizens, standing as a mo- but the principal performer was our nument of public neglect, and indivi- old friend Edwards, who, with all his dual extravagance. That it is much fun, could elicit nothing more than a too large for our town folk's thea- horse laugh from the gods. The tries needs none can deny; and we curtain dropped amid langhter and know of nothing more cheerless than hisses, though the former predomia mearly empty theatre. It ever puts nated. We mention this as a stimuus in mind of a garden, when the lus to the manager to introduce someflower season is past, when only a few thing more rational. Ballets, in geof the hardier or later productions of neral, are insipid and so unnatural, Flora spreads a remembrance over the that people of taste generally despise mind of what it had once been. empty, theatre sheds a chilling influence over both mind and body, as we contemplate the cheerless state of the actors, and the little chance we have of seeing the play well done, as the withered flower, partere, puts us in mind of winter, and warns us of the piercing blasts of the north, the nipping power of frost, and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is subject to par consequence.

Though winter is already begun, we had no reason to complain of cold on Saturday evening, as with much difficulty we procured seats in the third row from the front, and ere the curtain was drawn up, we were well protected from the insults of the seasom by those who took their seats at our back-not that any danger is to be apprehended from cold, though there were but two persons in the house, for it is well heated by fires; and we smiled complaisantly as we contemplated the red glow which one of them emitted in the lobby, as we made our way to our seat.

The performances commenced with Scotch Ballet, of which little can be said; and, as friends of the manager, we think it should be the last he will attempt to bring forward during the senson. They are not suited to the taste of our denizers; and we plainly perceived, that its representation was the Hercules than the Apollo in its

doubted, if they will even make their was to follow. Mr. Power danced

The next part of the performance was the exhibition of Juan Bellinck and family, on the Slack Rope, Stilts We never saw any thing of the kind equal to the performance of these extraordinary individuals. The hearty plaudits they received from all parts of the house, were proofs how highly the entertainment was relished. We can convey no adequate idea of the astonishing powers of the father, so shall not attempt it; but will merely say, that they are sights worth seeing.

We were principally interested in the forth coming Burletts of Life in London;' and much as our hopes were excited, they were fully realised The first scene introduces us to Hawthorn Hall, where a number of the characters are seated round a table enjoying sportman's cheer, and singing a song to an auld Scotch tune, viz. 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.' We must confess that the tune disposed us to think favourably of the person who adapted the words, to This might have proceeded music. from our partiality to our national airs, but amor patrice is nae sin.

Mr. Darnley, as Corinthian Tem, did his part in tip top style, though his figure is not quite so fine as to convey to a looker the idea of Coonthian elegance, having more of the only tolerated in expectation of what He is much too stout, and has

for the deal conferent

والمراكب والمار

Digitized by Google

little too much of the frost work of time about him for a blood of the present day; but he bears no sign of dilapidation. He spoke the part well, kept up the spirit of it to the last; but bear. we must say, we would have liked him better had he been a little more exquisite. He is a good actor, and seldom fails to please; and the audience seem always glad to see him.

Mr. Power, though no great actor, did great credit to himself in the character of Jerry. He had all the necessary mauvaise honte of a country novice. Every step he advanced in the mysteries of a town life seemed to deprive him of a part of his sheepish-His dancing at the assembly at Almack's was admirable. He looked and behaved so like one who had never made a similar display, that we were almost tempted to think partners in the dance shoved him about from side to side, as he made a faux pas, &c.

Mr. Kinloch, as Bob Logic, in our opinion, never looked or acted better, he was quite the thing-master of the flash current,—perfect in his part and finished Jerry in first rate style. His encounter with the charlie, and behaviour while before the constable, were really out and out-his dress admirable-his manner as indifferent to circumstances as we could conceive a blood's to be; he exceeded our expectations completely, and we wish him all the luck he deserves.

It would require more space than the Melange will allow, to do justice to this admirable treat. We cannot mention all the beauties or defects which came under our observation.

Mrs. Makeen's Kate is a well played part. She is already a favourite with the public.

We liked Mr. Makeen worst in his parts of the landlord and beggar. His Scotch pronunciation, frequently betraying him not to be an English subscribes himself, landlord in the one case, nor a cock-

Edwards queered it well both as a charlie and a vagabonil. He really seemed a prime flash, and provoked as much laughter as most people could

The minuet between Mr. Colingal bourn and Miss Newcombe should be' dispensed with, and a waltz, or something shorter introduced; it is much too tiresome.

The quadrilles were excellent, with the exception of one or two dancers; who were, in reality, what Jerry was only in appearance.

The rapidity of the action, during the whole piece is astonishing. We never got time to pause between the scenes. The scenery is beautiful, exexceeding any thing of the kind we have ever seen in Glasgow. It must have been very expensive, and we really hope Mr. K. will be no loser the thing real; and pitied him as his by the risk he has run. We would advise Mr. K. to pay a little more at tention to his underlings, and make them dress with more propriety. The clothes are good enough, but in many cases they were huddled on with no regard to character or effect. We do not mention names, but hope the hint will be taken, particularly by those whom we saw in the scenes at Tattersal's, and in Allmax in the east. By-the-bye, we thought the auction the worst part of the whole representation: there is no spirit in the conducting of it, nor any thing like nature.

> Mr. Cardoza is une pauvre marchand des cheonux; but he makes amends in African Sal, so we let him

> On the whole, we never enjoyed & night's entertainment more; and we conclude our epistle, with hoping the manager will be rewarded for the very great expense and trouble which he must have incurred. Your giving insertion to these loose remarks, will oblige a friend and well-wisher, who

> > THEATRICUS.

POBTRY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG

How low thou art, and yet how theis'd! Regioning on thy bed of rest. No more on thee shall nature pour Her vials in the torturing hour; The agony of death be spread:
For thou art gone to fairer lands,
And thou art bless'd by other hands; And lovelier sounds shall charm thine ear. Than ever breath'd upon it here. Than ever breath a upon it nece.
And from thy breast shall angel sight
Dispel a parent's agonies;
And in thy sainted bosom flow
The stream that quenches every woe.
No longer shall thy holy by
The bitter draught of sorrow sin;
Ver first ship working flow the tears. The bitter draught of sorrow sip;
Nor from thine eyelids flow the tears.
That stain our first and latest years.
Fair spirit! in thy bless'd abode,
Belove! of angels and of Go 1, With beamy crown of glory shining, With beauty round thy temples twining, Caust thou, from this abode of bliss, Canst thou, from this? about of ones, Gare thou world so will as this?

Canst thou, from Zion's holy place,
Look down on man's degraded race?

Yes, spirit bright!—though glorious be

The radiance that encircleth thee,

Though glorious had been thought glorious be The ramance that energeth thee,
Though richer than the golden dye
That hangs upon the evening sky,
Though purer than the virgin snow
That crowns our mountain peaks below nac crowns our mountain peaks below,
Though fresher than the crystal tide
That flows from Carmel's wreathed side,
Although more beautiful than carth
When she rejoiced in Eden's birth; Yet, with a soft impassioned eye,
Doct thou look from thine native sty,
And pour upon our sorrowing head Such tears as angel forms may shed. Beloved one!—even thou must know The height and depth of mortal wos, The tears affection shed for thee, In the deep burst of agony, The pangs that said on every heart, When from the earth thou did'st depart, The agonizing throbs that tore The heartstrings from their inmost core— This thou canst feel; and while thy knee Is best before ETERNITY— Witt thou impore? Ah! yes, thy prayer Will gain a balm for our despair; A hope to cause our sorrows cease, 'And the warm heart repose in peace; And bid a sweet remembrance wave Its gentle influence o'er thy grave.

. TO THE MEMORY OF WALLACE

O Caledonia! while thy acts artes," While funic proclaims thy deeds to distant lambda, while thy proud spires invade the bending akies, While Scotia's banners wave in freemen's hands,

While o'er thy heath-hills hums the moorland bee, While thy blue mountains bound the horizon, While round thy rough shores chafe; the raging sea, While freedom u thy children's orison,

Forget not Wallace! who, with dauntless breast, Oft braved for thee the brunt of lawless power; And burn'd with rage to see thy sons oppress it. To see the tyrant's banner on each tower.

'Shall Caledonia,' thus the Hero cried,
'Be ravished of her glory and her fame?
Shall her pure streams with Scotlish blood be dy'd'
And her surviving sons be slaves and tame?

Shall the keen eagle chave the asure sky? Shall the dun deer bound lawless o'er the heath? Shall the green thistle rear its head on high; And Scotsmen's lot be slavery and death?

No!—while the life-blood warms this beating heart, While a free spirit animates this frame, It shall be mine to act a glorious part, And wrench from tyranny my country's fame.

The Patriot's God confirm'd the Hero's vow; A brighter sun-shine fell upon the land; A song of freedom burst from every bosugh; And Peace and Plenty smil'd on every hand.

Then, Caledonia! while thy arts arise, While fame proclaims thy decds to distant lands, While thy proud spires invade the bending skies, And Scotia's banners wave in freemen's hands,

Forget not Wallace! who, with dauntless breast, Oft braved for thee the brunt of lawless power, And rais'd triumphantly thy fallen crest, And tore the tyrant's banner from each tower.

W. H.

ANSWER TO THE REBUS

The Sd part of man, sir, an M I would make;
A 6th part of spider 's an E, as I take;
An L of a lip is I think part the Sd;
And A the 4th part of a hand, take my word;
A 5th part of noses I take to be N;
G is the 5th part of grand, and what then?
A 6th part of single I take to be E—
AN which duly arranged, make the Mclange to me

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C. D.

We are astonished at the pertinacity of our correspondent, who signs himself a friend, in persisting in his poetical revertes. If he would believe us, we can assure him, that a man may be an ornement to society and literature, though he be not the author of a single rhyme. Covero was a mart of bettern every body knows that; but unfortunately he imagined himself a paet; disregarding the copions of his friends he would write verses, and was laughed at. We beg he will take warning by Clerco: he was born an Orator, but not a Poet.—If A. B. C. D. would continue the subject of his less communication, we, as well as our friends who have read his remarks, would esteem it a favour. We will always be glad to hear from him. Thank him for the hint, which entirely accords with what we were cost templating—Nincompaop is not admissible. When he can write prose so well, we wender he would mispend his time stringing rhymes—We thank our correspondent of Maiden Hall, for the Present. We have used some of it, and think it well flavoured. Some of it will not agree with Glasgow samanha, We will dispose of that in a proper manner. We have paid attention to the communication—Cu specialeration—We have received three letters on the subject of Mr Gele's communication—Cu specialeration.—We have received three letters on the subject of Mr Gele's commotisien; alther which came too late for this week's publication. As we cannot insert them all, we made our selection strains following manner:—We blinded the eyes of one of our devils with a handkercking planet in the factor import; so our devils has decided—Nemarks on the state of Greeke association, as well associated to a subject, will appear in eur next; so our devils has decided—Nemarks on the state of Greeke association, as under consideration,—S. M. B. in our next.

Printed, published and said, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Successors to W. Dat. Lycecum Court, Nelson Stuset, where communications, post psid, may be addressed to the lightly Soid also by Mr. Orithin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street, at the Shops of the Principles Belleview.

Also of the following Booksellers: John Histop, Greeneck; John Dick, Ayr. Homes Ball.

MELANCE 8 MINIBIRARY

OR,

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERÍA MÍXTA JOCIS."

No. 23.

WEDNESDAY, 4th DEC. 1822.

Price 3ld.

To the Editor of the Melange.

I send you the enclosed Essay, which, I hope, will be thought interesting to some of your readers.

I am, &c.

C.

ON THE ANCIENT THEATRE.

The history of Grecian and Roman literature cannot but be interesting to every man of letters, when it is considered, that from them have we derived almost every thing of excellence in the politer studies. To me, however, the history of the dramatic thing. art has always appeared to possess a double portion of the interest, which is attached to all such inquiries; when it is remembered, that to it, we are indebted for the glory of our nation.

When a nation is, just as it were, emerging from harbarism, and the people, after having provided for their wants, a task formerly of great diffiinstruction or amusement, there | ing. will probably arise men, who will interest of the spectators, these ancient their desires, and depend for their introducing, by name, any of the citi-living upon the pleasure of the mul- zens, whose characters were obnoxtitude. To secure the necessary fa- ious, or ludicrous, that the hearers

genius of their countrymen; and, as it cannot be supposed, that a people, rude and uncultivated, shall be able to admire and appreciate the finer touches of poetical genius, will endeavour to produce that gaiety and mirth, which alone, they know, will be acceptable to their audiences. The subjects, likewise, upon which they exercise their talents, will be such as are familiar to their hearers; for, it is not to be expected, that the multitude, ignorant as they must be, can feel the force of their representations of scenes or objects, of which they know no-

Hence we find, that the first efforts of the dramatic Muse, both in Greece and Rome, consisted in comic representations of the prominent characters, and popular vices, which were peculiarly characteristic of their age and nation. But to a rude audience, antire can have no charms, unless pointed and personal-mere general deculty, find themselves at leisure for clamation must be dull and unmean-To promote, therefore, the make it their profession to gratify dramatists resorted to the custom of vour, these primitive artists will adapt might be able to see and feel the their amusements to the character and force of their invective. Among the

ality, upon the prominent vices, and unfatural characters of the work D. In Rome however --- a more rude and the nation of warriors had either ge--not will a poet, more polished than the rest of his countrymen, introducedothe improvements with which the Greeks had elevated and adorned their tragetly. The rude verses, however, which had amused their ancestors, were not allowed by the Romans to potish and be forgotten. But some of their earlier poets, following out the example of their predecessors, improved and fashioned them into regular sature—a species of poetry always amusing, and often useful.

Stage scenery was, in those early ages; as barbarous as the poetry. is recorded, that one of the first Grecilin dramatists used a waggon, or cart, in place of a theatre; and we are informed, by a Roman poet, that, in the primitive times of his own country, the men of the commonwealth, placed upon seats of turf, and shaded with branches, gazed with delight upon the somes before them. Though this may be fittion, or the mere heightenings of poetry, we are yet certain, that the theatres in early ages were but temporary buildings, composed of wood, and easily destroyed. The manner of acting was of the same primitive character. One, or at least a very few actors appeared on the scone their faces besmeared with wine lees, and calculated, in the words of another poet, to frighten the rustic child on the breast of its mother, and intermixed with the songs of a chorus, we have mentioned, something, it such divisions are entirely arbitrary.

elegant and polished states of Greece, may be supposed, in the manner of this practice was gradually abolished; Those comic songs of our own country; and comedy rose to its tree level, to every verse of which, are suband became a satire, without person- joined some ludierous remark in prose.

From this rude and artless state, the dramatic poetry was rescued and adorned by the genius of Eachylus, vigorous people-it was long before the first Grecian tragedian; and the feeble and faint charms of the reistic niul or talle, to renounce their errors amissments were lost in the greater splendour which attended the introduction of the finished and polished invention of the regular drama. author trusted not to satire or comic representation for success in interesting and pleasing his audience; but struck into a new path, and terrified or melted their hearts, with pictures of horror or of woe. He was succeeded by Sophocles and Emipides, who brought this art into the highest state of perfection it ever attained while cultivated by the ancients. The rules for regulating the conduct of the pieces were introduced and established, and these extended also to come-Architecture, likewise, was called in to the aid and advancement of her sister art, and added to its chartes; by embellishing, with beautiful sculps ture, the theatres of Greeces 7 2 2979.

We have neither any intention, not indeed are we capable, of tracing the successive steps, by which the ancient" dramatic poetry arose to that height, at which it stood in the days of its glory: we shall endeavour, however, to point out a few of its peculiar characteristics.

It has been a question of thepass whether the aucient tragedies were divided into acts: at least, whither that was not a comparatively: late in This we pretend not to vention. determine. It seems, however, to be more certain, that these were not all mitted into comedy till a late period which stood by. The satirical effusions Be this as it may, it is evident that

into a regularly continued action, such as Grecian and Roman plays peculiarly were. The only effect which such a the attention, and interrupting the antion, to make the audience lose night the interest of the plat. Notwithstanding this, this division was considered necessary by the ancients; as Horace informs us, that a play should neither have less nor more than fine acts. . Their critics have farther noticed, that there ought to be four distinct stages in a play; and these, indeed, seem to be founded in nature ;-lst, where the characters are introduced; 2d, where the plot becomes more busy, and begins to develope; 3d, where it comes to its height; and last, where the catastrophe is disclosed.

The particular manner in which the setors were dressed, differed according to the country in which the scene was laid. There were, however, particular equipments, which always formed part of the furniture of the ancient theatres. These were the Tebize, the Cothurnus, and Soccus the Persona and the Chorus. The Tebiere, or pipes, are now little expable of explanation. In general, it may be said, that they were used for the amusement of the audience, during the discontinuance, or perhaps during the continuance, of the acting. Of the rest, however, we possess more means of forming a correct idea. The Cothumus and Soccus were coverings for the feet; the latter, used at first, only by women; and the more effeminate of the other sex, was intro- doubt.

the of the root, it is endent that

We can conquire no reason, unless to duced into the theatre for the purpose () afford a little case to the audience, of expressing the contemptibleness a for introducing pauses of any length of the character represented a and properhaps, for the lightness and grace is which it added to the dangers. The gar Cothurpus was a high healed boot, al proceeding can have, is, by diverting by which the actors were often raised to the height of half a foot or more above their natural level; some say of the connexion, and consequently of for the purpose of representing the ... gigantic size, to which traditions had its elevated the first inhabitants of the world-but more probably, i.id pre-;) serve some porportion; between the it height of the theatres and the actors. and prevent them from seeming: to the eye of the spectator, who was at any great distance from where they stood; to be dwindled away into insignificance. The Persona, or mask, which had been substituted in the place of the painting of the ancient actors. was a covering for the face, with an opening at the mouth—where, if I, mistake not, was sometimes fixed a piece of brass, to raise the woice of the speaker, to a fuller and more. commanding tone, and enable him to extend it to the uttermost bounds of their immense theatres.

. To be continued. Sat attent

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Music, Slave Danves, Ac.—Concluded.

war of agreement and a second

The numerous slaves, of various mations at the Cape, are not behindhand its their fondness for, and no less enthusiastic ad-, mirers of, music. It rouses all their energies, and awakens the most lively passions, but they do not betray any of the genitis of the Hottentot. Their songs are confined to the compass of three or four notes; which are eternally reiterated in a low. plaintive voice, that would scarcely pass for a musical effusion, and certainly not for an expression of galety, did not the countenance and gesture put it beyond a

* Last Jedho & dad's

eve have merdicard, some

Their instruments are of the rudest construction. A hallow piece of wood, with two strings of catgut, or two thin bits of steel, not unlike a tuning-fork, which, being struck with the finger, and put into a vibratory motion, emit a low twang, compared with which the music of a hurdygurdy, or a Jew's harp, would be a perfect Apollonicon. Yet, simple as these efforts are, and remote from the science of an itinerant bagpiper, upon these rude sons of nature they produce as powerful emotions as the strains of a Linley or a Cramer, upon the more refined inhabitants of Europe. A week of unremitting toil, and the tyranny of an unfeeling master, are all forgot in the tumultuous delight of the Sunday-dance to these simple instru-

This is the only indulgence and relaxation which is permitted to the slave. It is, therefore, eagerly anticipated, and prosecuted with proportional ardour, when the moment of enjoyment arrives. After divine service, they assemble in a plain in the suburbs of the town; the dance is begun to the instruments I have before described, accompanied with a few notes of the voice, at times rising into the wildest shricks, and then subsiding into a low querulous sound, while the irregular beating of a log of wood, hollowed and covered at one end, with an undressed sheep's skin, in imitation of a drum, adds to the noise, and increases at once the wildness and animation of the scene. Men and women. young and old, join promiscuously in it; but there is no prescribed order, no arrangement of partners, or visible attention to the females; -all seem engrossed by some powerful emotion, which at times breaks out into wild exclamation, but at other times imparts an air of profound abstrac-

The general dance at times gives way, whilst some individual steps forth, and performs a pas seul with abundance of grimace, and action, interspersed with soliloquy, the meaning of which it is impossible for a stranger to discover, but it is listened to with rapturous exclamation by the rest of the party. This dancing is certainly not an exhibition of grace and elegance; it is not even a display of that vigour which the elasticity and buoyancy of youth may produce. The spirit which actuated Goldsmith's pair,

By holding out to tire each other down,

is not known among them; probably a week of toil may have exhausted that springiness. If these dances be, as is usual with most savage nations, meant to display or excite that sensibility which mutually attaches the sexes, the choice of attitude and gesture to convey this expression, is certainly must singular. The amusement, however, is continued with unremitting ardour and profuse perspiration, without the aid of tea or small beer until sun-set, when a civil officer in attendance gives the signal for retiring, and the parties quietly disperse to their respective homes.

Without entering into the long-debated question, how far the colony at large would be benefited by the total abolition of slavery, I cannot say that the condition of the slaves at the Cape struck me as being peculiarly miserable. It is as much the interest of the master to keep his slave in good condition, as his horse. As the property is valuable, they invariably have the best medical attendance in sickness and such comforts as are necessary in that situ-Though their toil is incessant, and ation. their indulgences much fewer than those of a European labourer, they have not in general the appearance of being overworked; for they are early inured to hardship and spare-living. If they are sunk below the level of their fellow-creatures, we may perhaps argue, that they cannot be supposed sensible to the pain of degradation, when they have never enjoyed a more elevated state; or to feel the want of liberty, when they have not known, or ever swired to the character of free men,

In fact, only suppose the sensibilities of his nature deadened, and the difference in the condition of the slave and white labourer is hardly perceptible. The portion of both is a life of unremitting toil, servitude, and dependance; and if we reflect, that the slave has no apprehension of want; that he has no harrassing solicitude on the score of providing for his offspring; -but is ways sure of a subsistence, which the other equally toils for in the sweat of his boow, and oftentimes in torturing uncertainty, the ballance will be still more equal. This, however, is not admitting a right in any human being to fit his victim, by early and continued degradation, for westing his chains; a slight extension of such a privilege migh justify the Eastern despot in furnishing his seraglio with its mutilated In a moral point of view, the attendants. the consequences of slavery are more strikbe depressed in the scale of human beings by ignorance; for knowledge would awaken the energies of the soul, and 'tell them they are men;' but that a large portion of our fellow-creatures, whose menial offices and occupations are precisely similar to those of our own countrymen, should be devoted to superstition, and debarred from all moral improvement, is a singular feature in the state of servitude. Why a population of blacks are to be shut out from the light and advantage of Christianity, detached from the common chain of human beings .-- why they are not to know the social ties of kindred, to solace themselves, like the other wretched ones of the world, by the anticipation of future happiness, is a mystery I cannot explain. slavery be incompatible with such things in its present ameliorated state, it is indeed a bad cause.

When the Spaniards first became acquainted with the natives of America, we are told that they looked upon them as animals of an inferior order, and it was with difficulty that they could be persuaded that they belonged to the human species. required the authority of a Papal bull to counteract this opinion, and to convince them that the Americans were capable of the functions, and entitled to the privileges of humanity. Though that age of darkness has passed away, one would imagine that this preposterous opinion still prevailed in Southern Africa.

This practice is contrary to the invaria-15le rule observed in the Spanish, Portugese, and French colonies, by which every master is compelled to procure religious instruction for his slaves; and this seems to be according to the true spirit of Christianity. Indeed, the diffusion of Christianity has unhappily been made a plea for this odious traffic.

The slaves are by far the most numerous class of domestic servants at the Cape, and the women are invariably used as the nurses and companions of the young children of the family. The influence of these persons upon the young mind is well understood, and occasions the strictest scrutiny into character in our own country. What support one. There cannot surely be a then must be the pernicious effect of early doubt that the dissemination of useful in-

It is necessary that the slave should and continued intercourse with a class of beings so degraded and demoralized?-Much of the laxity in morals, and that general tone of levity observable among the upper orders of society, may be traced to this source; and while slavery exists in its present form and extent, it seems in vain to hope for any thing like virtuous principle and morality amongst the lower orders of society.

Instances of cruel treatment, are, I believe, rare, especially since the great increase of English in the colony. However. it must be confessed, that a notion universally prevails, that slaves are not to be treated with kindness; and perhaps, a saying, that is said to pass current in the French West India islands, will serve with tolerable accuracy to express the general opinion bere, viz.

Battre un negre, c'est le nourrir.' --

The politics of Europe are not a subject of much interest, or a topic of frequent discussion, amongst the inhabitants of the Cape. The newspapers are irregular in their arrivals; indeed, they depend almost entirely upon the captains of ships, for such as they may casually have provided themselves with, and appear to be well reconciled to the privation. The general listlessness and inactivity of mind that prevails upon all subjects unconnected with the shop, betrays itself in nothing more visibly than in this.

There is a miserable weekly gazette published under the immediate superintendance of the government, containing little else but mercantile advertisements, with, now and then, a few garbled extracts from the London papers.

The only printing press in the colony is that which furnishes forth this choice publication, and is the property of government. It is of course a subject of complaint, that another press should be prohibited. such prohibition does exist, or has ever been called for, I think extremely doubtful. Beyond the few individuals connected with the government, it would be difficult to find any one capable of editing a journal, and still less easy to find public spirit to

A slave, as such, is not permitted to become a Christian at the Cape. Of this secred calling, his debased situation is supposed to render him unworthy. Hence he can never marry.

71:.

struction, through the medium of a free press would be beneficial to the colony at large object on all a to a to .

There are few of the elements of republicanism to be discovered here, nor can I find any point of resemblance between these Africans and the old Spartans, but in their common admiration of thieving, both mistaking rasculity for a proper degree of dexterity and ingenuity. swindler is called a slim fellow at the Cape.

There are a Lutheran, a Calvinistic church, and numerous dissenting chapels at the Cape; but the lessons of religion are little taught, and still less put in practice. The moral virtues seem not to be implanted by nature. There is no law of nature, that I know of, which teaches the restraint of those dangerous propensities, the indulgence of which infringes upon the peace and order of society, Nature does not prohibit the coveting another man's wife, or another man's goods, but rather seems to say, 'If this thing hits thy fathey, take it to thyself-if this man twoubles thee, even put away his life." Have, then, those philosophers by whom virtue is termed, 'tyrannic custom,' and faith, 'an obscene worm,' maturely considered the nature of man, when they talk of disencumbering him of his shackles; for he does not appear to move with greater case or dignity without them.

Decency is seldom openly outraged in the disgraceful manner we daily witness at home, though vice has an unlimited sway in the walks of private life. There is more temperance and moderation amongst the female part of the world, because a lack of chastity is more a thing of course. Where women can be profligate without shame, they rarely exhibit to the eye those grosser excesses which, in other countries, where disgrace and infamy are attached to the indulgence of these 'venial delights,' so frequently shock us. Conjugal fidelity is rarely to be met with here. The men have their slave girls, without any disagreeable feelings on the part of their wives y and these, again, have their ciciswill and permission of their husbands. An intrigue, with an unmarried young lady, under a promise of marriage, has this unpleasant consequence attending it : if the lady can bring proof of such promise, and chooses to exact the performance of it, the party is compelled ... it is sither to marry her or to leave the colony.

rails go explicit as about part to the

As there are few heiresses, marriages are usually contracted either from motives of personal affection, of a desire of posterity. Now, as the former of these objects may be attained without the shackles of matrimony, which is by many considered essential only for the purpose of legitimining the issue, they sometimes have recourse to a very delicate sort of arrangement, which is worthy of notice. The parties meet together under a provisional contract or promise of marriage as man and wife: if the lady conceives, the ceremony is performed in good time; if there is no appearance of progeny, their innocent pleasures may be prolonged without detriment, till passion is satiated, or other motives may induce a separation. I am sorry to say, our own countrymen are, as usual when from home, most forward in every excess. This is an old saying in Italy: 'Inglese Italianato e diavolo incanato.

The word delicacy, which has undergone such revolutions, and at this day means such different things in different countries, may be said to have no place at all in the Dutch Cape nomenclature. As an instance of this, the ceremony of muriage is usually performed in open church on Sundays, during the hours of public service. On such occasions, men are apt to sneak into church, and sneak out again; but a young lady of the Cape is not sansfied unless she can display her unblushing charms and her wedding dress to the gaze of an unlimited number of spectators. A Dutchman was engaged to be married to an English lady residing at the Cape, whose father had stipulated to pay down a certain sum of money, by way of portion, on his daughter's wedding day. arrived, and the bride and bridegroom, with the friends of both parties, seembled in splendid attire at the father's house, on their way to church. At length, every preparation for the ceremony being completed, all rose up to go, when the bridegroom, instead of lending his fair bride to the altar, paused for a few mements, in as attitude of calculation, and then suddenly advancing to the father, and striking his fist upon the table, broke out into this delicate exclamation before the whole party. I tell you vat, if I no get the via dollar. I no take the vife.' rathurenta

Slave girls, when possessed of any personal charms, are an invaluable property. They are sent forth elegantly equipped.

and are immediately hired of the owner, either by the month or year, or perhaps purchased altogether by some enamoured admirer, If this property should belong to a lady, the traffic is not considered as indelicate, but an bonest source of emolument, which it would be fastidiousness to decline. A married lady, of great respectability, was possessed of a slave girl, whom she had regularly hired to an East India officer by the month; but the girl bad the presumption to engage in other amours, and he made a complaint of this ... impertinent conduct to the mistress in the public dancing assembly, with an intent of having her punished. The lady very composedly told him the fault was his own, that he ought to purchase the girl at once.

Ex una disce omnes,

This is a very disgusting, but a very true picture of natural morality.

The pusillanimity of the Africanos was conspicuous enough in the last capture of the Cape. The epitaph in Westminster Abbey, which so nobly commemorates the the family of the Lord Lucas of Colchester, wherein it is said, that 'all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous," might be aptly reversed to pourtray the qualities of an African family.

To the Editor of the Melange.

espharm strong dollar in

beriton along the h

thom ad of Jery

REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENT STATE of the GREEKS.

In the present state of the affairs of Greece, any thing connected with that country cannot but be interesting. The history of ancient Greeceits poets, statesmen, and the heroic exploits of its warriors, have been the subjects of our early education, and the admiration of our more advanced " hears. Now, learning and liberty have deserted their former favourite abodes, and the present inhabitants are so the changed, and possess so few of the characteristics of their predecessors, that it is now become a matter of dispute, whether or not they can lay claim to them as ancestors.

When we consider the long time that Greece has been under the dominion of conquerors, and especially the dreadful tyranny under which it at present labours, we ought not surely to be surprised that the present Greeks are so different from the former. Oppression is the sure cause of demoralization; it spreads its baneful effects over all under its power, murses in the breasts of the oppressed, deceit and cunning-alarmed to give free vent to their feelings of indignation at the injuries they receive, their complaints are uttered in low and sullen murmurings—unable to assert their just rights, and to punish their oppressors by open force, they employ artifice for the gratification of their Thus, that free and manly revenge. spirit, possessed by nations enjoying the blessings of liberty, will never be found in Greece, or any other country

But it cannot be justly said, that the Greeks are more debased than some other people in Europe. the misrepresentation of travellers, and the prejudiced accounts of merchants in the Levant, we have formed the lowest opinion of their moral state. But these individuals have seen the worst of the Greeks, and even those in the most unfortunate circumstances, unprotected by any law, liable to be imposed on, and defrauded by the Franks, equally with the Turks, they are forced, for their own preservation, to resort to the same means of deceit and injustice, which are employed by others against them. The enlightened and disinterested scholar, who repairs to Greece, not for personal aggrandizement, but to view those scenes already familiarized to him in story, and for which he has cherished feelings of veneration, and who has had an opportunity of observing a Greek of the better sort, has been at no loss to dis-

cover, in the degenerate son, the true lineaments of his illustrious father.

Nor is it true, that the Greeks do not possess the genius of their ancestors. Greece has given birth to men of the most cultivated ability, who would reflect bonour on any country ; but the recollections of the former glory of their nation, contrasted with its present condition—the unsupportable tyranny of its rulers—the debased and servile state of their countrymen-have forced them from their native soil. Though exiles in a foreign land, their thoughts are ever turned to their former homes: and they have devoted all their talents to The improvement of their countrymen. Grammars, Lexicons, and other literary productions, are the labours of some ! but others, fired by a more active patriotism, have lampooned, and assailed in other ways, the enslavers of their country.

· Although it is comparatively few "of the Greeks that possess a liberal education, which is only to be procured alroad, yet the whole nation are soute and ingenious. The ancient Greeks devoted no part of their 'time to the study of any language but their own. The whole force of their genfus was directed to the study of the arts and sciences, and to this perhaps "may be ascribed their perfection in those things to which their attention was turned. But the exertion of the modern Grecks have been directed to the acquirement of languages, and in this, they have displayed the most unrivalled powers. Possessing a fine and discerning ear-a flexibility of 'tongue and a most astonishing memory, the youngest is soon enabled to speak a variety of tongues: likewise, those of the lowest ranks are able to make themselves understood in langrages that are spoken only by the To some it may appear that the most learned and accomplished of our translation is unworthy to be com-

own country, and the possession of which has cost them a life of severe study. The Greeks, in general, receive a good, though not a liberal education; but; from the system of policy in the country, they can never arrive at any great proficiency in the more useful departments of literature. They possess no means of improvement; no hooks are allowed to be disseminated, but a few of the most trifling and despicable kind. Thus the learning of the Greeks must remain light and superficial." 1116 (1)

Poetry is the chief study of the Greeks, and gives them great delight. It is wild and unconnected—filled with figures and similies-more remarkable for passion and imagination than feeling and nature—possessing, however, a considerable sweetness. It partakes more of the Eastern richness than the Grecian simplicity. Every trifling circumstance calls forth the Muse; and the great number of their love and convivial songs, shows the fertility of their poetic powers. Bad as the Grecian poetry is, we cannot believe it could obtain among a people so degraded as the Greeks wife represented to he.

But there are a few poets of higher rank than those to whom we have already alluded, who tung their lyres to nobler strains—the injuries and emancipation of their country. Possessing, in an eminent degree, the poetical genius of their nation, and, fired by patriotism, they have composed songs that are sung thoughout all Greece, and which kindle, in the breasts of their countrymen, the greatest enthusiasm. Very remarkable is the similarity of idea in the song with which I-will conclude these remarks, and one of our own at present so much admired and so popular.

who consults the original will perhaps find that Riga was scarcely inferior to Burns, s lot demont though a arter

to money DWAR SONG, and double

1 WE BY BIGA, A GREEK. Greeks arise ! the day of glory Comes at last, triumphant dawning: Let us all in future story, Rival our forefathers fame! Under foot the yoke of tyrants, Let us now indignant trample, Mindful of the great example, And avenge our country's shame.

To arms, then, our country cries: Sons of the Greeks, arise! arise! Until the blood, in purple flood, From the hated foe, Beneath our feet, shall flow.

Whether now, alas! retreating, Limbs where Grecian blood is beating? Breathe again, ye spirits fleeting. Now your scattered force recal, At my trumpet's voice resounding,

Towards the seven hill'd city bounding Fly, and conquer for your all. To arms, &c.

Sparts! Sparts! why in slumber? Why in lethargy so deep? Rouse thyself, thy friend awaken, Glorious Athens, from her sleep. Call to mind thy ancient warrior, Great Leonidas, of old, Mighty man of fame immortal, The tremendous, and the bold.

To arms, &c. See him, where the noble patriot, All the invading war withstands. 'At Therinopylæ victorious, O'er the flying Persian bands. With his brave three hundred beroes, Forward on the lion goes, Plunging through the blood of battle, To the centre of his foes.

To arms, &c.

G. D.

ANSWER FROM MISS A-To Mr. John Ogle.

Simp.As you have thought proper to enclose me a No. of the Melange, with a request that I would carefully peruse the letter signed John Ogles as it contained the genuine sen-

pared with our native ballad; but he Though you have made a slight alteration in the letters of your name, I will not affect ignorance of the person who so unaccountably addresses me; and I wish, for your own sake, that you had shown the same want of affectation on your part! Your pretending to belong to the respectable family of the Ogles, when there is such good grounds to suspect that you belong to the Goggles, which every body knows is but a distant branch of the Ogle family, and long since disowned by them for their misbehaviour in church, is a piece of presumption which, by no means, enhances you in my estimation. That you belong to this family, there can be little doubt, and if there were any, the strong family likeness you betray, particularly about the eyes, will always be sufficient to identify you, when you happen to go a-misa-sugar

> The Ogle family have always been remarked for the becoming diffidence of their demeanour; and when the gentlemen belonging to this flymily were 'disposed to have, a look, at, a lady, their eyes were raised from the ground, with respectful timidity, to the object of their regard, and withdrawn, with modest confusion, when their tender secret appeared to be discover-Their amiable feelings would have been shocked at the idea of allowing their eyes to fall, from the roof of a church, upon any ledy, more so on the lady they professed to esteem.

You seem to take a little merit to yourself, for not bifting your eyes off the minister and casting them; upon If I may judge of the weight of your eyes, from the heaviness of your eve-brows, it, would be a lift not easily accomplished; and, as for casting them, that is out of the question; your wisest plan would be to let them fall, which, Lsuppose, you did, on a late occasion, on the head timents of your palpitatory bosoin. - of the precentor, which might be the

cause of his being so uncommonly on this head, for believe me, John, heavy, when he ought to have been attending to his duties. You also inform me, that you are not the head taller than any in the congregation, and that you ' do not stand upon any thing.' Of the comparative stature of gentlemen, I don't pretend to be a judge; but as to your standing, you at least don't appear to stand upon ceremony, when you can address, in so public a manner, a person who has not the honour of your acquaintance.-Your experience in 'optics,' Mr. Ogle, I am not inclined to call in question, for really, John, considering their size, your management of them is 'remarkably expert,' and you make them perform their obliquities with as much precision, as if their motions were regulated by a pendulum.-That they make impressions is also a truth, which the poor female, who fainted beside me, found to her experience, as you, no doubt, had been ogling and frightening into fits, as the poor creature, no doubt, imagined she had seen something.

I am sorry to be obliged to say any thing harsh to a gentleman who seems to stand so well with himself; but there is a degree of self-sufficiency in your epistle, which is quite subversive of that respectful line of conduct, which ought to be pursued by every gentleman, who acknowledges himself affected with a palpitation 'in the stomach.' Your suspicion, that I am privy to your 'glances,' and have set a young lady to watch you, is ridicuculous enough. To be serious with you, Mr. Ogle, we were both equally at a loss to tell what could be the matter with you; and, from your glances, as you are pleased to call lawless, oppressive, or criminal, in them, were rather inclined to suspect which he was not seconded by his folit was a paralytic affection, than an lowers. affection of a more tender description; your letter, however, has made us easy Fraser of Beaufort, the male heir of

we really felt for your situation.

Hoping: you will be able to collect so much from my answer, as will serve to regulate your conduct in future, I remain.

Your most obt.

di bir gardi bir Ar met P.S.—Be a good boy, and it's hard to say what may happen....

"LORD LOVAT.

Of all the Chiefs who figured in the unfortunate attempt of 1745, certainly the most singular and notorious, was Simon Fraser of Lovat. To the wild ferocity, unsubdued passions, and cunning and caprice of savage life, he added the insinuating address, dissimulation, and crafty policy, of a more civilized state. Bold, restless, aspiring, and avaricious in the extreme, he was continually plotting the means of self-aggrandizement; false and deccitful, he was profuse of oaths and promises, when in his heart he had resolved to act contrary to his protesta-But his schemes often failed tions. through a refinement of cunning; while his restless and turbulent disposition was continually leading him into new plots, until at last his intrigues brought him to the scaffold. His station in life, and the period in which he lived, were unfortunately too hvourable for the developement of such a character. Living in a remote part of the country, and the head of a people, who knew no law but the nod of their chief, he exercised an authority nothing short of regal sway; his violent passions raged without controll, and there was no enterprise, however

Simon was the son of Thomas

the house of Lovat. After the death tinued faithful to the government until of Hillh, tenth Lord Lovat, the ville and estate of Lovat were disputed between his Lordship's daughter, heir of line, and Thomas Fraser, heir male. Shoon, in order to combine the claims of both houses, proposed an alliance with the daughter of Lord Hugh: but being thwarted through the interference of the Marquis of Athole, the lady's uncle, who gave her away in marriage to another, Simon Fraser came to the desperate and unaccountable resolution of forcing a marriage between himself, and the Dowager Lady Lovat, daughter of the Marquis of Athole, a lady advanced in life, of respectable character, not certainly of an inviting person; but who, in virtue of her jointure, was in possession of Culloden; nor had he, previous to a considerable part of the estate of in execution :—' he went through the himself. mock ceremony of a wedding; had her dress cut from her person with a dirk, and subjected her to the last extremity of brutal violence, while the pipes played in the next apartment to drown her screams.' For this unwarranted outrage, he was obliged to fly to the continent; and, having been tried in his absence, was declared an outlaw. He repaired to the court of St. Gerinains, entered into some plans for the restoration of the exiled family of Stuart, came over privately to Scotland, but his plot failing, he was, on his return to France, thrown into prison.

It was not until the troubles of 1715 commenced, that government, foreseeing the advantage of securing such a powerful and numerous Clan ill their interest, gave a pardon to Lopurpose of heading his Clan in behalf of King George. To secure his al--lot sifegiance, ne had a pension granted to him, besides some other offices of dis-government than the sacrifice of an

the arrival of the Chevalier in 1745. Allured by the hopes of plunder, and tempted by the high promises of personal preferment, he again began to waver; and, with his usual duplicity of character, endeavoured to hold a stake with both parties, until the success of the Chevalier's army at Prestonpans, confirmed him in the resolution of joining the Prince's standard. Still, however, it was in an underland manner; he did not join the army himself, but compelled his son to head a detachment of the Clan, although he pretended to the government party, that his son had joined the Chevalier's army contrary to his injunctions.— Lovat was not present at the battle of that event, had an interview with the This design he actually put | Prince in whose cause he had involved It was not till after that fatal day, that the vanquished Charles, with his few attendants, came galloping with full speed to the remote and solitary mansion of Castle Dounic, bringing the fatal intelligence of the ruin of the cause, and the dispersion of his adherents. Thus Lovat saw all his hopes blasted, and his doom at length sealed. Old and infirm, he attempted to seek his safety in flight, although obliged to be carried on the shoulders of his attendants; but after lurking for some time, he was at last discovered in the hollow trank of a tree, and carried prisoner to London.

He displayed to the last all the peculiarities of his character. In a singular letter which he wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, he endeavoured to excite his compassion, by telling him, ' how often he had carried him in his arms when a child, and offered to make such discoveries as would be of an hundred times more advantage to Tinction which he hald of and he con- old grey head. During his that, he เล็กเกอน์ (เก็

made an excuse, that his deafness prevented him from ascertaining the nature of the accusations against him: on the scaffold, he preserved that undaunted firmness, mingled with a satirical causticity of humour, for which he was remarkable; and died with the words of the old Roman in his mouth,

' D'alce et decorum est pro patria mori,

That such a person should assume such sontiments, in his last moments, must certainly appear singular.

His life, from the outset, was one tissue of falsehood and deceit. public conduct was invariably influenced by views of self-interest, not by the good of his country; in private life, he was harsh, tyrannical, and ungenerous, with not one redeeming virtue to undiate his many vices.

To the Editor of the Melange.

Mr. Eprron,-A young man, whose occupation was the herding of cattle, among the wild mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, in his wanderings after his flock, one day, met a most beautiful young woman scated on the bank of a little river. At his approach she did not seem to shrink; but looked up to him, with an enchanting expression of countenance, when he spoke to her, and bade him rest himself, and oblige her with his company. He sat down beside her, and, as he gazed upon her for a while in admiring rapture, she clasped his neck, and kissed him. couraged by this, the shepherd took her all in his arms, and the yielding maiden melted in his grasp. The fruit of the embrace, was a young son, who was brought to the world long before the ordinary course of nature warranted. The mother always paid the shopherd and child a visit every day, bringing wild berries and flowers, and the speckled tenants of the brook to the youngster, both for food and amasement. At night, she brought him out, and washed him in a pool, formed by a part of the river on whose banks he was begotten, when the fairy train of a neighbouring knoll responded to the wild note which she sang while engaged in this operation. While she was

away upon her morning excursion, the young fairy, which you, by this time, have discovered he was, was tended by his father; and the song, of which you have a translation, is sung by the old wives of the Highlands till this day, as the lullaby which he used to croon to the boy, in the absence of the mother. I am, Mr. Editor, Your well-wisher,

S. M. R.

Ruaini Ylinichan. A Fairy Song, from the Gaelic.

Ha, ho ro, my Ruaini Ylinichan, Sleep while the sun shines so clearly; By the time that he reaches his disay meridian Mother will cuddle thee dearly.

She has gone, the wild goat to chase over Ben Niveth,
And bound o'er its precipice dreary;
And bring the new milk that the giddy kid leaveth, To feed you at noon-day, my deary.

Each wild-flower that spreads its perfume through the corrie

The berries that stud its graith briesy—
She'll skilfully cull, and will carry home for you,
To deck and to nourish her deary.

She'll wile the bright par from its cosy retrest, She'll charm the young ptarmigan, deary; And bring from the wild wood, each dainty and

That makes the young fays hale and cheery.

And then, when the even-tide sheds her bright dew-

drops,
O'er the green sward of the mountain;
And no fleeting cloudlet, the moon's course of blue

She'll lave you in yonder clear fountain.

And soft is the song that she sings you to rest with.
As the cold waters stream o'er your boson;
And the chorus is swell'd by the friends you aspeliest with,

And their theme is the young fairy blossom.

The portal of yonder green knoll opens wide, And its immates come forth light and obsertly; For they know what the hillaby sung should bedide, And they reel 'neath the moonlight so clearly.

And your mother and you join the sprightly cotifies And the minstrelsy aye makes ye cheery: Till morn paints the welkin with streaks of verma-

Ye ne'er of the revelry weary. Glasgow, 4th Nov. 1822.

FISHER-BOY OF NAPLES.

In the year, 1647, there lived at Naples, a poor fisher-boy of the name of Tomaso Anello, vulgarly cornected into Masaniello. He was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefooted, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that, in this poor abject fisher-

recorded in history? Yet so it was, them. rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes-Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of reshort day, to yield to one of its meanhistory it had never before shown to its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher-lad was at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples! freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing-wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the seaboy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town be entrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without; voice was hushed. and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Armies passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway. He dispensed punishments and rewards with the like liberal hand; the bad he kept in awe; the disaffected he paralysed; the wavering he resolved by his exhortations; the bold were encouraged by his incitements; the valiant made more valiant by his approbation.

Obeyed in whatever he commanded, gratified in whatever he desired, successful in whatever he attempted, never was there a chief more absolute, never was an absolute chief for a time dancy with a rapidity of enterprise to

boy, the populace were to find the the nobles and cavallers should deliver being destined to lead them on to one up their arms to such officers, as he of the most extraordinary revolutions should give commission to receive The order was obeyed. He No monarch "ever had the glory of ordered that men of all ranks should go without cloaks, or gowns, or wide of power, as the barefooted Masaniello, cassocks, or any other sort of loose Naples, the metropolis of many fertile dress, under which arms might be noncealed; nav, that even the women, for the same reason, should throw aside their farthingales, and tuck up their gowns somewhat high. The order changed in an instant the whole, sources, glorying in its strength—this fashions of the people, not even the proud city saw itself forced, in one proudest and the fairest of Naples' daughters daring to dispute, in the est sons, such obedience as in all its least, the pleasures of the people's idol. Nor was it over the high and noble alone that he exercised this unlimited ascendancy. The 'fierce democracy' were as acquiescent as the titled few. On one occasion, when but his; and, in a few hours, it was the people, in vast numbers, were assembled, he commanded, with a loud voice, that every one present should, under pain of rebellion and death, retire to his home. The multitude instantly dispersed. On another, he put his finger on his mouth to command silence; in a moment every

The reign of this prodigy of power was indeed short, lasting only from the 7th till the 16th of July, 1647; when he perished, the victim of another revolution in affairs. It was a reign marked too with many atrocious excesses, and with some traits of indescribable personal folly; yet as long! as it is not an every-day event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascenmore powerful. He ordered that all which there is no parallel in history.

THE RHYMESTER'S ORACLE;

Or, Art of Poems making laid open.

Every body in the world, that is, every genius, (and who is not a genius?) finds that it is necessary to write verses sometimes—an ' Epithalanium' on a friend's marriage, or a Monody on his death; 'Lines to a New Born Infant,' or, ' On the unfortunate indisposition of Poor Pompey; my lady B's Pug.

Now, this is a serious affair, let me telb tom Mr. Editor; these occasions for versifying may occur frequently, of course, then, every body in the world should be prepared for them. What a pity it would be, if, when a genius-like being had one of these glorious opportunities of signalizing himself, he should fail to elicit unbounded applause; because, rhymes had an unmetrical rudeness, resulting from his unacquaintance with what are assuredly the most important parts of the poet's study,—the Mechanism of Feet and of Rhymes.

This much, regarding the usefulness of the Art, and the necessity of obtaining a knowledge of it. It remains now to show, what has been done for it, and what remains to be done.' In ancient times there was one Aristotle, and, I believe, one Horace, also, who wrote upon the subject; but they lived so long ago, and, indeed, those ancient writers were such barbarians, that their treatises cannot be recommended to you. To come down to the moderns, then-to come, at once, to those who have written, particularly on what I write about,to come to such men as Bysshe, and Gent, and several others, who have composed Dictionaries of Rhymes. These were indeed useful men-industrious pruners in the vineyards of Parnassus, who have rendered more assistance to young practitioners, in the thoughts to panegyric, we would ad-

pleasing art of poetry, than any men I know of. But, alas! even the great deal that they did, was very little, in comparison with what might have been If their Rhyming Dictionaries are examined, they will be found to be mere farrages, in which nothing is consulted but the sound.

Here, then, we perceive a Desideratum—a systematic work on the Art-of Rhyming; and such a work I have after considerable labour and study. completed. The rude and crude clippings of the aforenamed authors. I have digested into order, by selecting the rhymes proper for every possible subject; and reducing them to systematic arrangement. The whole is explained and illustrated in the most familiar and pleasing manner.

I announce this work with great satisfaction, and assure the public it shall shortly be laid before them: in the mean time, to gratify, in some degree, the curiosity which I foresee will prevail regarding it; and, to afford some insight into the nature of my plan, I have transcribed, from the MS., the following passages.

' For the Eclogue, or pastoral dialogue, let the student conclude his lines with the rhymes underwritten; always taking care to finish his sense with the second rhyme, and at no time to suffer his verse to exceed the just measure of ten syllables. The rhymes for this purpose, are these :

| shady brake |
|------------------------|
| Lycidas awake. |
| careless rove |
| leafy grove. |
| fruitful field |
| harvest yield. |
| tuneful measures |
| harmless pleasures |
| nymphs and swain |
| flowery plains |
| |

Should our student turn his

| a tributaryrefuse good and great ordained by fate noble line | knowledge farce on parson vicar liquor case fees and it all below fire squire tall all all all all all all all all al |
|--|--|
| THE POWER OF WOMAN. Pharaphrase on part of the 4th Chapter of Esdras. Q Men i 'tis not the king who reigns. Nor yet the wine-cup which he drains, (Van vie in strength one little hour, With lovely woman's wondrous power; For woman lord's it o'er them all, And all before her inducace fail. Ye segma, and ye warriers, say, Have ye not felt her powerful sway? | O woman nerves the warrior's hand! O woman nerves the warrior's hand! And fires his soul, and draws the brankt arm and o woman sheathes the sword of war! And binds the wound, and heast the brankt arm. The weak, the strong, the base, the brave, all the woman's soorn's a keener's titing. And woman's soorn's a keener's titing. And deeper strikes than power of king; What ill on earth can e'er compare! Unto that lovelines of heast. When woman's slight instils despair, |

When woman's signt insuits comment of the woman's signt insuits comment of the whone we coment of the whone when we coment of the whole when we would chapter the signt compared to woman's scoriffed giance.

Compared to woman's scoriffed giance.

That hopeless moment, when signify and the scoring when signify and the scoring when signify and the scoring when which is cannot be soon of the would dark the work of the world was the world when the heart is reft of that cheering vary.

And our dearest hope, are peth any any and and the gasping soul feels that moment of wor.

Which is cannot bell, phosiph should to know, Have ye not felt ner powerful sway?

Flow Woman's mile, han soothe the heart
Of him who is with passion saging,
And can more blissful joy impart,
Than stight on earth—'tis so engaging;
It steak the lightning from the eye;
It alls the soul with sympathy;
It lulis the frenzied mind to sleep,
And makes the ver forcest to ween. as iniis the frensied mind to sleep.
And makes the eye forget to weep.
No hour so dark, in life's distress,
That woman's smile would fail to bless;
No hour so bright, that woman's eye
Would not add to its brilliancy. Riches and honour men forget; Not ruin's self can bar her sway; And when she throws love's silken net, The strongest heart becomes her prey; And country, life, and friends, will fall Betweener sweet enthanting thrait. purticularly on what arms with it.

LINES ON JEANTE, OF SHOOT OF

Yes, I'm in love, I feet it now, bris (\hat{\text{No.1}})
And Jeanle has undone me (\hat{\text{bolongmon}})
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
The pleasing plague stole on me. I would I

1 to Be Ger to

Do ye not labour, men, and toll, But to be bless'd with woman's smile? Nor do ye struble, men, to sin, When woman's continues to ye struble, men, to sin, When woman's love ye hope to win. Kings are but men, and do not they Woman's capricious will obey; Jorreysty facel matst san.

When woman's love it tries to woe. The not her had been expected by the state successful to the state of Her voice, her touch, might give the alarm, Twas both perhaps—or neither; In short, 'twas that provoking charm: Of Jeanle altogether.

D. P.

Glasford Street.

· ** • • • · · ·

THE POWER OF WINE

Pharaphrase on part of the 3d Chapter of Esdras.

O wine! above all earthly things, Is strong! before it reason files.

The vilest slaves 'twill change to kings. So well it can the truth disguise Distinction flies before its might; The rich, the poor, the bond and free, Alike assume the boasted right Of vausting self-supremacy.

O wine is strong! and glads the heart, And makes the mind its griefs forget, And pain itself forgets to smart, And with it sorrow flies and debt.

The heart enrich'd more keenly taurns; We kugh at kings, or him who rales; The brain beneath its influence turns, And fools grow wise, and wise grow fools.

O wine is strong! and gifts the tongue Of silence with the power to speak; its praise can ne'er be spoke or sung, it steak the tear from sorrow's check; It makes the coldest bosom glow; It makes the prisoner's fetters light; It makes the bard forget his woe; It makes the darkest moment bright.

O wine is strong I the miser's pelf. Is lessent of beneath its power; It makes the soul forget itself; It makes the cloud of ruin lower. Wine polacies oft the cup of bliss, And leacus mortal's ills below ; It awertens oft the liver is the. Turns for to friend, and friend to for.

O wine is strong! and turns the love Of friends and brothers into hite; It draws the sword, its strength to prove, And oft decides the wretch's fate; It rends the dearest ties on earth; It makes the bashful lover woo; It gives the bright idea birth. O tell me what it cannot do?

Glasgow.

VARIETIES.

. An old woman, who had been sacrificing with a neighbour very liberally to Bacchus, in returning to her home, a little below Greenock, fell fast asleep within the waternink. Feeling the water, some hours afterwards, on the flowing of the tide, frechently washing over her mouth, and conceiving from the taste, that her neighbour, with whom she supposed she was still in company, was adulterating her drink, she exclaimed, with some acrimony and indignation ! Na! no! curse me if I do ; I shall not taste another drop, if you change the liquor upon me.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why is a washer-woman like a church bell ?- A. Because she wrings.

Q. Why are man and wife like two large rivers in Scotland .- A. Because they have been connected. So is the Forth. with the Clyde.

Q. Why is lemon juice like a good saying. - A. Because it has been expressed.

EPITAPH ON NEIL GOW.

Gow and time are even now: Gow beat time; now time's beat Gow.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Extract from my Journal, and the Sailor's Journal, are under consideration. We advise H. M. to keep his verses until Valentine's day, they may then be useful.

Amicus Virtutis will appear soon. The Demon of the Storm cannot find a resting place; Poverty, by the same author, will. The communication from Malden Hall in our next.

We do not like to meddle with J. A. C's letter.
Letter to Miss Nancy Crabb in our next.
We care of opinion that our correction, in Miss Crabb's letter, was requisite to make sense. We advise the lady to compare the original with our page, and she will find us right.
Atlas, we are affected, wants attempt to bear his burthen. We never see the name, but we think of him who bore the heavens on his shoulders. We believe he will find his own keas as much as he

can move under We thank our correspondent for the sum he sent us to defray future postages. We do not wish to cket any of it. We would like to know to whom we are indebted, for fear of imposition. pocket any of it. We would like to know to whom we are We will treat our readers to Pies and Porter next week.

we will treat our readers to ries and lorter next week.

Nemp's letters we nover received. If his boits are good we will not readily disgorp them, be glad to hear from him in prose or verse.

The fate of Glasgow will be decided next week.

We must change the file of W. H. a piece, ehe we campotingert it, apperation is too haddneyed. Let Z. Y. X. try some other subject.

Printed, published and sold, eyery Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Sucressors & M. Tak, Lyckum Court, Nesson Street, where communications, post park, may be addressed to the Falter. Sold also by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shops of the Principal Booksellers & John History, Greenock; John Dick, Ayr; Thomas Det, Plaistey; Robert Mathie, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port Glasgow; D. Coude, Rothesay; James Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine; for ready money only.

MIELANCIE 2 LITTERARY

OR

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

"SEŘÍA MÍXTÁ JÓCÍL"

No. 24.

WEDNESDAY, 11th DEC. 1822.

Price 31d.

ON THE

ANCIENT THEATRE.

Concluded.

The Chorus is the last, and most remarkable peculiarity of the ancient theatres. This was a body of men or women, supposed to be spectators of what was transacting; and who intermixed, from time to time, with the speeches of the actors, their own remarks (which were chaunted in verse) on the conduct of the characters. Horace tells us, that it was the duty of the Chorus, to forward, in some measure, the plot, to be favourable to the good, restrain the unruly, praise temperance, and pray to the gods, that fortune should desert the proud, and return to the humble, &c.* In comedy, the remarks of the Chorus, upon particular characters, arose to such a pitch of severity, that it was, at last, thought necessary to abolish it as offensive. It is said, that the cause of its introduction was, that during the festival of Bacchus, the were broken into distinct parts, be- gether immoveable. tween each of which was introduced

a speaker, for the purpose of reciting When the drama or acting a story. assumed its regular form, these songs were still retained, and made an instrument of introducing some of the finest passages in the ancient plays.

The form of the theatre itself deserves some attention. In Rome there were two kinds, the simple theatre, and the amphitheatre: the one of a semi-circular, the other of an oval shape, both were uncovered at top; though the rays of the sun were generally excluded from the audiences by a covering of canvas. There were three rows of boxes for the different orders of the people; (though the number was less in Greece, on account of the constitution being more democratic, and not admitting of such a numerous division of the citizens;) and their general size may be conjectured, when it is stated; that some of them were capable of containing eighty thousand spectators. The scene, that necessary decoration of a theatre, was at one end of the building, extending from side to side, songs which were sung in his honour and was, I believe, almost, if not alto-

From this general and imperfect

presentation, we may be able to form some idea of the difference which subsists between it and our own. The immense size of the theatresthe stateliness which the Cothurnus added to the actors, and the beautiful music and poetry, which sometimes burst from the band of the Chorus, must have added to the native diggity of the drama, an air of grandeur to which we cannot aspire. In this, therefore, the ancients probably surpassed us; yet, we think, we can discover, attending them, some disadvantages which do not attach to the modern stage.

1. The Persons, or mask, and the Cothurnus; or boot; with which the actors appeared, must have had the effect of taking away all the pleasure which might be derived from the vivid and true representation of the feelings on the countenance; and from the matural and easy gestures of the body. True, indeed, the great comparative distance, at which the actor stood from the body of his andience, might have prevented them from distinguishing the play of his features, even had he been unmasked: yet this only gives additional force to our objection; and we must conclude, that the Romans were deprived of a pleasure, "the extent of which those only can appreciate, who have witnessed-how, by the glance of a Kean, the sentiments; even of a Shakespeare, are heightened and enforced.

Though we readily admit the many benefits which literature has derived from the beautiful effusions, . which the dramatist delighted to put anto the mouths of the Chorus; yet we are constrained to acknowledge, that we consider its introduction on the stage, as both unnatural and unnecessary. To suppose, that a hand example of a play in our own lan-

account of the ancient dramatic res on the spot where the scenes were transacting, whether in a house, or in the open air that these would hear the plot-stratagems laid-and crimes resolved upon-vet take no part in what was passing before them, farther than to break out, at times, into moral reflexions—is a conception, which does not appear to add much to the reality of the scene. Besides, if their office was merely to express and apply the advices and cautions, which naturally arose from the conduct and situation of the characters, might this not have been left to the minds of the spectators? confident, that if mature were poetically and truly represented, they would have been overwhelmed with the feelings and sentiments intended to be produced.

3. The strict unity of action, both in time and place, which was faithfully preserved by the ancients, seems to be another disadvantage. This they were obliged to do, by the presence of the Chorus—the difficulty of managing their scenery, and perhaps, by their taste. It has become a question, in latter times, whether our own, or the Grecian mode, is more according te nature? The truth seems to be, that neither of them have this advan-If it is unnatural, that the scene should be laid, now in this country, and again in that, it smely is also unnatural, that a great many events should not only be crowded into a small space of time; (which is the case with both modes,) but that all these should happen upon one select spot. Who can believe, that one set of actors will regularly succeed to another—that each will luckily happen to stop and discourse in the saine place—hatch their plots—and accomplish their designs, and do all this in the presence of the Chorus? An of spectators would always be placed guage, modelled upon the special

drama, may make our meaning intelligible to English readers. Addison, in his Cato; makes counsels be held -stratagems be resolved on-skirmishes and murders take place-his hero make a long and learned oration and finally, the catastrophe be developed, in the great hall of Cato's house—a succession of events, in such a place, as impossible to be credited, as the wildest and most improbable fiction. In fact, there does not appear to be any great necessity for the preservation of the unities. It is impossible that the most credulous audience can have more than a momentary feeling of belief, in the reality of the scenes before themis not as if we ourselves were engaged, we come merely as spectators—and what is necessary to interest? an acquaintance with the characters, and a convexion in the plot. I venture to affirm, that our minds are not directed to the probability, or improbability of being now in this place, and the next half hour in another: we give our whole attention to the circumstances and the acting; and if these be interesting and according to nature, we must be affected, as far as fiction can affect us. . . In general, if the ancient drama*

possessed more dignity and state, and perhaps, more probability in the plot products, on the other hand, displays the particular acts. The genius of Shakespeare has enabled us to surpass those who are our masters in all the other polite arts, and has given a distinct character to our national school.

To the Editor of the Melange.

THE BRIDAL OF DEATH

state hyant audr All Culbu

Elizabeth Ma stella was one prettiest girls in the middle ward of Lanarkshire, and possessed a sweetness of temper which made liet universally loved. Her father was a gentleman of some property-she was the only relict of his family, and consequently drew to herself all, his affection. Indeed, she may be said to have been the only human being he cared any thing about; for he had a sullen, morose temper, which repelled intimacy, and drove almost every acquaintance from his house. But the sable locks, lovely complexion, and elegant eyes of Elizabeth. overcame the obstacles which his suffen disposition offered to visitors. As she entered on her fifteenth year, his house began to be more frequented, his visitors more complaisant; and even those who were little likely to stoop to his capifice, became wonderfully accommodisting. In short, the house of Mr. M. sumed quite a different air—there was something like sociality in it. The laird himself reliabing the flattery of the young men, smoothed over his ruggedhess; and every one who knew him began to admit, that he was a better man than he seemed to be, if he was only humoured a little, r I remember of seeing Elizabeth at this time; she was certainly a lovely girl-none of your quiet prime sentimental dameds but a brisk, rompish, hearty creature; full of mirth and animal spirits, A smile somed to repose naturally upon her counten-ance, and two dark brown eyes, saining beneath full-arched, and graceful eyebrows, sparkled with life and intelligence. Her hair, of the deepest black, hung gracefully, in ringlets, over her temples; and her complexion possessed that beautiful, warm, Italian hue, which glows in the pictures of Titian. But, if her tempter was brisk and airy, she inherited, at the sametime, a depth of character, which, at first sight; no

read to constitute of the read of the read

The learned reader will observe, that the preceding account is confined exclusively to the Roman stage, and that no mention has been made of the Minus, of Philosophia and the Minus and the Min

one could imagine her to possess. When in any situation which called it forth, she exhibited the workings of a refined feeling, and could throw off the manners of a fanciful girl, to assume those of an intelligent woman. I have seen her weep at a tale of I have known her enter the distress. hats of woe to relieve the needy. I have heard, her name re-echoed affectionately, fifty times, by the poor, In short, to use the words of our divine Shakespeare, She had a heart for pity, and a hand open as day for heaven-born charity."

No wonder the laird's house began to be frequented more than usual: no wonder that the youngsters were contented to coax him to laugh at his witless jokes, and put up with his bad humour. But of the suitors of Elizabeth, there was one on whom alone her affections fixed. liam I , indeed, was a noble fellow. not that he was merely handsome in his appearance, and elegant in his mannersbut he possessed a frankness-an ingenuousness, and, at the same time, a modesty, which brightened his, other qualifications, and constituted him, in the strictest sense of the word, a gentleman. Elizabeth had scarcely attained her eighteenth year, when she fell deeply in love with this young man, and he was about four years older. But she knew the laird's disposition-she knew that with him money was every thing, and personal merit nothing; and felt convinced that his everlasting displeasure would attend any union with L However, she could not root out the passion which had taken ground in her soul-nor quench the Promethean fire which burned within it nor unclasp the stems of affection which clung around her heart. By a sacred sympathy, she felt that her own happiness centered in him. At the same time, she tried to disguise this from the laird, by an affected coldness to L, and by be-stowing all her vivacity, wit and smiles, with the the laird, more favoured lovers. But love cannot be concealed. The sigh which stole from her bosom; the flush softness of her eyes, as they glided almost unconsciously on her lover; the confusion, and eloquent silence which ensued, on a mutual glance-spoke volumes. By these tokens, the laird discovered that his daughter loved L. His sullen temper re-vived. He forbade him his bouse, and

athema if she saw him more. This com mand went like lightning to her beart. I was the first time she had met with calamity. Her fabric of bliss fell in an instant to the ground. Her visions of hap-piness floated away like a summer cloud, and she felt herself a pilgrim in the midst of dispair.

Immediately on this interruption, William's destiny led him to Jamaica, to look after his affairs, which had been unfortunately impaired by some misfortunes on that island. But ere he departed, perhaps for ever, he met with Elizabeth on the banks of the Aven. By the borders of that lovely stream, in the evening of a summer day, they met together. Grief was depicted in each countenance. They looked on each other silently, for the fulness of their hearts denied them utterance. At last the feelings of Elizabeth found vent in a flood of tears. She sobbed and fell into the arms of her lover. The winged hours flew by—the moon was up—the voice of the songsters had ceased along the Aven, and the river poured its silver tide at their feet, with a melancholy murmur. At last the hour of separation came,-'Elizabeth,' said William, 'we part now, and we may never meet again. The broad Atlantic must soon roll between us, but can its waves wash out our mutual remembrances, or tear our soul asunder? A flood of tears, which glanced in the beams of the moon, was her only answer. 'No,' he continued, 'I can see that the vows which are graven on your heart, Elizabeth, cannot be effaced—that the words you have uttered in offection, shall never be retracted—that your soul, pure and constant, shall cling to mine. But ere wer part wear this ring for my sake: when you look upon it, think that you are my best beloved. Of Elizabeth, when you look upon it, think on me, and if ever the messenger of death arrests your joy, and says, William is no more, wear it next your heart as the token of one who loved you better than life. 'No William,' said that suffused her cheek; the swimming she, returning him the ring, which he had put upon her finger, 'keen that pledge till another time. The day may yet come when you will be able to bestow it under happier auspices, when our countenances shall shine with smiles, instead of being darkened with tears, and when you may call me something else than your betrothed bride. chreatened Elizabeth with his perpetual an- | Keep it, William, till that happy day, when

my father's anger is wiped away, when our bridal may be solemnized not in the gloom of a parent's anger, butin the light of his con-Keep it till then, for that happy day shall assuredly arrive, if we are blessed with years. Then, William, present the token to me, and claim my promse. As sure as the eye of Eternity is now upon us, it shall be fulfilled. Beneath the rocks that gird this mysterious solitude-beneath that moon which lightens up so sadly the glen of Aven. In the presence of whatever unseen forms now behold us and hear us, I pledge my vow, and it shall be fulfilled.'

After the departure of William L. Elizabeth's spirits sustained a fatal shock. The bright sparkling of her eyes disappeared-they became dim, heavy and anrious. 'The beauty of her complexion faded into a pallid hue-her cheeks turned wan and sunken. The symmetry of her form, and that exquisite proportion which delighted all eyes, began to be lost. stead of the light, airy, brisk step, which attended all her movements, she trembled when she walked, and degenerated apace into a mere shadow of what she had been. Cough the heavy eye-the hectic flushthe blanched lips - succeeded in their turns. Every body said that pretty Elizabeth Mwas in a consumption. But where were her spirits which sported about her so gaily? where the light, open heartedness, the vivacity, the wit, the smiles which she showered forth in delightful profusion? These were all gone, yet none knew why; although, had the tears which bedewed her sleepless pallow been witnessed, they would have shewn, that at the heart lay the complaints. Poor Eliza! before others she never wept, nor spoke her sorrow, nor said she was ill, but her utter change of spirits-her frequent sighs, and her spectral form, told a tale which could not be concealed.

Her father alone knew the secret of her soul, and felt remorse for his harshness; but it was too late; destruction had done its worst. He longed, with insufferable anxiety, for the return of I _____ to arrest its progress. , at length, did arrive, after an absence of two years; but his approach could not shatch that form from the grave, which was opening to receive it.

When Elizabeth was warned of this event she fainted away. Then a flush rose upon her pale countenance, like a beam on the valley of death—a smile them from the melancholy, yet romantic crossed her lips, and her beart palphtated union which they desired, but their minds

our souls shall dissolve in one. Keep it till with a transfert rapture. For a moment she was happy but when she contellplated her emaciated form—the ravages which disease had made there-and the short step which lay between her and eternity, her happiness passed away, and she felt that slie was indeed miserable. But what were William's feelings on beholding this sad spectacle? In the pride of youthful beauty—an angel of loveliness he had left her, but he found her a shadow, disrobed of all her charms, save that immortal beauty, inspired by love and hope, over which disease has no command. His heart was blasted at the sight-his eyes swam-he fell insensibly at her feet -he dreamed that what he beheld was a vision, but he awoke to find it a sad reality Elizabeth stretched forth her hand to him. Do not weep for me, William, I shall leave you only for a season. I am going to a country, where the bride shall not mourn the absence of the bridegroom, nor the bridegroom, the departure of the bride. Farewell, dearest-best beloved." Think often on Elizabeth M-, when she is away. Think how she lived and died for you, but mourn her not, for she is happy. The unfortunate youth could only sob in a burst of agony. He pressed her slender hand to his lips-he bedewed it with At length, the irrepressible tide of affection found way in words. "Eliza." said he, 'you remember the banks of the Aven, where you vowed to be mine-where you told me, that this ring when exhibited was to be the token, which would make us one. Let your vow be now fulfilled, and, in this place, before we are parted from earth, let it receive its indissoluble seal from the hands of the man of God. As Elizabeth looked on the ring, her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity; but when she remembered the time, the place, and the occasion of this pledge, she wept hit-William placed it on her finger, kissed her, and said, 'You are mine mine for ever.' But as she turned down her hand, the ring dropped off. The emaciated finger could not fill up even its small cir-Elizabeth observed this, and shook her head. William remarked it also, and called to mind how lovely and full of health she was two years before how thin now, and warn out, when the ring, which are fitted then, dropped from her finger.

were fixed, and they were married by the parish minister. It was a sad sight to witness the pale, consumptive form of Elizabeth robed in the bridal garments but whoever looked on the pensive inelancholy of that still lovely face, could see an expression more than earthly, and a spirit of hope and virtue, which aspired beyond the tomb. An evanescent flush came across her countenance, as she joined hands with her lover. It was the last which, in this world, she ever wore. She died eight days after the marriage. | Nor did William I survive her long, for, under a cloud of insupportable sorrow, he went once more to Jamaica, and fell a victim to the yellow fever three weeks after his arrival purities and of manage assiles state to only and many of

and absent fill and Mclange.

Sin Liwas somewhat surprised to observe, in your last number, a letter, purporting to be an answer from Miss A to her admirer, and your humble servarit, John Ogle. As this correspondent has, in pretty round tarms, denied my claim to my own name and family, I think it but fair to retaliste upon her, by assuring her that she is not the Miss. Ato whom L was addressing myself; and that I am sorry, for her sake, that so much good nature, and good write ing, as she has exhibited in her unlucky attempt at appropriation, should have been thrown away.

manner, so as to have prevented any blunder like the one into which this lady has fallen; but, at the same time, I conceived that the whole tenor of the letter was such, as might have bindered any, save the young and heautiful of our congregation, from suspecting themselves to be so specially interested. You will be surprised, then, to hear, that the lady who is so coy and maidenly upon the

subject, and who seems so desirous of freezing me by her disdain, is one who is already considerably advanced in years, and whose features and carriage are quite sufficient of themselves, without the aid of her pen, to revel all my approaches. To spoak plainly, Sir, I have always been of opinion, that she was not a native of this climate. And I remember, when she first made her appearance amongst us; a wag of my acquaintance conjectured, that she had been sent here by some of our Missionaries abroad, as a living testimony of the great progress which Christianity was making in foreign The incorrect and broken parts. manner in which she writes the English language, confirms, in some de-

the disingenuity of which she is guilty in referring to, and quoting from, a private letter, which she pretends to have received from me, along with the number containing my epistle, is containly not of this country's growthum.

It may be, however, that some mischievous dog, had thought upon this method of imposing upon the yanity of my unsuspecting correspondent, and had enclosed to her the number in question, together with a card, wherein he made mention of his 'palpitatory bosom; but if this was so, it did not say much for the prudence of the wit, if he knew that he was dealing with a lady of so ticklish and irratible a temper. It is fortunate, however, that matters have turned out in the way that they have done; for, if she but taken it into her head to have been a little more yielding, I might have laid my account with being beazed in no very enviable a manner in a but de Aboloni

I am, Sir,

Your most obt. st.

JOHN OGLE.

THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE PLAYER,

Of Argues, in Normandy.

Rising above the trees which envelope Arques, la village about a league in distance from Dieppe, in Normandy, the ruins of a old castle eatch the eye, and the vividness with which the scene of supwards two centuries gone is brought before us. is checked by the view of the crumbling fragments of the once powerful fortress, that strong hold from whose embrasures, the Hugonot cannon did such execution on the forces of the League in September, 1589. The illusion lasts no longer. The hand of Time is felt to be more powerful than the touch of Fancy, and we sink into the contemplation of the sober reality around us.

I wound my way up an eminence on which the old towers totter to decay: and, passing under the broken archway, which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound that forms the busement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these ruins gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting-place on which a guilty mind might prepare first its flight to virtue.

while I stood musing in the

માં∂્રે રાહ∙

came faintly towards me breathing a. tone of such peculiar and melting expression, as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued; the strain then changedfrom sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence, that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader; and I thought of the passage in Smith's 'Nympholept, where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm. fancies he hears the pipe of that sylvane; deity.

I descended the hill towards the . village, in a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warblings ceased. . It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunts: The. Gothic church, on my right, assorted well with the architecture of the scattered houses around. On every hand. a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms and fretworks stamped the place with an hir of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of talk trees formed a decoration of verdant, yet solemn beauty!

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, 'I thought,' as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half a dosen children gamboled on the grass-plat in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among open air, where the scent comes and these objects to discover the musicial. igdes, like the warbling of music, and not willing to disturb my pleased and neither wished nor wanted other sensations; by common-place quesmelody, the soft sounds of a flute tionings, I wandered about looking

ويتبنج بمرائمين وأي بوني ونبيج الأناباء

^{*} Lord Bacon's Essays of and at and moore to de la contra and mardiole i en real

in management as in the street for the street in the stree every antiquated desement. Eronting the church and almost close to its westerni saidesi atamatuhed nochtzhnoo caught my particular attention, from its old, iveb perfect workmarching and I stopped to examine it; theoring accessional glances through the trollinworks in the middle of the gate, which gene a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was sinanged in squares of garden; and a venerable old man was busily employed in watering some flowers. A nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms: two others were playing near her; and close at hand was a man, about thirty years: of nage, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concoaled from me: but he observed me, and immediately left the others, and walked down the gravel path to acedd me. I read his intention in his hobits, and stood still. As he advanced from his concealed position, I sam that his left leg was a wooden one-phis right was the perfect model Apollonio grace. His right arm was conclosed wared towards mehis left was wanting. He was bareheaded, and his surled brown hair showed a forehead that Spurzheim would have kimbst worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty, his mustachois, military jacket, and tight entalpon, with red edging, told that be was not - curtailed of man's fair proportion, by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of spology on my part, and invitation on this, ended in my accompanying him showers the house; and, as I shifted from his left side to his right, to offer two of my arms to his party one. I

saw a smile on the countemance of the pretty wife, and another on that of heat old fathers and my good footing with the family was scoured. 126We surceed the shalls in large blocks anti-rooms with three or felw ald portraits mould and ing on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry and unaccomes panied butothen comments. We them passed to the sight, into unispeciona chamber: which meanings nordoubes the gorgeously decorated swithdesswings room of some proudly titled occupied The nability of its present tenant in of a different kind, and its formitien confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corners cuplicatele and a secretaire. A. Spanish guitait was suspended to a hook preriable Gothic merble mantel-piece a fiddle lay on one table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a nort of wooden vice, into which was sorowed a flute, of concert size, with three finger-bolet and eleven brass keys; but of a cons struction sufficient to puzzle Montane and the very opposite of these said instruments desribed by Homesu and

Aspirare et adesse choris crat utilia sego line Nondum spissa nimis complere sedifia datum

It is useless to make a mysteres what the reader has already divisione my one-legged, one-armed hour man the owner of this complicated machine and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had cannot me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished, but perhaps incredulous public; the his good right hand was the issue and simple one that bored and policie ed the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which united the joints, and accomplish the entire artangement of the instrument, unrivalled, I must believe, in ingenuity and berfections butters.

from his left adde to his right, to offer Being but an indifferent satisfiations of may arms to his only one, I and worse methodical shall not up

compt minutely to describe the pecus thus deprived of the best enjoyment liarities of the musicular the manager of his dife, he was almost distracted; ment of the flute, as the maker and In the feverish sleep, snatched at indi performer /ran lover, with his four tervals from suffering, he used come miraculous fingers, some of the most stantly to dream, that he was listening difficult solos in Verne's and Berbin to delicious concerts in which he was; greet's compositions, which lay ton the as he had been wont to principal per-I table before him with Nothing could be more true, more tasteful, or more surprising, than was his execution -- nothing more picturesque on interesting than his figures as he bent down to the instrument as if in devotion to his art. It listened for more than an hour. as his mellow and silvery tones were schood from the lofty walls of his chamber, and returned by vibrations from the guitar which seemed as articly delighted as myself, for it 'discoursed must eloquent music.'

54 This extraordinary man is a halfment colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. habbe-received their summary amputations by two quick-sent cannon shots at the battle of Dresden. I believe. Since he was disabled, he has lived in

his present retirement.

passing rich on fifty pounds a year; and heppy is it for him that Nature endowed him with a tasteful and mephanical minds (race combinations,) whilevil Arth furnished him, with that knowledge of music without, which his different and there been a burden. Anda not donsider myself at liberty, to lighter-integration minuties of his eventful Maryal which he talk with a naivette and andour mough to have charmed m decontil Desdemona.... But with regard oto his fluterplaying he actually brought the moisture into my eyes by the touching manner in which he recounted bis despair, on discovering shat he had lost his arm the leg was in scient parison a storthless, and impregretted members althogoda not to be speak resterated , the posts speaketh poldizithetishes with participant and participant in participation of the participant and participant in partic

former: Strains of more than partisty harmony seemed sometimes floatney round him, and his own flute was every the leading instrument. Frequently at moments of the greatest delightw some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of those sylphs, perhaps the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had suapt the cord that strung the visioned joyso He awoke in ecstasy ... the stoneserio brated for a while upon his brain; abaty recalled to sensational by a artical soft bodily pain and mental agout, his isse efficient stump gave the lie directions all his dreamy paradises and other date lant and mutilated soldien webt like aw infant for whole hower tokethert the might make a fortune, & think, if and would visit England and appearance public performer subutulhishpinds for bids this, and heremains it Adquesto to show to say visiton unusual polodie of talent, ingentity, and philosophery

his left was wanting. He na headed, and his worled brown showed a forchead that Source. PYESIAND PORTER-HOW features werened chiman | Argonte. Litmustachois, military jack quarte re

ARGUMENT The ipock aparter phizeth Nine is o'glock - speaketh off long looked for come at lasting Brefesseth to love a hell, met bas Rolld. mind ye, - wishes joy to actoundertalketh, like many, otherdubeonte out A short interlocuti ... cor lawall.

The Glosgom youther have vesicall their veherecters verpel de boi-date papaint made rations that bolic words burning it per-of-regarding myon morning and tass and as him Nine o'clock, the hour of shutting up in the state of the ١,

, Speaketh of being in labour -- 'the sun goes to bed' then; then, then ' Mutton Pres, of delicate make, all hot - eating and drinking - Porter from the butt'- the summum of M. L. W. all happiness.'

' Wise, like whys'- Quantum suff '- ' out' and ' in'- ' O Pyes and Porter, Pyes and Porter O!

Hail, nine o'slock! the long, long-wish'd-for hour Of shutting shop! Hark, how the full-toned bell, With lingering solemness, the long hour tolls ! O! when thou clappest nine, I love thee, bell, With allithy solemness; and joy I wish To him who made thee ever for the sweet news Which thou, when striking nine, dost tell to me. Attend, ye youths of Glasgow-writer's clerks, Or mercurimen, or whateco'er may be Your occupation, calling, character! Attend the strain, in which your poet will, With all supreme with wonder working wit, Make known to you a greet and glorious set Of reasons, emblems of man's wisdom! which Make Aim, and you yourselves, perhaps, Like sine o'cleck, the hour of shutting up! Lab'ring all day with packing stick or pen, With head, or feet, or tongue, or hand, or naught How tited are we of working, at the time When the stars rise, and the sun goes to bed! Then, then, also; then, then's the time, ye youths When Mitton Pyes, of delicate make, are hot! And. O to cut them so, and to drink then, From pewter pot, fine Porter from the butt, Most surely is the summum of all happiness! These are the reasons, these the wise-like ' whye,' Which make me love aye the ninc striking bell ! There's quantum suff. of them-think ye not so? Yes,-And the hour is past, the shars are on; Unt is the Gas, and we want go, or elec In shall be lock'd-

Away! the Pyes are hot, The Berris running in the Peuter Pot. Away, away! and dong as ye do go, O Pycs and Porter, Pycs and Porter O! 1234567890

تحييك بالرحيمانون ni free out to April Hamilton Bear

PLEASURES of RECOLLECTION.

To the Editor of the Melange.

The pleasures of recollection, though perhaps not so varied as those of imagination, are yet, as, exalted in their nature. to our religious feelings and hopes, the mind freshens at the eight of the

we place the pleasing thought spending the declining years of lafe amidet those scenes that delighted our younger days. Fanfrem home. in a strange country, the mind gloves at the night of a prospect, which bears a pesemblance to those views that suprounded the objects of our earliest . recollections You may mingle with feelings of peculiar delight, in the society of strangers ; but you enter the company of your countrymens, whom accident or choice has assembled in a stranger's country, with spirit and enthusiasm. Faces that you mever saw before are greeted in the kindliest tone in the friendliest voice and in the cheering words of welcome. ... The conversation is home. Occurrences that formerly had but little intainers. importance, become valuable from the places in which they fell out. This company is a band of brothers, whom distance has endeared to cach other by the tenderest ties of nature. Here, we revise and give utterance to those passages of early life which were, ouiginally, either amusing or distressing. Our hearts are nourished by the semembrance of the past. And here, we emoy, in recollection, what formerly imparted but a slender pleasure. If you should have occasion to our haul your trunk—this pair of Bible. I got from my mother my sieter gave me these neokcloths this is her marking on my shirts ... and .. this broach she used to wear --- my brother bought this case of rances this pocket-book was my father's 1 and me uncle made a present of this watch to me. For hours together, you take pleasure in reviewing the contests of your trunk; and every time you mil turn to it, some one object, or me. other, recals forcibly to your mind a train of the most pleasureable ideas. Next Should yout pass on year after year,

same objects new trains of thought are suggested -- new recollections arise. They take fast hold of the soul; and breast of the patriot, and that makes they become the joy and the rejoicing of your heart.

Your return home after a long absence. The aspect of the town and the country is changed. The recollections of past days are, however, the subjects you take most delight in talking of. You ask for this person and that. You are told they are dead. Then you remember some interesting occurrence, in which you and they were concerned. He is dead! you say, when died he? had a strong liking to him. I met once with a good-hearted fellow, to whom I was very much attached on account of a similarity of character. I am sorry for him.

You avail yourself of the first opportunity of perambulating those soenes which delighted you, in recollection, when far distant. You visit the places that in youth you frequented. Their presence recals many an interesting occurrence, many an amasing past-time, and many a froliceome diversion. The eddying pool where you learned to swim-the fields in which you used to chase the butterfly, and the wild-hes-the woods and hedges in which you had discovered the nest of the limet, and of the black-bird the streamlets from which were wont to take the timorous treat, and the lake on which you, in the winter season, had learned to shate... These are the places that delighted you in recollection. saunter among them with more heartfelt emjoyment, than all the fields of Elysium have ever produced. The beauties of your birth-place never lose their power to charm. Call all this, Mr. Editor, a delusion, if you choose; it is a delusion to which I yield with-

stitution, and it is a part of yoursit is this delusion that animates the every one fond of prolonged existence. and this delusion is a consolation fondly to be indulged.

He made note not be a section Margae to Anderston Walk, 5th Nonember, 1822.

A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Hove out of Portsmouth, on board, the Britannia Fly, a swift sailor-an outside birth-rather drowsy first watch or two-like to have slipt off the stern—cast anchor at the George -took a fresh quod, and a supply of grog-comforted the upper-worksspoke several homeward-bound frigates on the road-and, after a tolerable smooth voyage, entered the port of London at ten minutes past five, post meridian-steered to Nan's lodge ings-unshipt my cargo-Nan admired the shiners—so did landlord gave them a handful a-piece-empticd a bottle of the right sort with landlord, to the health of Lord Nelson-all three set sail for the play-got a birth. in the cabin to the larboard sidewanted to smoke a pripe, but the boats swain would not let me-Nan called the play Pobsaro; with Harilkin Hamilet—but d— me, if I knew stern from stern-remember to rig out Nan, like the fine folks in the cabin right a-head—saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck-hailed him—the signal returned—some of the lubbers in the cock pit began to laugh -Tipt them a little forecastle lingo till they sheered off-emptied the grog hottle-fell fast asleep udreams of the battle of Camperdown-univ lands lord told me the play was over light of it crowded all sail for a trackriet out a grudge-it is a part of my con- concli-got on board-requally weather

inter inclined to be sea sick warfived at Nam's lodgings angave the pilot a two pound note, and told him not to mind the change supped with Nan? and swang in the same hammock -Ilooked over my thing in the mornhigh great deal of it to be sure but Phope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling of it in a little time, to the honour and glory of old England. will promise the same of the

CRITIQUE ON CERTAIN PASSAGES OF

ed laum en mest be

in, but it is extremely

DAE , COPARADISE LOST. Every person of taste, who has read this immortal poem, must have risen from the perusal with sentiments of profound admiration. The grandeur of the subject, the astonishing fertility of invention—the daring flights of fancy, and the heavenly spirit which prevades the whole—have stamped it, not merely as the first of British poems, but as one of the greatest intellectual performances ever atcheived by the mind of man. But, in this poem so honourable to Milton, and to the country which gave him birth, there are a thousand faults intermingled with its beauties, and a thousand omissions and inconsistencies, which a lesser, but more correct genius, would have avoided. These errors, in truth, are attached to every man of great original mind. They are mingled like weeds in a garden of flowers, and stand up as foils or reliefs, to the more beautiful objects which surround them. There, is not, a page of Shakespeare or Homer without blemishes of this description ... Eyen when the minds of these divine writers are elevated on the pinions of the highest genius, freemanations, and squremind ust that lies in its briefingers speness, lintelligido

with all their diving cloquence, they are nothing more than men. The endless compass of Milton's genius the world of imagery with which his mind was stored, and his acquaintance with every species of literature, have proved, in many instances, more than a match for his filldment, leading him away into digressions which his admirable taste would have enabled him to avoid. This is nowhere more remarkable than in his speeches. The beauty of some of these have obtained universal applause, but the tediousness, pedantry, and prolixity of others, are justly liable to censure: witness that of the angel Raphael to Adam; Book V. line 404 et seq." In that beautiful hymn, from which Thomson, a century after, took the idea of this no less beautiful one to the Seusoins. Adam speaks of the fixed stars, the planets, and other circumstances, the too removed from his sample know ledge.

There is a curious conceil in Book V. line 215 et seq.

To wash ber either aber speller and the bridge of the remarkingable arms, and with her bridge of the december of the bridge of t

After all, conceits of this kind: are: not unfrequent, and produce is very incongruous figure in such a dignified: poem as Paradise Lost : Milionshar undoubtedly a wonderful genius he: amplification; but the exercise of this. faculty, it must be admitted, rather excites admiration at his fertility, than: any real feeling of pleasure. - In him. similes, the main objects are frequently: noble; but by amplifying and marating: circumstances connected with the seben jects assimilated; he is aptited tire the memory, and prevent us from perquisit ing, at one glance, the time mixture of quent bursts of serror and absurdity his companisona. In We are told by all it break forth to spoil the parity of their critics, that the power of every timele to blotiess and power-thetait!should strike us at one glance-and not merely enoble; but as it were, illustrate the subject of The Onionia similes ate every where of this description --- so are the gublimest comparisons of the sacred waitings ... so are those, of almost every great poet Milton must be allowed to stand an eminent exception; but his singularity is to be made no rule for imitation nor does it, in any degree, affect the soundness of the remark. that every simile to be strong, should be short and simple. The complexity of Milton's comparisons is not their beauty, but their fault. They are great amidst all their expansion, and would undoubtedly be greater, if they were of a simpler kind.

The following is a very striking illustration, book I. line 301.

* The legions, single-forms that lay entranced, Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks Th' Valferibrosa, where the Enviran shades ligh eyes-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge Afloat, when with florce winds Orion arm'd Hath yex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waveso'erharris and his Memphian cavalry.'

In the first place, we are here apt to forget the objects to which the multitude of his followers are compared. Not contented with comparing them to 16 automnal leaves, he says, they were "thick as autumnal leaves that specialities brooks in Vallombross, where Ethurian shades high overarch'd imhow'r. This last circumstance has little connection with the objects of comparison, leaves. therefore amplifies the scene, and, by an over-gorgeousness of objects, distracts the mind, as to the one body compared to the other. remerle applies to the introduction of the Red Sea and of Busins, and his Memphism earthy, with other circumobvious; that they cleg the compari-laster delights. The first of inose's

son, weeken its force, and render it difficult, to be understood. / Upless a similatis nomprehended at conco. its magin is broken instead, of enlight tening, the mind, it spreads, over it nothing but mustery and confusion. There, is hardly, an author, regainst whom so many charges of the same kind may be brought. If in many cases, the circumstance alluded to produces an agreeable effect, and sifting all, it enhances, in our opinion, the authors fertile fancy, yet we must be allowed to say, that it is extremely liable to weaken the main object water draw off too much the attention, and weary it by searching for the real bearing of the passage. Besides such clipping down is often inconsistent with the fervour, and conveys an illeaof the poet rather purposely expanding his subject than composing, as Milton undoubtedly did, under the very inspiration of poetry.

It may be observed," that poems! which interest the passions chiefly, are more generally read and tenshed than those which touch the imagina? Almost every one has a heart capable of understanding appeals dividenced to it but every one has how that brilliancy of fancy which can follow after, and relish the ideal flights of imagination. Fancy and passion are different faculties. Offen they are found blended powerfully in one mind-but sometimes they are com?" pletely separated—each exercising? unrivalleled empire. Hence the" grand division of poetry into that of fancy and pasions. The former, with The same and varied, is the product of a mind? glowing with imagery and invention. The latter issues purely from a warm, ardent heart - brings home every thing stances which follow after these. Now to our bosom, and makes us witheres! these drewery beautiful, when ab of feelings we ourselves have offen? strictedly considered t but it is quite felt. The former sitomshes the - nearly allied to the epic, the historio great phenomena of nature. Now all the tragic Muse." We seklem indeed these conjectures seem to be insuffifind as author, who has the one in clear to explain convulsions so extenany considerable degree without the sive; produced at the same time over other. Anothe same time we must observe, that the loftiest of the faculties is that of imagination. There is absolutely no part of the first order of the enly one which seems to us to genius who has it not in a high degree. The most splendid images of poetry—the intricacy of every situation, and the spell which binds the whole, are all brought about by the play of a vigorous fancy. But this talent, the prerogative of genius, is denied in any potency to more humble minds, whose powers are rather strong than comprehensive, and exercise themselves with vigour, though in a narrow range. Whence we may saccount for the fact, that the greatest poets please less, universally, than those of a secondary order, and that the pages of Milton can be perused, by many persons of strong minds and acute feelings, only as a task in which the judgment is bowildered and lost, in a maze of incomprehensible grandeur.

" EARTHQUAKES.

Jun 11

M. Biot, in a paper on earthquakes, which he lately made public, concludes with the following passage:- 'In the infancy of Chemistry and Natural . Philosophy, it was imagined that earthquakes might be easily explained: in proportion as these sciences have become more correct and more profound, this confidence has decreased. by a propensity for which the character of the human mind sufficiently accounts, all the new physical agents which have been successively discovered, such as electricity, magnetism, the inflamation of gases, the decomposition and recomposition of water, have been maintained in theories as the causes of the

such large portions of the earth, as those which take place during earthquakes. The most probable opinion, reconcile, in a certain degree, the energy, the extent of these phenomena, and often their frightful correspondence in the most distant countries of the globe, would be to suppose, conformable tomany other physical indications, that the solid surface on which we live is but of inconsiderable thickness in comparison with the semi-diameter of the terrestrial globe; is in some measure only a recent shell, covering a liquid nucleus, perhaps still in a state of ignition, in which great chimical or physical phenomena, operating at intervals, cause those agitations which are transmitted to us. The countries where the superficial crust is less thick or less strong, or more recently or more imperfectly consolidated, would, agreeably to this hypothesis, be those the most liable to be convulsed and broken by the violence of those internal explosions. "Now, if we compare together the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which have been made for some years past with great accuracy, from the north of Scotland to the south of Spain, we readily perceive, that the intensity gravitation decreases on this space, # we go from the Pole towards the Equator, more rapidly than it ought to do upon an ellipsoid, the concentric and similar strate of which should have equal densities at equal depths; and the deviation is especially sombible about the middle of France, where too there has been observed a striking if regularity in the length of the degree of the Earth. This bout decrease of gravity in these countries should seem

to indicate, with some probability, sound for the existence of the numerthat the strata near the surface must ous volcanos of which these strata be less dense there than elsowhere, show the traces, and explain why and perhaps have, in their interior, they are even now, at intervals, the

irmmense cavities. This would ac- focus of subterraneous consulsions?

PORTRY

·~~

Tune .- The Garrey O.

I looked long at thy window love.
This sweet lovely glance to see my love,
The escaling sun on thy mindow shone.
The escaling sun on thy mindow shone.
And I thought for a while it was thee my love;
But when thou cam's: with a smile my love,
A smile that is just thine own my love.
The sun at thy sight willidrew his clear light,
And left thee shining alone my love;

Then, O, give a smile to me my love!
Who often has sighted for thee my love,
And, my days, though o'creast with misforbs
keen blast,

appear bright noonshine to me my love. The sun shines bright at his parting love, When he kisses the western wave my love ot the sun's bright ray at departing of day. Was never so lovely as thee my love.

····· bi # 4··· TO POVERTY.

The not that look of anguish bathed in tears, O, poverty! the haggard image wears— The not those familabed limbs, naked and bare, To the bleak tempest's rains, or the keen air, Of winter's piercing winds, nor that sad eye

The not that voice, whose agonizing tale,
Might turn the purple tear of grandeur pale,
Nor all that bost of woes thou bringest with thee,
Incose contempt, disdain and contumely,
That bid me call the fate of those forlorn,
Who neath thy rule oppression sigh and mourn.

But chief, relentless power! thy hard controul, Which to the earth bends low the aspiring soul; Thitse iron grass—thy fetters drear, which bind Each generous effort of the struggling mind.

Alas! that genius, melancholy flower, Scarce spening yet. to even's aucturing shower, Should, by thy pittless and cruel dooms Written; are nature smiles upon her blooms; That innocence, touched by the deadening wand, Should pine, nor know one outstretched hand!

For this, O poverty! for them I sigh, The halpless victims of thy tyranny. For this, I call the lot of those severe Who wander 'mid thy baunts and pine unheeded there QUIS.

-->

har THE MANIAC.

This varnal fitish of spring had fled the woods, Summer had shed his fragrance, and was gone, Brown settime had discharg'd his thunder-clouds, And winter's winding sheet o'er all was thrown.

The post lark had circumserib'd his flight; No nert was heard his waithling, epic lay; The pastigal limits gray hig loves the clight, And sung no more his amours from the spray.

A dreary winter-day had op'd and cros'd; The pale moon-beams were struggling through the

sky,
And, by their dismal flittire light, expos'd
A scene of awful horror to my eye.

Twas new the margin of a brawling brook, "Now wax'd a torrent with the melted spow; Its muranurs south'd me, like a passive look, On man's vicinsitudes of joy and woo.

On a rude rock, which overhing the stream,
A human figure stood, and upward gar'd;
His face, now lighted by a pale moun-beam,
Express d a soul un-ingd, and senses crar'd.

He seem'd to muse upon the deep-blue sky, The silver twinklers, or some pessing cloud gardy.

Then downward would be cast his vacant eye.

And wildly gaze upon the dashing flood.

When the loud wind sung low, I heard him moutre Of cruel fortune, and her wanton ways; His heart, with filt-required love, did burn; And poverty had darken d his few days,

He sum'd up all his catalogue of woe, And beat his breast, and bade the world adjen! I Then couch'd, to spring into the stream below of When, from the shade, to save the wretch I fire.

I sprung, and sies'd him, and he shrick'd aloud and with a maniac laugh, and fearful leap. He dash'd me with him in the conting flood: Self-safety hade no leave him in the deep.

A drooping willow lent a friendly hand, And say'd me from a cold, untimely grave; And when, with one strong bound, I gain'd the land, I saw the maniac sink beneath the wave.

Painley, 2d Dec. 1822.

SONG.

To -

My Arst breath of love was holy to thee, My young dream of bliss was thine; And the wreaths thou hast wovb round my heart's young tree, No blast shall e'er untwine.

For scarce had I seen thy soul-speaking eye, For states and a seen the sound me spun, when its charms were round me spun, And the seal was set by the spirit on high, That they no'er should be undone.

But the fetters of gold which were flung round my Were the free chains of holiest lowe; product And the magical hand that the bright links can

Must have power from the spirit above.

The mantle of bliss which envelop d me round, But angel hands could weave; And its diamond classe shall be only unbound, to When this breast has ceas'd to heave. and the state of the state of the state of the state of

hand in the committee of the

Digitized by Google

SONG.

TO ADA

Ale, I've lov'd thee, -fair Ada, my thee, But time thou hast told me will change my first love, It may change ;- but it cannot impair. Years have past and disprov'd what was faithful said.

while the young spirit strengthened end gree And manting in ferrour, exultingly prayed, That the presage might still prove univoe.

Thou art blooming and gay, her young Ade youth

youth
I have gast on sensething sheet time;
Thy dark eye burn bright, with the lightning of
And pure as the snow-drop's thy brow.
By that brow which is pure as the snow-drop of

spring,
By that eye which adds lustre to mine;
To the akag of love my life's off'ring I bets
Abb voe & hall over be thine.

VARIETIES.

CHARACTERISTIC TAXTS - A stranger, passing a Greek church, asked a sailor whom he met, what those figures were, at the west front? to which the sailor answered, ' The twelve Apostles,' How the devil can that be, replied the other, when be there is but six of them. D-n your eyes,' said the sailor, ' would you have them all upon deck at once.'

Sonia. The people of Sonia, it is said, were obliged to carry burdens of white sesis said from the heach to Banza Congo, 150 Transles distant, to form pleasant walks to the y royal residence. This at last so exaspereted the Sonia men, whose warlike and independant spirit is feared and respected hy all the neighbouring nations, that they confeeded their weapons in the burdens of fr sand, and avenged themselves of the indig-... bity put on them, by plundering the city and killing many of the King's people.— Many wonderful stories are told of the courage and ferocity of the Sonia men. When one of them is taken prisoner, which, ose is admitted, very soldom happens, he en-

80.4. 1.

deavours to exasperate his perhaps impleaable enemy, by requesting that he may be dispatched with his own clean weapon, and not with his captor's dirty one. A plain insinuation that no quarter is given,

MONKEYS. - The number and variety of the monkey species, in these countries, is beyond conception. Myriads of a small black kind, with white breasts, about the size of a cat, assemble every merning on the lofty trees overhanging the brink of the Congo, in the neighbourhood of Gysterhaven and Maccatola, to drink. times, it is amusing enough to observe with what celerity they make their retreat, causing the woods to resound with their chattering, at the report of a musket. On the highest trees they generally build their nests, which, in form and construction, resemble those of the magpie, but are much larger, and made of dry grass. trance is a round bole in the side. The upper part is covered with grass to a considerable height, to keep out the rains.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTAL

The Laundress will appear soon. Milion and Thomson have written so well on the subject on which Quis has energed, that high highest cannot be invited.

hication cannot be instreed.

All with the behaps it little more bronze into John Bailfild's countenance scon.

First chain of Glasgow has been road. The poem, we appose, will contain 120 Standa.

As the Johnston of Glasgow has been road. The poem, we appose, will contain 120 Standa.

As the Johnston of Glasgow has been road. The poem, we appose, will contain 120 Standa.

As the Johnston of Contain the Standard of the present Month, we cannot meddle with the Management of the first, we will be happy in giving it to the world.

We cannot several the Woodland.

We all S we would gladly give a place to; but there are some strange inconsistences, for management of the standard of Contains of Conta

sanot actourit. If he would call, we would point them out.

No. 3. Rambles, in Cumbridged, apecame to hand.

We have hid attention to A. B. C. D. we would wish him to postpone his Sketches of Britise will be a supposed to him. The control of the second of the lighter places will be well by the need to any we are obliged to him.

By the collisis Tunky Craib is unavoidably postponed.

Evil destiny in our next.

Printed published and sold, every Wednesday, by G BORGE PURVIS & Co. fuccessors by Tak.

Lycoum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, not paid, may be addressed to the Lycoum Court, Nelson Street; where communications protecting the Books of the Frincipal Residuals to Mr. Graftin, Bubble Library, Hotcheson Street; at the Books of the Frincipal Residuals of the following Booksellers; John Histor, Graenoux; Jobest Mathies, Rimarnock; Malcolm Curie, 1st Company; Design, Apr. Residuals of the Residual R

LITERARY MIEILANGIE 2

DR,

Wicekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

SKRIA MIXTA JOCIS."

EDNESDAY, 18th DEC. 1822.

Price 31d.

ÖRIGIN OF PAPER MONEY. Translated from the French of Julius Klaproth; as read by him to the Asiatic Society, in their sitting of 1st October,

The celebrated traveller, Marco Paulo, of Venice, was the first pereen who announced to Europe the existence of paper money in China, under the Moguls. It was subsequently introduced, by the Moguls, into Persia, where their notes were called djanu. or djaw, a word evidently derived from the Chinese word Adain:

The fact of the Moguls having, in China and Persia, made use of paper inoney, has induced many authors to suppose that they were the inventors of it. The celebrated Schloetzer, of Cottingen, for instance, has published and dissertation under the following title, 'The Moguls, Inventors of Paper Money in the 13th Century.' This learned man, however, would the palace.

China, composed from the Chinese authorities, by P. Gaubil, and published in the year 1739, about 60 years before M. Schloetzer wrote his work. In this history he speaks of the suppression of the paper money. which was in use under the dynasty of the Soung, who reigned in China previous to the Moguls; and he also mentions a new species of notes, which were substituted for the ancient In the year 1264, by the minister Kin-The original financial speszu-tao. culation of the Chinese ministry, to provide for the extraordinary expenditure of the state, which was exceeding the revenues, was in the year 119 before the Christian sera, under the reign of the Emperor Ou-ti, of the great dynasty of Haul. At this neriod were introduced the phipi, or value in skins. These were small pieces of the skin of deer, which were kept in a pan, within the precincts of They were a Chinese have avoided such an error, if he had square foot in size, and were beauti-Berused the 'History of Tchinghlz- fully ornamented with painting and khan, and of the Mogul Dynasty in embroidery. Every prince or gran-

The Chinese character is composed of kiu, metal, and chao, little; and is thus intended to signify the want of specie. It is very remarkable, that the Chinese use this word, also, when they wish to convey the idea of taking any thing by force, or robbing enother person of his property.

imperial family who wished to pay Souries who ascended the throne in court to the 'Emperor; of Who were the year 960, 'Christian æra, allowed invited to any public deteniony traders to deposit their money, and or depast in the balace, were obliged even their goods, in the imperial treato cover with one of these skins; the suries, and gave them in exchange is tablette which they held before their note which was called plantlistan; or faces in presence of the son of heaven. convenient money. These notes were The minister of the household had eagerly sought after, in consequence fixed the price of these skins at a surf equal in English money to about quantity of paper money in circulation this price in the palace, and amongst ver; and in the year 1021, the quanthe Mobiles; but it does not appear tity was increased to 3,000,000 ounces. that they were ever used in trade, or It was in the country of Chou, which by the people. Matouanlin states, is, in our days, the province of Szuthat Both the year 617 of the Christian that to the end of the dynasty of Soaks the distress and disorder in Chillaw having reached their height, every possible substitute for money was used. "He particularly mentions small precess of round iron, bits of clotts and even pasteboard. At the complencement of the reign of the Emperor Hautzoung, of the dynasty of Kung; Which was about the year 807 of Chilst, copper money being excellingly rate; the use of that metal for any domestic purpose was prohibited od The Emperor compelled all maders who arrived in the capital, and regenerally speaking, all monied persolisanto deposit their cash in the public treasury; and, for the facility of trade; They received in exchange a sorpie or bond, which was called feithsian, or flying modely At the end of three years, however? the use of this paper money was suppressed as to the capital, and

deel wand even the members of the Kuitsu, the founder of the dynasty of of their convenience. In 997, the 12 guilness. They were current at represented 1,700,000 ounces of siltchhouan-where the true paper money, as a substitute for money, without being guaranteed, by any sort of mortgage or security, was first introduced. These notes were introduced to supply the place of iroth; which was found to be too heavy for commercial and general purposes; They were called tchi-tsi. Under the reign of Tchin-tsoung, from the yeld 250 997 to 1022, the example was follows lowed, and new notes were triade, " which were called kino-tsu, or change in the they were payable every third wear; so that in 65 years there were 22 periods for payment. 'Each kied train's was equivalent to 1,000 denters, and represented an ounce of pure silver." Sixteen of the principal Houses in the off empire were at the head of this final cial operation; but, in the end, these persons were unable to fulfil their en "o" gagements, and became bankrupus The Emperor, in consequence of the distress which this failure brought band! it had cutted y only in the provinces. the public, abolished all the notes of

the scarcity of copper stoes from the wast quantity of this motel and for house our images, sacred to fro, and the saints of his religion. Thus, after every procession that the sett, topper became more plentiful.

⁺ The first from those was made in China by the rebet Rolle Similar Who diese 36 years after Chaire walk princent matili the year Selythonovery that the acknowledge for them, was at first manufactured dom .. f Kingrager Te eenrich, ach fich begolios

this society; and resolving that, in fitture, no individuals should have the power of creating paper money, established a bank at Y-tchou, for notes. Towards the year 1032, the quantity of paper money in circulation, in China, represented 1,256,340 ounces of pure silver. In 1068, some daring speculators began to counterfeit the notes of the government, and a great number of forgeries were discovered. The authors of the fraud were subrected to the same punishment as that which the law decreed against those who forged the seals of the state. course of years, banks were established for the issue of notes, in various parts of the empire: the notes of one province, however, were not current in another, and the mode of circulation and liquidation was frequently altered. Under the Emperor Kao-tsoung, in 1131, the government were desirous of creating a military establishment at Ou-tcheou; but, as the funds necessary for the undertaking were received very tardily, the mandarins, who were entrusted with the management of the plan, proposed to the Hou-pou, or ministry of the treasury, to issue Louantsu, or notes, with which they might pay those who supplied provisions to the army. These notes were payable at an office opened for the purpose, but they gave rise to many abuses, and caused the people to murmur: not long afterwards, however, similar notes were put into circulation in other provinces of China. In 1160, under the same monarch, the Hou-pou created a new paper money, which they called Hoei-tsu, or agreements. In the commencement these notes were only current in immediate neighbourhood; but they

pnly in the cities of Hoei-tcheou and ab Tchi-tcheou, of Kiang-nan; but ere long it was made in several other places. or The first Hoei-tsu were like the paper or money previously in circulation, worth 1.000 deniers, or an ounce of silver; or in the following reign, however, they are were made for 500, 300, and 200 ii deniers. In the short space of 5 years 1' here were 28,000,000 ounces of notes aft in circulation; and in the space of the the following 11 months; the quantity ! was further increased by an issue of ; 15,600,000 ounces. During the ex- 11 istence of the same dynasty, the amount was increased annually, Bo- vd sides these notes, there were the Kisp tall tsu, and other paper money peculiar to the provinces, to such an extent & that the country was inundated (with (:) notes which daily decreased in value, its notwithstanding the modifications, to and the government had recourse to which, prevent it. In the reign of Ly-tsoung of the same dynasty, in the year 1264 mins the minister Kia-szu-tao, seeing thend low value of the notes, and the high in price of the provisions, called, in, & (12) great quantity of the former, and supplied their place with new notes, which tel he styled un, kount or money bonds it is but, notwithstanding all the exertions ile of the minister, he was unable to reisonic the value of the notes, or to reduce the root price of provisions, ... Whilstabe: lasting Emperors of the Soung dynasty, were in it retired in the south of China, the ros north of the country, was under their w dominion of the Niu-tehy, a race who was had founded a new empire under the work name of Kiu, or the Kingdom of Gold - Ew Their princes are spoken of by their it Arabian and Persian authors, under the title of Altoun-khan. The conthe province of Febreskiang, and its tinual wars in China, had impoverished all the provinces of this fine country on soon became general throughout the to such an extent, that copper was empire. The paper which was used become exceedingly scarce in the kingfor them, was at first manufactured dom of Kin, and lecourse was had to det a bank for the issue of paper money, the Ming Emperors, who special on a similar plan to those which have the Moguls, were not, only unable to already been noticed. The notes for abolish the paper in circulation, but 2, 4, 8, and 10 ounces of silver, compelled to issue new notes. In were called large notes, and the smal- 1375 six different sorts were issued, ler were for 100, 300, 700, and 900 of the value of 500, 400, 300, 200, pieces of copper. The period of their and 100 pieces of copper, and of 1000 currency was fixed for 7 years; at the expiration of this term the old notes were exchanged for new ones .-There were banks in every province, and the government took 15 pieces of copper on every 1000, to cover the expenses. Towards the latter part of the 13th century, the Moguls became masters of China, where they founded a dynasty which lasted from 1279 to 1367. Before the entire conquest of China, Chi-tson, the first Emperor of this dynasty, had introduced paper money (between the years 1260 and 1263). In 1284 he commanded the mandarin, Lou-chi-jong, to present him a plan for a new paper currency; but the emission of it did not take place until the year 1287: from that period the Moguls continued annually to increase the quantity of their notes, which were called pao-tchhao, or precious paper money. From the year 1264 to 1294, a note was in circulation which replaced that of 1260 to 1263, and which were made of the bark of the tree tchu (morus papyrifera), and were a Chinese square foot in size." Towards the latter part of the dynasty, paper money had lost much of its credit, and an alteration was made in 1357, with the hope of restoring it ? but every effort was vain, and the Moguls were obliged to quit China, which they had totally ruined by their precious paper money. The distress of the country was such, that

The second spirit process of the second

deniers, which were equal to an owner of silver. The use of gold, silver, and precious stones, as a medium of parment, was strictly forbidden. The value of the notes soon felt in the proportion of nearly 20 per cent: the year 1448 the quantity of notes was so considerable, that only 3 deniers of specie were given for a note of 1000. Every attempt was made, by computsive measures, to restore the paper currency to a better condition. The taxes on the markets of both capitals were even allowed to be paid in paper: but every attempt was fruitless, and the notes went out of circulation-At least history makes no mention of them later than the year 1455.... The The Mandchoux who succeeded the Ming Emperors, and who are now masters of China, have never attempted to introduce a paper currency; for these barbarians are happily ignorant of the European policy, which declares that the more a nation is in debt, the more it is rich and flourishing.*

RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND No. 3.

TRIP TO CARLISLE.

I have, in No. 21, voluntarily asserted that the Doctor was a moral man, nor upon more mature consideration do d per see any occasion for retracting what I then advanced. A man does not by any ment

and other motor offer of

^{*} The notes of the Soung Kiu, and Mogula, were made of the bark of the tale printed and sealed by authority. Those of the Ming were of paper, made with different plants, and richly ornamented. I was a law or off as the?"

armihilate his claims to moral rect tude, if has pursuits and participations of the pleasures resulting from social intercourse, or the constituted order of society, are, generally speaking, within the barriers which introcence has reared, in order to mark her destrains from the back ground of culpable emityment. To assert the contrary of this would, in effect, be to assert that spotless purity of character is attainable; but this is a plant actually heterogeneous to the soil of human nature. We would do well to keep this in view at all times, especially when we attempt to form an estimate of a: y man's moral character. This will prevent us from augmenting the little folbles of peculiarities which may be identified will that character. No man is wholly without these; and they never are so palpable as when exhibited in connection with deeds which, in spite of these peculiarities, have been, by the Ingenious and charitable part of mankind, pronounced worthy of esteem and imitation. There are, indeed, some who have with gloomy austerity chalked out a line of conduct for themselves; and to this we would have no. reasonable objections, did they not, with egregious effrontery, attempt to stamp the mark of wanderer from the narrow way upon the brow of every one who deviates from the mill-horse round of these everyday performances. Leagued hand in glove, these saug divars will meet, and, with unrelenting acrimony, tear into tatters the characters of these around them; and, with more than sober triumph, note them down upon the tablets of their hearts as the Amalekites of the present day, and hug themselves at the same time as the pure in heart, although, in point of fact, those whom they condemn, and consequently despise are superior to them in every thing that is graceful in accomplishment, or lovely in moral exhibition.

The moral character of the Doctor was such as comparative purity would have recognised and owned; but not altogetter such as to shield him from the pestiferous breath of such sanctimonious pretenders as those to whom I have fust now alkided. He looked upon all things as being originally made for man, and placed in a subordinate station by an all-wise Providence, in order to be ing the round of his acqueint anceship, and rendered will be release to his happiness, accosting them, after a significant being and Hente the picustire resulting from the en- with- I have something enterdedictary to not q joyment of these did not to his gaze con- tell you of; but as I have received it from tract a sable hue, merely because they such a one, by way of profound secret, I

were designated by the name of pleasures. He, therefore, unjoyed these as they came successively within his reach, in the full persuggion that not the use, but the abuse, of them constituted criminality of conductate This was the topic on which the contraversial talents of my friend appeared to most advantage. I have often admired the originality and perspicuity of his language, while attacking a conclave of these Brahmins. But their feelings were of and other kind, All their attempts to main! tain their favourite theory, namely, that nothing receiving the name of pleasure was worthy of the notice of a rational creature, were foiled, and themselves compelled to skulk in their hiding places, and from thence whisper the slander they dared not openly avow. Indeed, were tha principles of morality exclusively couched. in the golden maxim, ' Do as you would be done by,' and did a single or even mere violation of this precept, in a minor poi of view, nullify the claims of the moralist to morality's reward, the Doctor would, ere this time, have been placed upon the But, even in this prediper contra side. cament, he might have reasonably contented himself; at all events, he might ... have received a temporary gratification from the hope, that some of those who stand high on the list of good deeds would, ere long, by way of courtesy as it were, condescend to sit down, cheek by jowly with him, and entertain him with a lecture 10 upon the tightness of the times, in order, ... to drive dull care away. The coincidence of feeling and sentiment which was exhibited between the Doctor and me, at our of first interview, was, by the progressive hand of time, mellowed into the mest suptered reserved friendship, Ho placed the most, iii unbounded confidence in my fidelity, by 9.11 whispering in my private car those to creta, . Which posecuted tests to our pour sem My conduct towards him was exactly simioten lar; nor had I ever occasion to repent off on that conduct. His soul was cast in Nature's truest mould. He well knew the" extent of that moral obligation will firent vel joined fidelity, to, the east dential community b

nications of friendship; nor did he ever-

violate that obligation by successively pac-

A 29 The second second second second in di hope you will store it by in some snug! he we comes of your tenement, as I would not with whe world be should hear of it again, "When the Doctor was requested by any of eglirib at son eade evidentime interior son to divulge " whose recreits which Mr. Such some deall had bim to beep his thumb upon, he by beginnedly replied as follows: Allow, in : 100 the passe of wonder, can Lexpect that any 1 to one should be faithful to me, if my cone muchiet is the exact countespert of all that interestatives the mane of fidelity, truth, or ** Thenwar ? Supposing that I were to comis the preliand in minery steps requisite to that compliance would be to enjoin secrecy upon you; but have I marry reason to expect that unde--3-12-Winding a combernity to my requirement when your conduct, when and the very cause for which this secrecy is required is to cloak a positive violation of that grust reposed in me by the person to whom the secret originally related? Certainly not will be obligation to secrecy re-: " Na laxes its exect proportion as the secret itwelf de extended. Were I to set the example of infidelity by divulging what you sur branequesty you might possibly take advan-The best take of that by revealing it to another perman rishnythe to a third, and so on until that 5-11 an Which was whispered in this ear of supand of posed friendship would ultimately become - " ... " the table talk of a neighbourhood."

But to return from this digression. The 903 03 profession and habits of my friend induced -El one Mineto make frequent excutsions into the 3 towns and villages around him. One of the consequences resulting from our intimiley was my frequent accompaniment of him in these perambulations." It was in the best of the year, (but I have in You ' .. vain ransacked! my scraps and patches in order to recognize the date,); probably in visite is the month of August, that I accompanied 2. ... him to Carlinle. I well remember that h all with morning was rather unpromising; the on mindensity of the atmosphere prevented the A wandto from steending ; It crawled along source the achorisontal position nearly level with the chimney tops, till Sol escending dissi-F POW pated the gloom, and with his bright effulgenre scattered smiles around. readers will recollect that my impatience Alan to get to Russley prevented the Doctor garage from peeling his sables but in the inter-

noissieur was, perhaps, a little too masculine; nor did the fool attempt to curb the operations of Nature by the constraining influence of corsets; nevertheless he was as handsome a fellow as you would have cust your eyes upon in a summer day, I have, in a former Number, described his large eyes and glossy hair; the former of these shone in, and the other curled around, a regular set of features, add to these a well-proportioned person, with all the advantages of dress to give it its proper effect,

And then, Ol what a beau the Doctor wal

We soon reached Carlisle, and untered into the Inn of Toby Philpot, sign of the Lamb's Foot, Caldew-gate. After we had refreshed ourselves with a dose of mutton chops and discussed the contents of a bottle, the Doctor proceeded to Butchergate, in order to transact some business, which did not admit of any immediate presence. The temporary lack of his company was, at my request, supplied by the presence of the landlord. He was withal a jolly good-natured fellow, and had thoroughly studied the common-place politesse of his profession. Good-nature is a quality any man will admire, although exemplified in the conduct of an innkeeper of notorious rotundity of form, as was the case at present. I evinced my respect by resigning the elbow-chair to the more adequate corporation of Toby Philps. But I solemnly ever that this voluntary evolution did not proceed from any innate conviction, that the old adage; viza the biggest rogue took the mucklest, had any greater amplitude in the conduct of Tolias than it had in my own. I could not for a moment entertain an idea so gross, more especially when he was so kind as to inform me that he was 'the kindest, honestest follow alive ; moreover, that he could back the scratch, or wag a fist withinver a ke in Cumberland.' Indeed, I thought be formed an arrogant estimate of his own qualifications. He did not appear to possess that agility of frame which is absolutely requisite to a proper discharge of the pugnacions qualities of Yorkshire; but why a thought such as this should produce astonishment in any man who is blessed with eyes and ears, Heaven only knows. If he only look with the former, and listen with the latter, he may see it even pour. enon to stain period betwirt this and that town trayed in the conduct of all sente and conditions. The man who strain under a respon to slyre-sugge star Hi gui mid ed rivalpowdered wig is sometimes as lavish of it dandyism. His form to the eye of a con-

as the clodpole who moves in the sober men could have benefit the men this eye, habitiments of hodden grey! The autiquarian who highis after artideluvian buu-bles, and wishes others to measure the moderation of his pretensions by his linken and but a ports of Carlidle dissilature accost, with its concomitant latureb buttons, pronounced the deficiencies, and then the sometimes evinces as much of its as the significantishing of the should be the significant should be shou perfuned beau who occupies the foremost rank among the devotees of frivolity, fashion, and artificial manners." These and inch like considerations, quickly reconciled me to the jargon of mine host, while with flippant fluency of tongue, he stated the "per diem rate of livery stables, and the here ishouls of grooms, and lacqueys, and cooks, and to and waiture, that was necessary to such an rethensive establishment as his own; and then deduced the troubles and inconve-*** ** ******* which generous landlords put till themselves top in order to accommodate rand regentlemen who are travelling. I could elect chave added, * Yes; and paying too; but then he was so mighty civil, that one i could not for their life be angry with him; he was not made of such pitiful stuff as your skim surface souls who doze as long · ...ler-over a cup of liquer as a cardinal would over his beads on a high holiday. No, no; s rough-spun conundrum in the shape of a toast was the signal for fly-jack-and-"begone, as the saying is. The exit of the vol 1000 liquor: which was in the cup was usually the prescompanied with a significant smack of 11.61 the rosy lips of Tobias, and an asseveraalors then by the copper mose of Bacchus, that Street the best liquor in Christendom. He ter aid seemed to have drawn his maxims with TWO TE Eggard to his potations from Will Boniface med and Ahno Domini notoriety. B 101 Investidated through his tenement, his from stongue rais on with increasing volubility. and the hard just drawn his pencil from his " order mocket when the Doctor entered, in order And birto show inex plan of Carlisle Castle, al-14 19 Histoigh ! It had seen it fifty times ! but, and a construction of this dependently assured him of this narrowing his persisted inchis design by drawing a parcel of clunity strekes, and by them: reals and outer walls and in min the charms made on each part by the rasur . survages of hoary time, &c. I have either maker a desired or read somewhere of a castle so discould weak that a dosen of women amod with and spindles were a force sufficient muted hose have stormed its would to peace that noted to the three termed it would to peace that it is in the neighbouring that the place could at this moment have nationally and the place could at this moment have nationally are not the of there are not the place of the national were never the place of the national were never the place. - 11104 "such is place could at this, moment have a 135-ru laning and wander myrking handit- the distry consorder land the phyringed rivals His form to the eye of a con- powdiced wig is sometimed as larish of it

and the animation of History or without being half convinced that/Inbyinggroposed articalments in the battlements and walls. wig, and the fourteenth century cut of his tually accomplished with the breath that exclamation of Oddstooks, a margal of fellows think that a landlord, can do nothing but brouch easks, pierce isting pipes, and order Molty the chamber mail to marm a bed for Squire Catent and his increasorate, that trod upon the heals of his side speeulation, was indicative of the much selfimportance as if by these specialitions, the time-worn nursets of Ostiliele, had resied their heads in as much freestone, and architectural beauty, as distinguish. ed the first year and scheen ungittence. The Doctor did not seem to religh these. sallies; but, had he considered for a moment, he would have seen that the by was. making the best that he could of the selfish. maxim, * Every manifor himselfis, Independent of this he was one of its denisens this was a privilege he put a higher value on, than many a one would for a gem of Golconda; and then the ransports, and the castle, and the siege it had stood, gave an additional pathos to the word freeman. He had, like every due else oknown the way of exercising this privilege of He pertinaciously maintained in spite of all opposition; that legislative wisdom was hereditury, and descended like titles to the children of the phied and sourch generations; and hence inferred that nothing was more requisite than 140, sak a candidate for parliamentary honours, if any of his ancestors for the last two centuries had held nysest themais if has appwered in the affirmative; di Themizaeys, Loby, 'my made of procedure is plainly this. I vote; for this gentlement to Tolyphad scarcely got the Words, 'my mode of procedure is plainty intered, until the Docton exclaimedy's Andinoisuminds 3 Walton foring the bill: The hillman brought and discharged, We bade adieu to the bost of the Lamb's, Foot, and luft the bousemile oft

LUDIM Agted the abover and " H . F has centre scattered sin les hou readers will recollect that say i

The raid-oficilleghrist. 1

ry, and rivalry produced war; for this the Mackenzies early on a Sunday kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; firing houses, driving herds, raising tents, and slaughfeats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbour; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity, than lack of good-will. Among all the exploits which were thus occasioned between the two claus, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist (Christ's Church); it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner. In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Macleans, a race who were followers of the Mackenzies, took occasion to intercept and assasinate the eldest son of Donald Macangus of Glengarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chichaincy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprize to revenge the death of his brother : his cousin, however, Angus Macraonuill of Lundi, acted as his captain, and, gathering the Macdonells, in two separate raids, swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still; this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief: the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifica which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving in this to brim. In the prosecution of his de-The story and at his in a to Glongamie.

reason, the Macdonells and the Mac- morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose. Angus comtering each other's clansmen, were manded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endervoured to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aife of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the cou-gregation, scarce knowing what they s did, endeavoured to force their way in through the weapons and the flames; but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch : men, wo men, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transfixed at the gorge of the entrance; the flames increased on every side, a heavy column of vivid smoke rolled upward in the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of dest pairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Macdonells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraos dinary occasions, an extempore piece of music: the pibroch which he now, 1 4 played was called, from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in smouldering vapour, and all was silent. Augus fill the measure of vengeance to the had looked on with stern unrelenting if so is determination, but the deed was done for sign he awaited a favourable oppor- and recollection now warped him of sunity, and, gathering a small band of the danger of delay; he injurediately men, penetrated into the country of gave orders to retreat, and leading of in the stander branch ...

mes of the church had, however, thered in numerous bodies, and ey came in sight of the Macdonells, ieir own country. Angus Macragursuit, and the superiority of its numers, ordered his men to separate, and nift each for hinself; they dispersed ccordingly, and made every man his ray to his own home as well as he ould. The commander of the Macenzies did not scatter his people; but, ntent on securing the leader of his bemen, held them together on the rack of Angus Macraonuill, who, with few men in his company, fled tovards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowedge of the pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after simself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone; out yet the pursuers turned not aside ipon the track of any other. hey came to the burn of Alt Shian, he leader of the Mackenzies had gained so much on the object of his sursuit, that he had nearly overtaken um. The river which was before hem runs in this place through a ocky chasm, or trough, of immense lepth, and considerable breadth. Aurus knew that death was behind him; and gathering all his strength, he dashd at the desperate leap, and being a nan of singular vigour and activity, meceeded in clearing it. The leader if the Mackenzies, reckless of danger n the ardour of the pursuit, followed dso at the leap, but, less athletic than told by the slender branch of a birch

reason, set off with the utmost ex- tree which grew baloove min and all comes dition for his own country. The brinks The Macdonelly looking Back engines in, his flight to see the success of his in in. theda beacon of alarm which blazed pursuer, beheld him hanging to the r and wide: the Mackenzies had tree, and struggling to gain the eligo. of the bank whe turned, and drawing ok the chase with such vigour, that his dirk dathone stroke sovered the branch -which supported the Macuothying ng before they got to the border of kenzie :--- I have left much belilled me with you to day, ward he, take mon uill, seeing the determination of the that also. The wretched man, Toll-boon to ing from rock to rock, fell headland into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Anglis Macraonull guinnud continued his flight, and the Macken zies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. Cheeked, however, 25 W by the stream which none of them state of dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast not a to upon them, when a musquet discharg? ed at him by one of the pursuers, 1949 od w wounded him severely, and great Works not After passing the offer math tarded his speed. river, the Mackenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight a vibroits of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his phospous strength to fail with his would, and aw mala his encinies pressing upon him, deter subnos the death shoot of grimmiwe tomesta or bonim he rushed into the water, and for some , are word time, refreshed by its coolness, I swam, with much vigour and confidence. Handback with swept off limbs would; however, man probability part of L have failed him before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite revenues the bank ; but Fraser of Pyars, a particulating na lar friend of the Glengarije family, see maw ont ing a single man pursued by his party of the he could out of the Mackensie's coffit 75, and knowing that the Macdonalds analyse ot not dered; and bird fait divertiburs as noque sung third expeditionings of bus, and a mo tog, anot the aid of Augus, took him of board, and the and conveyed him in safety 18 the case "I sign be average of the Wackengard share objective seeing theirsforman had exemply and animals guises is adversally, he failed of its length continued the pursuit, and Arigin and the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit and the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit and the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of the failed of its length continued the pursuit of th ind slipping on the side of the crog, turned at his leisure to Glengarrie.

Many CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

you to Admost inly the writers who have touched on the subject, agree in com--11 mending the aniable disposition, disinterested virtues; and personal bravery. of this faithful adherent of the Chov-10 . wher Stin George. When the latter. (100 maited at Kinloch Moidart, with only ic of severe interndents, whent dipon the rothe tementic enterprise of regaining the throne of his ancestors, Lochiel, forethe utter hopelessness of the . . . undertaking, endeavoured to persuade the bim from the attempt, and remained 21111 . For a considerable . time in doubt and -2. Inhesitation !!! But at last the gentleness of his nature, yielding to the earnest entreaties, of Charles, and influenced by the deep and hereditary attachment which he himself bore towards the exiled family, in an evil hour he embarked in an enterprise which proved the ruin of his house, and the source of all his misfortunes in after years. When the standard of the Chevalier was first displayed, it is well known with what eagerness the greater number of the Highland Clans assembled around it. Taught from the nature of their feudal government to hold bereditary right and succession in a sert of sacred reverence, and little acquainted with the views and purposes of political expediency," they were more inclined to Layour the claims of their supposed rightful sovereign, and to range them under the banner of the lineal deseendant of a race of kings, whom their moderaters, were wont to serve and obey. The chiefs too had become jealous of that, in the year 1776, the son of government which had been wisely endeavouring to controut the undue influence which the ancient foudal tree rights, vested in individuals often dangerous to the peace of the community, and subversive of thenecessary

authority of the sovereign. spirit of party likewise handed flown from father to son, and rather fostered and hereased, than chilled from the necessity of concealment—the long delayed hopes of disappointed individuals—the romantic nature of the cause, and that contagious enthusiasm, which, when it once bursts forth mong the multitude, inflames the possions of men, and subdues their fudgment All these combined circumstances impelled numbers to join an attempt, which, in their more dispassionate moments, they must have seen to be Lochiel accompanied impracticable. the Prince in all his progress was admitted to a share in his councilsalways held a particular station in the field—and is said to have possessed the affection and confidence of his master to a greater degree than my He was wounded m of the others. both legs while leading on his clan # the battle of Culloden: after that unfortunate day he lurked for a considerable time among his native mountains attended by his two brothers, and a few of his remaining followers, undergoing great hardships, and often in imminent danger of being discovered, until at last he made his escape in a vessel to France. There, having obtained a commission in the French army, he lived a perpetual exile from his native country. It is mentioned in a late interesting work on the Highlands, in order to illustrate the attachment of the chans to their chief, Lochiel, after his father's death, having returned from France, the followers of his father's family, though under another master, raised 120 and for a company to him, in the 74st Regiment.

4 The Highland Centary of dr. 200m. 12 general use, the word signifies the most professing in a profession of Colonel Stewart States of the profession of the colonel stewarts.

Lygical at this period.

FINGALIAN SONG of TRIUMPH.

To the Editor of the Melange."

MR. EDITOR,-Two of Fingal's warriors, Aille, and another whose name the folk of this long-coated country could not pronounce, though I should write it, had been neglected by the chief's 'vocator,' when a feast to the heroes was appointed. This, it seems, was considpred in those days as a mark of very great disrespect; and the story says, that the neglected heroes accordingly took it in high dudgeon, and ' vowed that, for the space of a year, they would not draw a spear in the service of They betook themselves, Fingal. therefore, over to the king of Lochlinn, and engaged with him for the space of time that they vowed to be the king of Morven's enemies.

Aille, as his name, 'primitiva in lingua, implies, was a personage of fair proportions, and beseeming in a lady's eye; and the queen of Lochlinn, 'of brown shields,' (nansgiath down) conceived a passion for him; and it appears from the poetical account that I am abridging, that the gallant Aille indulged her, till, as the poet words it, his treachery was successful. Things were now approaching to such a crisis, that the guilty queen, her paramour, and his companion, thought it safer all to leave Errgon, the king of Lochlinn's dominions; and, in consequence, they embarked in They had a galley for Scotland. scarcely landed, when Errgon, and the whole of his Scandinavian sea-borne hosts appeared on the main, in foamng pursuit. Now was there the

usus meture facto, and here could I interestingly expatiate unon my bard's narrative, but I have occasion maturofacere myself. Therefore... Errgon sent notice to Fingal that he must either deliver the seducer of his wife and his companion to him bodily, or the heads of both, diss he (Eurgon) would burn and ravage the whole of Morven, and bring the rest of ait all in his ships to Lochlinn.' Fintal refused; but would give him hattle. They fought. Fingal was victorious; and Errgon, instead of carrying such a load with him as he threatened, was obliged to sail off with a vast seduction of ballast.

Yours, 800;

S. M. R.

INGAL.

Raise, O Ullin, raise the song, 11 Sweep the chords to victory! Bards! the joyous strain prolong! Resound the warriors' bravery!

Let them hear the feats of old, How our fathers' gleaming brand Chastis'd all those heroes bold, Daring to invade our land!

Sing of Errgon the renown!

Sing his deathless bravery,
Who row'd to capture Fingal's grown,
And drag his sons to slavery!

Sing how all his sea borne hoss,
On the shores of Moryen fell.
And tell of every shrieking ghost,
That hover'd o'er the occan-swell!

How rush'd the warriors of the hills
Upon their focs, like Cons's streams,
When Dorishiotty rows in flooded rills,
And heaven's quick, sivid, lightning
glesons!

Softly sweep the chords, anon, Lull their sorrowing ghosts to rest— Brave the heroes that are gone. No more shall Luran grace my treet!

manner, and solve ...

^{*} Ullin was Fingal's Laurent at this period.

† The Highland Genius of the Storm. In general use, the word signifies the most boisterous and temptions weather.

a this why in the thattles at the m o is as Didne they tisk the blooming life !vice Softly, softly south his ghost let Maids of Cons! "Thour your soft melody how on my soul."

from of bage MAIDS. Now, in the green western Isles, Bweefly Luran smiles,

And he worly embraces his Mona! Nur modes of our father's the scowl, ... Raise three stones to the brave. Beside the green wave,

That the hunters may see, when they Vitere we've plac'd the early tomb

Of Luran, his king that did save!

-abord brook-

ade get in To the Editor of the Liberary Melange.

Sunnin I observed, with sorrow, in a lated Number of your Publication, amobistile, addressed by a person subscribing himself John Ogle, to a young wdmunil whom he designates Miss A-aluseus, internating with surprising minuteness the various underhand and sinful methods which he, the said John Ogle adopts, while in church, in conder to possin a sight of the aforesaid damed: 21 shall indtiat present tarsyntpunnimalited upon the criminality lof exchanging wanton glances on such a day and in such a place, althought it might well become my sacredicharacter and prospects so to do sobut shall proceed to resent an indignity a which Mr. Ogle has put upon lenes and my reverend brethren. Hois not assumed to own that, among hise other: hyphoritical pretences, in order to accomplish his ends, he sometimes makes a long, lean gentleman abisestarting post, who never suspects his ultimate design as being a distinity student of some vanity, he conscives that he is looked at in complimentato ibis genius di Now, Mr.

I am the person who is here described as having been made " a steppingstone, as our worthy pastor would term it, whereby this profane man might arrive at the gratification of his carnal inclinations; and I am constrained to this inference, because he has not failed to give the exact charactor that belongs to my countenance. I will not pretend to deny that my visage is somewhat thin, and my features lank and long, such as well accord with the gravity and severity of my professional studies, and there is visibly impressed upon my physiognomy an air of sedateness and learning which is well fitted to attract the notice and reverence of all discerning Accordingly I could not people. fail of being gratified, and moreover of thinking well of that individual, who, it appears, is called John Ogle, when I observed him contemplating with becoming deference, as I imagined, my features and causiage-insomuch that I sometimes felt strongly disposed upon retiring from church to honour him with a salutation, not doubting but that he would return it, at the same time respectfully uncovering his But, judge of my disappointment and mortification, when I discovered by the unadvised correspondence which you have imprudently published, that this "irreverent person was all the while using me as a convenient medium of communication betwixt himself and a damsel who sitteth night unto me, and who is pleasant and fair to look upon, insomuch that even I am sometimes pricked to lift mine eyes upon her as opportunity offers. As the virgin appears to be worthy of my patronage and support, and as I do not doubt that she is highly displeased with the profane scorner's addresses, I'will take "" Editor, whoever reading above sen- this opportunity of informing her, that tence must of heceasity conclude that if she is desirous of having an answer

written to Mr. Ogle's forward, epistled to the ministry, who rejected it on a with becoming spirit and saltness, I will be very prompt to use my pen in, her behalf and that, I am to be up all existing institutious. I proposed, found every lawful day in a bouse in Havannah Street, up foor pair of stairs, (whither I have ascended for the benefit of mure, air,) occupied by a worthy widow called Mrs. M Indos. Having thus, with considerable address and ingenuity, comprised within this short, but pithy communication, the three capital points of vindicating mine own dignity, chastising your scoffing contributor, and affording consolation and encouragement to the damsel, I take my leave, hoping that you shall appreciate sufficiently the honour I have done you in condescending to become a contributor to your idle and unprofitable pages.

I am, Mr. Editor, Your soul's well-wisher, JONAS JAMIESON.

WAREHOUSE OF HITS, OR INTELLECT READY MADE.

All human rane would fain be wits, And millions miss for one that hits.

To shine in conversation is a very natural ambition. None ever affected to despise it but such as were inadequate to its attainment. I shall take no trouble to prove this, thinking myself better employed in informing the reader how he may attain this accomplishment at a moderate expense, without loss of time, or hinderance of business.

I was born a philanthropist. (Your philanthropists are always born, never made.) My whole life has been engaged for the benefit of mankind, with a collateral view to my own interest. I am the author of many admirable inventions for diminishing intellectual and physical labour. I projected a

principle of economy. The truth was that they were afraid it would blow next to teach the languages, to intire districts, through the medium of huge speaking trumpets, on a quite new, construction. This instrument would have admirably served many purposes besides its proposed object. It might have been to the ear, what the telegraph is to the eye; as the one conveys intelligence with the rapidity of lightning, so the other would have delivered it with the solemuty of thunder: --- what an admirable vehicle for the announcement of penal proclamations, and rewards for the apprehension of vagabonds! Magistrates might have read the riot acti through it, without the least danger of hearly a unheard, and it would liste afforded on the most manifest facilities to popular & orators and field preachers, in But all " grieve to say that this poble specula-/ tion was frustrated by the pelaric munit cuse, that the government could hot it muster brass enough for its executions.

Many other expital inventions lieve in I struck out for shortening labour, but as with small effect. The following ture: the titles of some of my mortes ha Paris a nassus levelled, or every man histown to poet, Wit at will, in Priming for is the brain-pan. . . Short out to Philowise sophy, being an abridgment from the ob French, &c. &c., But the work on which I most pique myself was of wall different nature wit won intitledictisis II multaneous Shaving and contained and description of a machine by which the in pensioners of Chelsea and Greenwiche hospitals might have their beards result moved all at once, to the manifest and conomy of time and labour. This a plan was rejected, with dunscientificon timidity, from the unfounded appressing mode, once, of teaching all arts and hension that its adoption would past it sciences by steam, which I submitted in jeopardy the throats of the abrecount said respectable veterans. This sup ones recast for half-price.

Mankind have treated the with ingratitude. None of my inventions have been recompensed, many have been hidiculed, and not a few of my thoughts have been appropriated by others without acknowledgment. certain method of teaching music, for instance, that herame very popular. owes its origin to me; and a German professor who shall be nameless, might, if he were candid, own himself indebted to my hints for his system of mnemonics. But let all that pass. I was born a philanthropist, and shall die one. The benevolent bump juts amisbly from my pericranium. never be weary of benefiting mankind, and Lonow step forward with a new proposal for their advantage.

Without further preface, then, I propose to open; in a few days, a large intellectual warehouse, or grand repository of materials for thinking, writing, public-speaking, and principally for conversation. The philosopher I shall provide with wise saws, the wit with bon-mots for all occasions, the orator with tropes and figures, and the general talker with hits of all There shall be 'à plentikinds. ful assortment of naivetes for young widows, and double entendres for elderly gentlemen. I manufacture intellectual anaps for young lawyers, talk-stiffeners for young doctors, delicate insinuations for longing ladies, knockdowns for big-wigs, marvellous tales for old women of both sexes, high-coloured confab for topers, genteel slang for the army and navy, and scraps of everything for miscellaneous writers. For conversational critics I have avariety of compendious formulæ, to which I give the expressive denomination of Hash-settlers. Old

Lange plots for incipient dramatists; and when their pieces are damned. I manufacture indignant appeals to a candid public. I deal in birth-day odes. epithalamia, funeral elegies, and last speeches and dying words of convicted felons. I have maiden-speeches for modest members, forms of returning thanks for health dranks peopping applications to sexagenary relatives, soothing epistles to rigid aunts, amatory effusions for barren-witted lovers, and an astounding variety of highlyfinished compliments. In sarcasm and abuse I am quite inimitable, whether you consider the wonderful fertility of my invention, or the ingenious dexterity of my evasive power. I have upwards of 1500 modes of giving the lie, without using the offensive term, and 2000 circumlocutions for a rascal. I know precisely every dagree of approximation to a libel, can sport on the almost invisible line that sepsrates it from legitimate satire, with the adroitness of a rope-dancer, and smellout an ex-officio at any given distance-I have keen hits, sharp retorts, sky inuendoes, and home-thrusts without number. I am a finished master of the whole art of talking at people, and can teach it completely in six lessons. Moreover, I have several chests of satirical anecdotes of all persons of note and figure in these islands; of most of the nobility and crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of an immense store-room of private scandal.

high-coloured confab for topers, genteel slang for the army and navy, and scraps of everything for miscellaneous writers. For conversational critics I have avariety of compendious formulæ, to which I give the expressive denomination of "Hash-settlers." Old places, and my dull paradoxes. In the places, and my dull paradoxes. In the places, and my dull paradoxes. In the places, and my dull paradoxes are the next I keep my metabors and at a very moderate rate, or have the old

my stricking sensibilities, my physical house there is a large machine; on was horrors, my political and philosophical theories, my ultra-miraculous fictions, and my German monsters. Attached to this compartment is a small closet, containing thymus, epithets, exordia, perorations, descriptions of green fields, sonnets to the moon, &c. In the third compartment are contained all the different species of witticism and dry humour; in short every thing needful for the complete equipment of a droll-fish. I have, besides, separate rooms for all the arts and sciences, and every branch of the belles lettres. So that when a person is going into company, and is desirous to seem master of any particular topic, I can immediately furnish him with the appropriate materials without delay or difficulty. I can supply arguments on all sides, in every grand question of religion and politics. In the right wing of my repository, on the ground floor, is a room full of theology. Whiggism and torvism are lodged in opposite apartments on the first floor, aristocracy is on the second floor, ultraform in the cellar. Behind the ware-

nearly the same plan with that mentioned by Gulliver, in his voyage to. Laputa. Into this I put, not the letters of the alphabet, but all the wal words of the English language, and and ! multiplicity of common-place ventences (1) on every subject. The machine being " set a working, throws all these into all possible positions. From this process I derive many original thoughts vo and novel associations of idea. ... I use ... this machine with great effect in a the composition of sermons, whillied b speeches, moral essays, periodical existin tiques, and light articles for magazines/ 1

Thus, Sir, I have given you a brief outline of my plan, all the advantages 🔠 of which it would be impossible to comprehend within the compassion and Should you think proper, however, to insert this letter, I shall be most happy to conduct, you over any my warehouse, and give you at fello a hints, gratis, for the management of the mg, puls con in your paper.

P.S. I teach the true Burleian shake of the empty noothe, and the royalism in the garret, and radical re- wise stare of the unmeaning even of dian crator with come

POETRY.

D. M. J.

ing BONG.

Sae abless she same wil a sinile in her o'e. Her accents war sweet as the flowers on the lee, Her immide was safessed to steal through the sout, White touching ills string I was wont to control; But sympathy dan'e'd to the choru, when she sane, asis' ring and trenabling, the word Somebody Ste blue had the word, 'twas a crime to impart Scarce half o' its soun to an unfeeling heart,—"She naus d'on the word less. all grantless wi' fear She pan'd on the word, lost, all treathless wi' feat, Uncovital another match: turn a deaf ear; But synghethy, caught the ant glance o' her e'e, And John'd the low tone, in the word Somebody. .. il., compartments of

Anderskin Well, 14th Dec. 1922.

to

" of the delegant pro

-nomere on sorthope. in depths of dark embowring woods, because the manning stoods, in lonely caves, and pathless wild, onely caves, and pathless wild.

Grim solitude forlors.

widows, and chore And offen in some ruin'd tower, they would be spends the dreary midnight hour. And off, at distance, hears the sweet, they will be storms athwart the ruffling deep.

the emeral tales ful assortment of

I love to truce her eafer retreient to the cooling groves and grassy heat, which would her cooling groves and grassy heat, which would her cooling groves and grassy heat, which would her flower meds and winding glades.

Beneath her hoary, by shades his to cole. I love at eye to muse.

And when, around the moss-diad bodying.

And when, around the moss-diad bodying.

The twitight grey her manning the planting floy.

And when, as they sail along.

And when, around the moss-diad bodying.

And when the receive such that the planting floy.

Beside, a groutly attempting flood of the planting of the planting dood of th

65 3

200

Tis sweet to stray at early dawn, Upon the dew-besprinkled lawn, When all around is sad and still Save where the streamlet, from the hill, Steals softly o'er the loa

When morning bursts upon the sky, And in her van the shadows fly, When yet the moon is dimly seen, Slow fading in the blue serene, Slow sinking to the sea.

SILVICOLA

EVIL DESTINY.

Full bright rose the sun when life's march I began; And warm o'er the bright fields of promise he shone, But sudden, as up the bright desart I ran.

His smiles were o'ercast, and his radiance was gone. Thus fleeting and fast, sped my sunshine of youth, With its balm-breathing sweets, and its flow is pas-

sing fair; And the fabric which fancy deem'd stable as truth, Like the sky's cloudy castles, evanish'd in air.

Every blast of misfortune unshrinking I've borne, Though ceaseless they've howl'd o'er my shadowy day .

While the young ray of hope which awoke on my morn

Inorn,
In the clouds of despair melted darkly away.
In vain have I sought every baven of rest,
From the cold hand of fate straining hard to be free; Still the waters of woe gather'd round this dark breast,

And no how arch'd its bright hues in heav'n for me Yet the flow'rs bloom as sweet, and the fields look

as fair, As when first o'er their soft charms enchanted I

But my soul—ah! each dark weed grows rankling there,

And the harp of this heart lies for ever unstrung.

Farewell promis'd pleasures; vain visions adeo Too oft on your smiles have I thoughtlessly stas, Now fearful I fly you, deceiful, untrue; Panting, weary and wan for the home of the deal

THE LAUNDRESSES

Dark with clouds, the early day, On the eastern hills arose; Females six, in strange array. Left their couch's soft repose.

Two by two they match along, Scarce the unwelldy lead they move, Sheets of texture wide and strong, Which Hibernia's shuttles wove.

Dread ablutions they prepare.
Lo! the purple furnace glesses,
And the cathdren, high he air,
Plings around mephitic steams.

In the billows foaming white, Now their brawny arms they steep Shirts with kindred shifts unite, Buried in the boiling deep,

Various songs they now beging Each gaunt figure chaunts in turn, Words that breathe of Holland gin, Thoughts that like that spirit burn.

Jugs may ring, and glasses crash, Nought their fieud-like thirst cao quench Checks shall glow, and eye balls flash, Gilmmering tapers die in stench?

Nor the burly-burly stock, Till, with mirth and toil opprest, Prostrate on her brawny back, Each stout matron sluks to re

9 'ET '65 TE'

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When Wisserses, like Quis, grow impertinent and overbearing, they should be treated as Alax w Ulvsses, in the Elysian fields, with contempt.
The communication, viz. Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Laun, in our next.

Viator's remittance will soon be attended to, as also will Alexander, the anagramatist.

Juvenis is under inspection. Marlon's letter cannot find a place. We have a dozen on the same subject. We, at the same in must pay her the compliment of saying that she writes prettily.

John Bashful must be out of countenance at least for another week As Glasgow now stands, if the author would make it a review instead of a poem, it would all its interest. Will he let us know his opinion?

to its interest. Will he let us know his opinion?

We will perhaps sing R. L—n's funeral knoll ere he is dead.

The labour of Toilus has been in vain. We bid him try again.

Extract from my Journal is not admissible.

We assure T. B. we never mean to offend We have to endure as well as inflict. To
not Job, we have many such friends as he had.

The History of King James' commonly so called, will be read by next day of publication

N. will appear next week. We will always be happy to hear from him

Montana, and a number of other pieces, are under consideration.

G. we do not remember of hards received. We have to endure as well as inflict. The

G. we do not remember of having received:

÷

in sublished and sold, every Wednerday, by GEORGE PURVIS & C. I Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post said, may be edden by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; a thir these of A. Also of the following Booksellers; John Histop, Greenock; John J. S. Holter Brache, Klimbrrock; Malcolm Curre, Port. Glasgow; D. C. M. Hamilton; and M. Elch, Britine; for said; money costs.

OR.

Weekly Register

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

No. 26.

WEDNESDAY, 25th DEC. 1822,

Price 31d.

A ONE DAY'S RAMBLE In the walks of my boyhood, with reflections on the close of the year.

Having occasion a few weeks ago to visit the scenes of my carliest wanderings, which, although easily accessible, and devoid of any thing like strong intfinsic interest, are nevertheless linked to my heart by a thousand soft and endearing associations: I resolved to take a stroll to a short distance over some of my old haunts, and commune for an hour with solitude. The day was cold and gusty, the clouds had lowered, portentously during the pride, to cull the first offsprings of the greater part of the forenoon, and alpresent out pomping of their treasures, the brow of heaven was still gloomy, and its fair face diversified by an irregular-most sidn of floating drapery, which sailed coollenly along the sky, and alternately veiled and exposed the deep blue bosom of the cerulian concave. There was a withering coldness in the stroughers, which well accorded with the sallow nakedness of the ing sky was all the canopy; while the filliamed with a solemn endence through the dry-bone remains of decayed more the deserted grove, and at every blast tality. The illusions of hope, and the shook from the baring branches some play-things of fancy, fled me like a shrivelled memente of their late exu- morning dream; while I sat down desbecause. All was sad and lonely. The ponding and dreary, amid the desola-

music of the grove had fled, and the hollow blast alone relieved the sepulchral silence which reigned around. Such a scene could not fail to conjure up a corresponding train of gloomy feelings and melancholic associations. I already felt their effervescence, and resolved to give vent to the moody offspring of my troubled brain. this purpose, I entered the wood within whose umbrageous bosom I so often have nestled with delight. I followed the footpath which I was wont to trace, when sallying forth in boyhood's primrose bed. I reached that spot so shough there was no indication of a hallowed in my remembrance, but alas! all its pride and its glory had flowin; no vestige of its flowery sweets remained, and even its fibrous leaves had shrunk like the sensitive plant, beneaththe cold touch of winter's icy hand."

I retired to a small knoll where I had last reclined, when the luxuriant foliage of the trees spread all around a sombre covering. Now; also! a frownw. unbequented lawn. The wind blasted branches only reminded one of

tion of the scene, to brood over nature's it at all wonderful, when we trace it The winter of the year is destiny. indeed like the winter of human life. The buds of spring and the blossoms of summer have perished. The freshness of the one, and the fragrance of the other, they too have passed away: and the prophetic sigh of the hollow wind speaks only of the tomb. Nature too seems locked in the same chilling embrace, without promise of liberation. The very stamina of vegetation seem destroyed, and the autumn blast shakes from the bending tree its deciduous glories, as if to say, They fall to flower no more. With man also, the fairy images which spring had cherished, and summer had smiled upon, drop off like leaves in autumn, leaving the heart 'scared and blighted,' to winter's 'unavailing woe.' The music of youth departs like the singing birds of spring, and the vernal fancies which imagination had sunned and sweetened, fall like flowers before the blast. Every green thing vanishes, and that amile of gaiety which formerly shed its hight around the young heart, is lost in the wintry and moonless night of The hoar-frost of winter which shows on the head, settles on the heart, quenches the flame of youthful feeling, and gradually superinduces that indescribable frigidity, which the first of passion's poets, in the following lines, so feelingly deplores:

O! could I feel what I have feit, or be what I have been.
Or weep: as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene:

streams in deserts found, seem sweet, all brakish though they be;

so 'midst the wither'd waste of life, these tears would flow to me.'

... It has often occurred to me, however fantastical the idea may be, that the changes of the seasons have an influence upon the musing and sensitive mind, somewhat analogous to that which the changes of the moon are supposed to have upon the wayward

to the workings of mere physical instinct. When even in rude nature the 'little hills,' are, as it were, 'rejoicing on every side, it is wisely ordered, that our animal sympathies should join in the same jubilee, and produce a general ferment in the more subtle element which works within. would not be exhilerated and delighted upon seeing sweetest spring laughingly advance, with snow-drops in her hand, and snow-balls at her feet?who would not be wanton and buoyant to see rosy summer trip it up, led on by love's own mouth, with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom? Who would not be inspired and happy to see autumn's ruddy son's arraved under his yellow banner, to resp the golden fields of plenty?-and who, alas! would not be melancholy and sad, to see ' dread winter close the latest scene, with all his sable train of ' vapours, and clouds, and storms, and nature hastening to decay?

Such is a feeble transcript of the revolutions which my own feelings undergo as the 'rolling year' moves onward; and such, I doubt not, are more or less the revolving sensations of every contemplative mind, according to the difference of temperament and circum-The heart could not be haman that has not felt a vernal joy and a summer's pride, as well as a mtumn's glee, and a winter swoe." mutative influences are entwined with our very existence, and our souls bend in sympathetic obedience to their refeing sway. Even now how powerfully and how painfully is this demonstrated Nature presents to the view one wide scene of utter desolation; and to the disconsolate mind, every hanging cond seems surcharged with the dark dreary forebodings of cheedess Desolation and wor are pair. and fifful fantasies of the lunatic. Nor echoed to the heart in every pulling

gale, and the stern finger of decay hath set its funeral impress upon every leaf and flower. Reasoning from the analogy of nature, with regard to our own state, what food for doubting here? What cloudy pillars to support the baseless fabric, which scepticism has impiously reared !-what a gnawing worm to nip the gourd, under which the believer so securely fondles over his future hopes. What a dense and despairing gloom, to hide from his eager gaze that 'better country,' on which his heart is unchangeably fixed. But even here the sceptic is best met upon his own grounds, and best answered The very reby his own arguments. flection that we can feel thus, amid the general marks of decay which surround us, is, in my opinion, sufficient to satisfy the cold and chilling doubts of materialism, and convince us, that what we have within us is but an emanation from that all-pervading and self-existing power, which 'rules the storm, and rides the tempest's wing.

This moralizing propensity is peculiar | to no class of men--to no particular order of intellects. It is common to all. The poet may weave a richer and more gaudy wreath to twine around the tresses of his own favourite season, or may hymn a deeper tone of inspiration to the 'varied God' who rules them all; but the simple, though not the less fervent, breathings of the pious rustic, belong to the same class of sentiments, and are resolvable into the same native feelings. To all, however, the poet, as well as the peasant, the springtide of the year is the spring-tide of hope. The period when the first vernal roses give sentiment to the one, when the first vernal showers give promises to the other. Hope rises upon deny wings, and the spirit of youth evolves with the opening blossom. Every breath of the season carries incense to the heart, and the young mind

rising in its aspirations, like the sum, reaches every successive day nearer its meridian altitude. It is in this season of life, when the heart leaps highest in its ardent boundings, and when pleasure is refined and sublimated, till it is almost reduced to pain. It is to this season of spirit and enterprise, that the chronicles of age return to seek their proudest feats, and compile their most pleasing histories; and it is to this, that the aged soul longingly reverts, praying for one cup from its limpid streams, that it may once again taste of the waters of life freely. Memory goes as ambassador to the far-off courts of youth (or 'memory journeys to the far distant shrine of youth') and brings to the morbid mind, the gladdening intelligence, that there all is peaceful and happy, presents to the soul the circean cup of young remembrances, but just as it is about to quaff the hallowed draught, the cold hand of reality interferes and dashes it down for ever.

It was thus for a-while my thoughts were steeped in delight, and bathed in I was intoxicated a blissful delirium! with visionary imaginings! My soul had drunk to madness of the fanoied My own identity was forgotten, and for a while became a part of the surrounding scene! But the gloom of evening was gathering around me, and the humid coldness of the thickening blast, chilled me again into the reality of life. I withdrew from the scene with feelings of regret, though not unmingled with pleasure. That we had known each other, 'when hope was warm and life was young, sanctioned the regret. That we could thus again meet and mix, although the damp of years was gathering on my soul, sanctified the pleasure. A deep-felt adieu burst from my inmost soul, while the heart breathed forth sporttaneously the closing farewell.

Sweet scenes, adieu! in you I oft have met With solitude, and on the busy heights Of human pride, have not forgot, ingrate, Our first acquaintimeeship,-far other feet May press you, and another voice converse .With your lone majesty: yet spife of thet, And spite of mortal ills, in you the mind Shall find a blessed opiate, and a spot Of never-dying verdure; which the soul, Unfettered by the iron hand of care, Shall long-revert to; and fond memory, Reviewing far the chequer'd retrospett. Shall roll upon in intellectual hexury.

HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

It may do, said a publisher at the west end to a young Scriblerus, who had submitted to him his MS. for perusal, 'provided the beginning were a little more sparkling; but many ladies calling at the shop, take up a publication, and if, after turning over a page or two, they do not meet any striking passage, throw it down, and the work is forg and After hearing this monition from Mr. -I have been always careful to give a sparkling commencement to my productions, generally introducing them with a Hoursch of trumpets. In these emulous times, when the press is teeming with novelties almost every bour, a writer's greatest difficulty is in finding persons with leisure to read his productions; when this point is gained, like an audience from men in office, the chief obstacle in literature is surmounted; and it is with a view of assisting beginners in this important branch of the propession, that I propose submitting to them a few hints on the most successful mode of commencing their works, so as to attract public attention. I am well sware what an ungrateful task I undertake, for no class is more averse from receiving instruction; but when L inform them, that I have become rich and prosperous, chief-

first six or action lines of my performances, they will, I suspect, listen with more lively interest to the results of my experience.

Between such and books there is this in common, that an affection for them may grow but of more leagth of murdourse to thus one aften declara selectance in parting with a voluminous atther, and probably from no other came than the length of his work; und the time we had been yoked together: Oh this principle, I apprehend is purily founded our adminstion of the old anters; whom we have not so much for the beauties of their style, the some of tenderness, and passions, and mitun, they exhibit; as their prolixity, 9 This may appear a little paradoxical but a is cortain that many of our attachments, both personal and literary, have no better foundation, and derive all their interest from the circumstances under which they are formed. A man shat in a dungeon, with no other resource than the reveries of Jacob Behmen, or Baker's Chronicle, for exemple, might be brought to entertain weign entrevagant opinions of their ments und at cribe to them excellencies which were solely due to the peculiarities of his situation. He would maturally wife them in proportion as they had willer ed the tadium of confinements the numberless associations with which the repeated perusal of them had bear itcompanied, would convert every fine into a volume, to which he could be ver revert without reviving all the fecollections of his solicule out of him they would be a library of thought and feeling, with which his intellected existence would be associated to it is obvious that the observed! not be in the works berought mind. !! Ho mighty howevery daily mistake the cases of this told differ tion, and ascribe the interest be felt to ly from a dextrous management of the America seauties in the style and though

the enchantment would be in his situation, and the feelings and ideas with which they had accidentally become connected.

ends a good deal of philosophical critimisto depends on this principle, but I -pay advert to it to show how even dull books may become interesting merely from reading - and hence arises the importance of our subject, and the deep sinterest airthors have in commencing their works, so as to produce them a vicensal. To this end, nothing will more effectually contribute than a dashing, spirited; or what Mr. - calls a aparkling commencement. If you begin with a preszable, patience is exhansted, suspicion excited—it does shot answer the question, -who or what ere you? But if you start with an enecdate, or exclamation, or quotation, the ice is broken, attention arrested, the peculiarities of your style and charnater manifested, and you are at once hodied forth to the imagination as an andividual with whom we are sufficiently Amiliar to begin conversation.

gyahough you cannot, in writing as in speaking, hold the reader by the hutton-hole, you may assault his understanding by a literary coup de mein. That your enterprise may succeed, be mazéful that the first sentences are of anch a same and uncommon kind that shey gannot by any possibility have entered eny one's mind but your own. Mayou are anticipated, you will assuradly ba thrown aside at the first glance as common-place; but if you astonish mith some novelty, though foreign to the subject, you will be considered a man of genius, and your performance nerused though it be ever so dull. To allustrate this precept more particularsuppose you wish to put forth a ser-Jank shat many persons will venture on mistress for the first time. In this case such topies with the same feelings of the public is the object of your suit; shill and hoster with which they would and, in the opinion of an old admirer,

of the writers, while the real source of traverse a Gothic ruin at midnight; but suppose you lead them on with a line from Butler, or observation from Moutaigne, or an humorous sally from Falstaff, they will follow you to the entl, were it from mere curiosity, to see how subjects, so oddly begun, will termin-If you wish to introduce a metaphysical or astronomical disquisition, let your beginning be, 'As the clown said to the philosopher viewing the heavens through a telescope. If an essay on the belles lettres: ' Pope beautifully expresses it,' or 'There is an observation in that voluminous writer Lope de Vega, is very appropri-Should your theme be a piece of humour: 'Newton when walking in his garden, or Beacon profoundly remarks, or the sagacious Hume observes, or There is an eloquent passage in Jeremy Taylor, of An ingenious remark in Barrow are all excellent, and sanctioned by high authority. I have already remarked ou the beauty of an exclamation; there is no better facing to an article, especially a review of twenty volumes of divinity: thus, 'Twenty volumes! says "the Such a fillip I have known reader.' carry one briskly through fifty or sixty pages of very elaborate criticism. Indeed the whole secret consists in exciting surprise, so as to arrest the attention: conceal, therefore, your beginning as carefully as a dramatist conceals the denouement of his plot. Mind, however, it is not surprise alone, but an agreeable surprise, which is essential: if you drop on your reader with something extremely mal a propos, of course the effect will be the reverse. In all respects, consider the commencement in the nature of a first impression, and consequently prepare it with the same care and circumspecman, or athical discoursed. It is evi-tion that you prepare to meet your she is far more capricious in her at-| sence probably of volumes of thought, tachments than any idol to whom you I cannot help comparing the writer to

can pay your addresses.

most perilous, so it is the most diffi-When a writer sits down to his task, after revolving his ideas, he generally discovers several ways by which he may enter on his subject. He is like a person at the crossing of different roads leading to the same place, each route possessing peculiar advantages for the development of his thoughts. The more he meditates, the greater is the number of outlets he discovers, till at length, he is bewildered Thus he is exposed by the diversity. to two evils, one of meditating too much, and the other of meditating too little; and it is not easy to determine the greater. In the former case, his ideas multiply to such an extent, he sees his undertaking in so many different lights, that he is perplexed in what point of view it will appear to most advantage; in the latter, he is in danger of commencing at the wrong end, of pursuing his subject a considerable way, and then discovering that the path he has taken excludes many beauties which another route will embrace. No useful advice can be given to him on this part of his functions. He must be left to his own judgment and discretion, qualities as easily attained by faith and prayer as written instructions. Lest, however, I be deemed quite impotent on this part of the subject, I shall say, as a general rule, that he ought not to think too much, nor too little, but just enough!

Readers are not aware of the toil we undergo in their service; of the masses of thought and feeling wasted in providing a few pages for their amusement: how many bright ideas, touching sen- the prime meat, they give us the whole timents, and brilliant images, are rejected by the fastidiousness of the author! should deduct them for waste and offi. When I see a neat essay, the quintes-

the sculptor, who cuts a small statue As this branch of authorship is the from a huge block of marble: or his labours may be likened to those of the assayist, when the pure metal bears only a small proportion to the ore from which it is extracted. He is the intellectual machine, the mental laboratory of society, whose office saves the mass of mankind the trouble of thinking. He takes up the different questions which agitate the world in the gross state, clears them of impurities, disperses the shadows by which they are obscured, and conducts the reader in a clear and direct path, to the few ultimate truths into which all disputes are resolvable.

There are those, no doubt, who act differently, writers who darken instead of enlightening the path of knowledge,-who, instead of clearing the avenues of truth, choke them up with the rubbish of their own thoughts; but these are the bunglers in the profession, made by 'Nature's journeymen." There are others too, a species of literary gossops, full of conceit and affectation, who use their pens with as life tle ceremony as their tongues, scribes who no sooner sit down than they begin to blotthe paper - their first thought occurring is recorded—no previous leconnoisance of their subject they never a step in advance, and the itte fortunate reader, after being dragged long and weary way through ever turning and winding of their thoughts, finds at length he is pursuing an ight fatuus, or perhaps in the end obtains some faint glimpse of what he ought to have seen clearly at the beginning Such talking writers serve up the from with the liquor; when we want on carcase. Were I their employer, I

The process by which the mind ar-

rives at truth, in morals and criticism, I dull metaphysical disquisition. Others is the same as in the exact sciences. may think, under the pretext of giving In both, the investigation proceeds from hints to young authors, we have really truths that are obvious and admitted, been exposing the tricks of old ones. to others more remote, till, by a kind The latter opinion, however, we disof mental ladder, we reach the ulti-claim; for though we know that every mate proposition to be demonstrated. Neither is there any difference in the unwary, we have too much of the esprit certainty of the results; a question of de corps to expose those of our own. taste or feeling being as susceptible of demonstration as a mathematical theorem. The former, indeed, appears less certain, because the elements on always some prototype. But in quesevanescent, others which language only self, much less is he capable of communicating his ideas to others; the subimperfection of his instruments. But though they thus differ, it is not in their certainty, but our means of investigation. There can be no doubt that the foundation of moral distinctions and of our judgment, in matters of taste, depends as much in the immutable relations of nature as the propersies of a triangle: and the only reason why mankind are not so unanimous, in the one case as the other, arises from the imperfection of language, and our consequent inability to communicate our ideas with equal precision.

But these are too grave matters for with and, besides, it is the time to conate here giving a practical illustration dote, the reader may be drawn into a see him die to-morrow

calling has its artifices for catching the

SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

Rawliegh's checrfulness was so rewhich it depends are less palpable to markable, and his fearlessness of death, the understanding. In the demonstration of westmintion of a problem in geometry, for ex- ster, who attended him, at first wonample, our footing is sure, and we see dering at the hero, reprehended the the ground on which we rest; the lan-lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh. guage employed is precise, and has gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion, tions in the abstract sciences, so many and an imagination; and as for the. qualities enter into the solution, some manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some vaguely expresses, that the writer is might have made shows outwardly, but not always sure he understands him- he felt the joy within. The Dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; tlety of his subject escapes through the 'Not,' said he, 'but that I am a great' sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier.' The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give, as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco; and, when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, "that it was good drink if a man might tarry by it." The day clude. Some, indeed, may think we before, in passing from Westminsterhall to the Gate-house, his eye caught of our own precepts, and showing how, Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and by commencing with a sparkling anec- calling on him, requested that he would

to secure himself a seas on the scaffold, take my leave. . . He ambraced all the had provided himself, with a letter to lords and other friends with such courtthe sheriff, which was not read at the ly compliments, as if he had met them sime, and Sir Welter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. 'Farewell!' exclaimed Rawleigh, I know not what shift you which not being instantly done he rewill make but I am sure to have a e liplace. In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were II . pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, intomuch that Rawleigh noticed him and asked, 'Whether he would have ought of him?' The old man namered. Nothing but to see him, dramand to pray to God for him. Rawleigh ... replied, f.I thank thee, good friend, and Lam sorry that I have no better ... thing to return thee for thy good will. Observing his head bald, he continuand ed, but take this night-cap (which it. was a very rich wrought one that he more) for thou hast more need of it green mow than I.

His dress, as was usual with him, ... was elegant, if not rich. Oldys des-- the embes it, but mentions, that 'he had a En a syrrought might cop under his hat,' this which we have otherwise disposed of; his ruff band, a black wrought velvet ... n night-gown over a bair-coloured satindoublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black out taffety breeches, and ... ash-colouzed silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the the mame cheerfulness as he had passed to , it isnd observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requestminuted they would approach him, as he way in reished what he bad to say they should witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well knowns but some copies contain matters agt in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arandel that ed: but from the first, his hody never the king would not suffer any libele to shrunk from the spot, by any discomdefame him after death. And now I posure of his posture, which, like his

at some feast, i says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, peated, 'I prithee let me see it. I Dos thou think that I am afraid of it? He passed the edge slightly over his fuger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, This is a shorp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases; and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, This is that, that will core all sor-After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block. he fiest laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace did, but entreated him mot to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand. and then, fear not, but strike home! When he laid his head down: to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. 'It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, anothe heart lay right, said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in itfor, having lain some momentaion the block in prayer, he gave the signal: but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to sek him, Why dost thou not intriked Strike, man! In two blows he was beheadhave a long journey to go, and must mind, was immoveable (11 2 11

4: A. b There is a large work, which is still that he direct and mediterary characters. celebrated; coffwhich the composition with the most infiniste friendship. has excited the astonishment even of There he comed the Earl of Northumthe philosophic Hame, but whose send berland the patron of the philosophers ... cret history remains you to be disalosed. of this land and with whom Rewleigh This detended in a value of its of The light such this chemical statistics; and Ser-Ilistory of the World, by Ruwleigh | Jeant Hoskins, a poet and will, and 1 (I shall transcribe Hunle's observation; the poetical A father! of Den Denson, thatishe reader than observe the literal il sary phenomenon. L. They were struck . It with the extensive genius of the man, and whoolbeing adacated amidst haval and in military enterprises, had surpassed in will the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to andertake and execute, so great a work as his History of the World. Now when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will · valisappear, except in the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interis persed in that venerable volume. may, indeed, pardon the astonishment of our calm philosopher, when we consider the recondite matter contained in of this work, and recollect the little time which this adventurous spirit, whose will silite was passed in fabricating his own i wafortune, and in perpetual enterprise, 115 11 could allow to such erudite pursuits. with Where could Rawleigh obtain that familiar acquaintance with the rabbins, and of whose language he was probably en--11 stirely ignorant? His numerous pubil a lications, the effusions of a most active immed, though excellent in their kind, minimum evidently composed by one who was not abstracted in curious and direct remote inquiries, but full of the daily and business and the wisdom of human life. confinement in the Tower, which -head dested several years, was indeed suffi-15730 vient to the composition of this folio money and of a second which appears and white, have occupied hims But in these eluse and sederally while swelch as the

who acknowledged that 'It was Hosking who had polished him? and that Rawleigh often consulted Hoskins on his literary works, I learn from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian love floated from a chemist and a poet, Pres truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been dis-It has been usseded that covered. Ben Jonson was a considerable contributer; and there was an alonglish philosopher from whom Destartes, it is said, even by his dww common, borrowed largely Thomas Hariot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's wolding philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was composing his History of the World. But if Rawleigh's pursuits surpassed even those of the most wealing and sedentary liver; as Hume bedered, we mass attribute this to ald DecRobert Burrel, Rector of Northwedder in the county of Norfolky who was a great favolutite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain ball, for the greatest part of the drudgely of Sir Walter's history for Criticisins Chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, were performed by him for Sir Walter. Thus, u shable fact. when discovered, dears up the whole mystery; and we learly how that knowledge was acquired powhick palar Hume sagaciously defected, "required! a reimprisonment it singularly happened bradies and the bashs would be

age.

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

About fifty years ago, a farmer lived in Glen Speams, whose name was Macdonald. It is shameful I should forget, not only his Christian name. but likewise the name of the farm, for every particular was delivered to me with scrupulous accuracy. He had a wife, three daughters, and three sons. This I perfectly recollect; for there was a dispute between the old lady and her son, while relating it to me, whether there were not four sons and three daughters, or four daughters and three sons, or three of each, and (I am happy to say) the last was finally agreed on by both parties. I love correct-What signifies telling a story The youngest of the family perhaps on that account, was not so great a favourite as the rest. Such give to their children, were never bestowed on this post boy. He was just turned of ten years when the supernatural events took place in the cottage; for, as the old lady observed,

of a country clergyman in a learned of the meat were distributed to him in vain; they were instantly exchanged. and nobody knew how, for the tid-bits. of the joint. Had be harley-scopes, they were instantly powdered with sugar. When they gave him water, it was . turned into milk before it reached his . lips. Did father or mother attempt to chastise kim, they suffered for their temerity: the pot would fly off, and the mest run away up the lum- Anglice the chimney); the churn failed in its office; the slicep fell into fits; the cows kicked over the milk-pails; and the roof of the cottage was sure to want repair on the following day. The farmer, wearied and tormented, resolved on quitting this haunted habitation. and went to another at a short distance; but his removal was ineffectual. for the same pranks constantly attendin the rough? It is like giving the ed him. A schoolmaster of Baidnach. the index of a book instead of the hearing of these strange matters, carner to assure himself whether they were, was a boy; he was the only one who true or false. However, he was soon had not been suckled at home, and, glad to run out of the cottage. Every thing he presumed to touch simed a blow at his head. He was twice dainties as farmers can, now and then, knocked down before he made three inquiries. 'This is very odd, very odd, indeed-was it not, Sir?' said. my informant. The farmer again tomoved to the upper part of the Glen, above Keppoch; the very spot washe was born at Lammas, and they be-pointed out to me. Still he could get. gan at the end of August. I'am not no rest. The worst was, that owing sure but she said the after-half of to so many persons coming to witness. August, and not the end, which makes these incomprehensible doings, he was: a fittle difference. This boy, then well nigh eaten out of house and home. for it is chiefly of and concerning him This state of things continued, from -was all at once favoured beyond his first to last, for seven long years. The brothers and sisters, not by his pa- boy, being then seventeen, got up the. rents, but hy some invisible agent. morning with a dream in his head; When his porridge was set before him, about America. This dream; was the a lump of butter vanished from the peated till, morning after morning. family dish, and popped into his basin, there was nothing to be liesed but his If oat cake was given him, a piece of confounded talk about Ametica ... In: cheese jumped out of the cupboard to a short while, he expressed as design to keep it company. The worst vices go to America; and at last, in spile.

what he chose. accept the invitation; but his wife be-ed. mahaged to pluck up courage. 'Away with your dirk!' cried the voice-and he threw it down immediately. 'Throw the guillie' (alias knife) ' from your pocket!' cried the voice-and he did see: 16 There is a pin in your kilt, cried the voice: 4 I cannot be seen by any one with a pointed weapon! and he obeyed in this particular as well as then yest Macdonald went forth. There was a high wind, and the sky was heavily clouded; but light enough to distinguish objects, for it was at the time of a full moon. He first looked sharp round to the right, beheld two figures, not quite resting their feet upon the ground, as if in contempt of the less of gravitation. They were hand

of his father's inflication to the contrary, whose riame: was Campbell; and the to America he went. The night he other the ghost of his daughter, a little. quitted his home-it was in the month girl, who died on the very day the suof November as the farmer and his pernatural events hegan in the cottage; wife were scated together by the fire, -as for Campbell, he died, as I am they heard a voice; as by some person assured, some three months before her. between them, say, 'What will you The male apparition asked the farmer, give me? They looked, but saw no- why he had not sent his boy away betiting but themselves. What is it fore, seeing that all his troubles were voti would have? exclaimed the far-loccasioned by him. It was this my mer. And then the voice eagerly an- daughter, pursued he, 'who contro swered, 'One of your children!' stantly waited on him, served him with, 'Ah!' cried the father, 'whoever the best, chastised you for your cruelty, thou art, I will not give thee one of and, at last, whispered to him those, them." "There! there? the mother dreams of America, while her spirit; screamed out, there is a hen-we embraced him as he slept. For know; will give that hen—take it, and go | —her soul was originally, formed to; away." The voice then laughed be wedded to his; and we learnt that laughed prodigiously—and told them he might chance to marry here, and that he was perfectly indifferent to be wretched, not meeting with his feltheir consent, as, in fact, he could take low soul. To come to my danghter, But come thou, he must die young and innoceut, and, Macdonald, it continued, 'come for that purpose, it was nacessary her. to the outside of the door, and there should go to a foreign land. Expect, thou shalt see as well as hear me! ere long, to hear he has quitted the. The man was for some time afraid to living! And such, indeed, happen, News came from America that, sought him to go, as obedience might on the first night of the boy's landing put an end to their troubles, and he there, he died in his sleep in a salmula

> CRITIQUE Donne 184 THE BEARS, SILVER MINE TOTAL to mod saw ad

Jye. & their chihir a. n.

stowed on this pres

To the Editor of the Literary Molange.

Sir,-We paid another visit to the City: cus on Friday evening, and have taken the liberty to trouble you with our remarks . on the performances, as we are of opinion, that it is of some importance to the public, to know the quality of the feast which public entertainers provide for their guests. We had scarcely seated ourselves in a prostraight w forward, and then turning per attitude for observation, when the curtain drew up, and the representation of a laughable piece, called the Bears began. Of the plot of this piece, we will say no thing, as the author evidently paid no se tention to distorreducionare, frehen writing in hand. One was the phoet of a man it willis object has been to excite minth and he has succeeded admirably. The fable of the piece has been already taken notice of in one of the newspapers, for which reason, we consider recapitulation unnecessary. The audience gave ample testimony of approbation, and the old seat of the muses shook with the plaudita to the very base.

The performances of the Ferris require meeting time from us. The world is nearly wearied in giving them praise. They dance with so much ease and confidence, that we feel none of those fears that are so frequently raised in the mind, when looking at the performances of other rope dancers.

The Silver Mine attracted our attention particularly. We do not approve of the name, as we know there are no silver mines in England. We'are of opinion that this name was adopted by the manager, that he might have as opportunity of displaying his scenic takent; so we do not grumble at the petit imposition, as the inside view of the mine nearly beggars description. Strata, chrystals, plasms, are all to be seen in this Taframundane abode; and when we see the bashet descending, we are almost tempted to believe the reality of the scene.

The piece commences with a dialogue between Haworth (Darnley) and Blore (Collingbourn). Blore is a suitor for Ella, Haworth's daughter, (Mrs. Makeen), but is rejected, in consequence of the seeming dislike of Ella, who is attached to Lieutenant Alford (Makeen). Blore disappointed goes off, inuttering revenge, and lays his plans for its accomplishment, with all the malignity of a fiend. Dawdle, a cockney, (Kinloch) cousin to Ella, is introduced in the first scene, and with her he goes to pay a visit to a rela-By Blores machinations, Ella falls into his hands; and dame Haworth (Mrs. Darnley), and her, husband, are at night mourning over the loss of their daughter whom they supposed has been seduced and has eloped. A storm comes on, and Alford is ushered into the old people's cottage, and is most hospitably entertained, and conducted to bed. Blore is seen peeping through the casement, watching the movements of those within. As the old people are going to repose, the name of their guest is discovered; by looking at his portmanteau. Haworth finding the de-

power, vows revenge, and prepares to seender him, but is prevented by his suife; and they go to rest. Blows; with Morkey and Shark, (Cardoza and Hart) estexibe spantoment of Alford, and stab him in his sleep. His crise swatten his entertainers. The ruffians carry off the body in sight of the old people, who are stupified with horror and the first art closes.

The second act shows us the inside of the Mine-Ella a prisoner-and the bloody body in the gloomy abode. Blore enterstries to woo her-he is again rejected in revenge, he tells her what has been doneher parents, he says, are apprehended as the murderers of an officer, and on bina depend their fate. "Your limits will that allow a full detail of the business of the piece. Ella is left alone with the body of Alford. She uncovers the face and recognises her lover, who is not, as supposed dead, but in a faint from loss of blood. Dawdle is here made a prisoner, and the contrast between his silly grief, and Ella's distress is very striking. To sum up all, the three effect their escape, and arrive in time to save the parents of Ella from an ignominious death, and discover the villainty of Blore.

Blore is the principal character; we did not think Collingbourn capable of acting. effectively; would he rant a little less when assailed by his passions, he would add much to the general effect of the character. Cardoza walks the stage well, and huntled decently through the character, Hart acted and looked like any thing best We understand be is cornish miner. a townsman of our own, if so, he will get little honour among his people. We liked Makeen throughout the piece, except in the cottage scene, be displays there too much unnecessary emotion; perhapsin melo-dramatic performances this may occasionally be unavoidable, as a great deal of stage business is required.

mourning over the loss of their daughter whom they supposed has been seduced and has eloped. A storm comes on, and Alford is ushered into the old people's cotage, and is most hospitably entertained, and conducted to bed. Blore is seen peeping through the casement, watching the movements of those within. As the old people are going to repose, the name of incir guest i discovered; by looking at his portmanteau. Haworth finding the despoiler of his daughter's honour in his advancing in the public favour, and me

The first and the second second

busuld wish much to see her in a character In which she would fully display her histrionic power.

.. I am, &c.

THEATRICUS!

REVIEW:

An Abridgment of Paradise Lost. By Mrs. Siddons. Murray, 1822, 5s. 6d.

"Milton's Paradise Lost has, at various times, undergone some very strange transformations. Dryden metamorphosed it into an heroic play. One learned gentleman, observing that the delight and edification which many worthy persons received from 'Mr. Milton's excellent poem, was greatly diminished by the outre and perplexing nature of the verse, kindly undertook to tag the lines with rhyme; in imitation, we suppose, of a brother wiseacre of old, who rendered a somewhat similar service to the Iliad: and another, with different, but equally faudable intentions, converted it into honest brown brick prose.' The idea of abridging Paradise Lost may, at first sight, appear to savour of a similar absurdity. Mrs. S., however, shall speak for herself :-

"The following Abridgment of the Paradise Lost was made several years ago for the purpose of being read by my children. A taste for the sublime and beautiful is an approach to virtue; and I was naturally, desirous that their minds should be inspired with an early admiration of Milton. perfection of his immortal poem is seldom appreciated by the young; and its perusal is, perhaps, very generally regarded rather as a daty than a pleasure. This has been sthibuted by Dr. Johnson to the want of human interest. In those passages, therefore, which I selected for our evening readings, my purpose was to obviate this ob-jection, by bringing before my family, in whinteringted connexion, those parts which relate to the fate of our first parents; and by diffitting every thing, however exquilite in its kind, which did not immediately bear on their affecting and important story. Some friends lately suggested to

found interesting and instructive to my own children, might not be wholly unprofitable to those of others; and, in that hope, I have been persuaded to the present publication.

Such an explanation removes all appearance of absurdity or presumption in the design; and if our children are to be familiarised with Milton, we consider the present method far better than the common one of short and disconcerted extracts, such as are found. in our common school antholigies.---We confess, however, that we have doubts as to the propriety of the proceeding altogether. Even by the mass of adult readers, from causes which we have not time to enumerate, Paradise Lost is almost as little understood as Newton's Principia. To appreciate Milton's real beauties, and even to. comprehend his meaning, in any considerable degree, demands a variety of requisites, such as few possess; nor would it be any great loss, in this re-' spect at least, if Paradise Lost were. like the Bible, in the middle ages, a sealed book to the multitude. But if this is the case with mature readers, how much more with children. vein of reflection, too, which pervades it, and distinguishes it from the great. epic poems of antiquity, and the comparative want of story and character, conspire to render it far less attractive in the eyes of youth than its rivals, the Iliad and Odyssey. We do not mean, of course, that young persons find no! meaning, or feel no interest, in Paradise Lost; we only think, that the gratification and instruction they are likely to derive from thence, are not such as to compensate for the injury which, we think, may result in various ways. We shall only mention one instance—that palling of the mental appetite, of which Lord Byron so feelingly complains in the of Horace, and which we have ms, that the Abstract, which had been ourselves experienced with regard to

the speeches of Moloch and Belial, the Morning Hyma, and other stock extracts; the last mentioned passage, after all, appeared to us flat and meagre at the time, in comparison with the parallel one of Thomson. We are a good deal of the mind of those Italian teachers mentioned by Lord Byron, in his note on the passage of Childe Harold above alluded to, who consider it a sort of profanation to make use of the old and approved writers as schools books. If however, Milton is to be abridged for the purpose in question, we think our author's plan, as stated in the preface, the best which can be followed. Probably the judgment of her audience coincided with that of a lady of our acquaintance, of ordinary but unsophisticated taste, to whom the domestic scenes afforded unmixed delight, while the sublimities wearied and confused. We have only room, however, to add to this general expression of approbation, a few remarks on the detail of the performance.

In the first book, the speeches of Satan are, properly, shortened. We are less satisfied with the omission of all from 1.643 to 1034, of the 2d book; with the exception of the episode, of Sin and Death, which, of course, could not be retained. The wanderings of Satan used to appear

to us one of the most entertaining parts of the poem. On the other hand, the celestial dialogue in book 3, is judiciously expunged to the opening address to Light, however, appears. in consequence, somewhat irrelevant. The Paradise of Fools, and other marvels of this book, are likewise omitted. The description of Paradise. in book 4th, is given almost entire; we wonder, however, that the lines. ' About them frisking play'd,' &c. 4. 340, were not retained. The domestic scenes, in this and the other books, are printed almost without abridgment. The 6th book, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's observation, that it is the fivourite of children, is wholly omitted; as is likewise the 7th, probably the most unattractive of the whole. the 8th, on the contrary, the most delightful of all, the philosophical discussion at the beginning is almost the only passage retremehed. mainder of the abridgment requires no particular remark : except that we are rather sorry to see that the whole of the vision in book 11th is wanting. The 12th book, though a favourite of ours, may very safely be spared! 's has indeed been done by Mrs. S. with the exception of the concluding persgraphs.

POLTRY.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Blythe, blythe and metry season! Blythe, welcome round again! Blythe, bring the 'feast of reason!' Joy, kindnass, balm for pain!

How gloomy, dreary, were our life, Without the beams of social joy! Our hearts to join—to banish strife, To dly the same that blue amoy! Blythe, blythe, &c.

On life's dark way we'd weary sink,
Without a resting place from care,
If the happy when a cheering blink,
Of knowees inchanter tar lies fare!
Biythe, blythe, ar.

Cold, cold's the binet (—while here gan death Relieve the child of want and who! Some conditi cheef give hint to take. And blessings on your lead stall dear?

Blythe, birthe; à

Blythe, blythe, de. ca

Glassford Street

To the Editor of the Melange.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR,

The pen, to let you ken, how fain
I'm to express my approbation,
But this said style o' plain narration,
O' the new beuk that ye ha'e preniet;
Indeed, its like was sairly wantet,
In this great city, what there's plenty
O' salence, are, sik shing that's dainty—
But 1/2 mak just as short remark
Upon your worthy, weekly wark.

I think it was a whim most strange,
To title your beak the Melange;
The readers dinna a' ken French,
Though they may sport some ither branch.
Fou'd laugh to hear how it's misca't,
Though maybe this is no your faut:
My Grand-papa began to read it,
But faith he couldna weel unthread it—

Melange—a queer name for a bouk— Took out his specks—a second leuk— Melange—then gied anither glowr, I faver saw't unto this hour. He plied the dictionar richt sair, But cudna fin sic a word there, Then hastily proceeded farer, Coèvinc'd 'twes typographe error; TH Tam, his gran-son happit past, Wha solv'd the mystery at last,

Says he, this word has come frae France,
And gies the title consequence.
It here means medley o'a' matter,
That feeds men's pens, keeps tongues in clatter.
The auld man, dumfounder'd, scratch'd his head;
This name behoves focks learn'd an' read;
The Editor might gien't in Scotch,
It's naething mair than a hotch potch.

Though it is modish in our days, To name in Greek and Latin phrase, Ye needna ap'd these great high-filers Till ance we've a' turn'd Frenchifiers.

Pacific, I'll pardon that abuses,
An' frankly tak your best excuses,
Presided you redeem the title,
An' show pour learnie' an' your mettle—
Mix up the witty—the historie—
The grive—the deep laif allegorie—
Rare scraigh fine literature and art—
Postic-dincles, sweet and smart—
Let mark ever ha'e its due—
An' gude sease turn the scale wi you;
An' I'll remain

Your Constant Reader.

N. R.—Print this, 'twill be an explanation,
An' cause your friens nac mair vexation.

SAUTHABEUT,

Bailie Nicol Jarvio's Laun,
Mineteendays afore New'rday.

--->**---**

m -----

Farewell—farewell, since it must be, Farewell—perhaps for ever; But roam I, or by land er sea, Shall I forget thee?—never.

I ne'er can banish from my mind, The beauty of thy form; I'll hear thee in the gratle wind, And see thee in the storm.

Should our proud ship be tosa'd at sea, And hope fice from the helm; My last sad thought shall be of thee, Though wreck and waves o'erwhelm.

But should we reach our port 'all well.'
My heart shall never waver;
I'll think on thee, and this farewell—
I'll love thee—yes, for ever.

-->--

SONG.

I saw the moonbeams purely bright, Smile o'er the waters dark and deep, And show the lake, by heavenly light, Swath'd beautsous in a golden sleep.

I saw again that golden light, Play sweetly o'er its chequer'd breast, And gild the small wave, sparkling bright, As soft I sunk to glassy rest.

I thought of that bright engel smile, Which broke the bosom's cheeriess gloom, And shed a light, devoid of guile, Its moonless midnight to illume.

I thought of that soft sainted glow, Which steeped in bliss my troubled breast, And hop'd, that where the blessed go, Beneath that smile I might be bless'd.

ON A PORTRAIT

Intended to represent a Lady.

Painters, despair! in valu your efforts rice, The lovely ——— your art defice. Dim are your colours, and your touches faint: An Angel only cen an Angel paint.

on the subject. He is at present on a tour and reconducted to the reservoir. which he will see the distinguished Natural Philosophers whose attention has been excited by his discovery, and collect valuable materials for his intended work.

Fontenelle, being praised for the clearness of his style on the deepest subjects, said:- If I have any merit, it is that I have always endeavoured to understand myself.'

It is said that Lord Byron has indulged his imagination to the utmost, in the three Cantos of Don Juan that are about to

appear.

STEAM CARRIAGE. - The steam carriage of Mr. Griffith is very ingeniously constructed. The inventor has been assisted by the eminent mechanicians, Bramah and Artsherger. The structure is altogether in length 27 feet, of which 7 are occupied by the boiler and apparatus for motion. -The steam is formed by heated tubes, I inch and a half, to 3 inches in diameter, and no more water is introduced to them at a time then what is immediately wanted. tubes supersede the common large boiler. The reservoir of water will serve for at least 8 hours. The safety valves are calculated and agriculture.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 28 .- Professor | for 50 pounds the square inch; the whole Onsted, the discoverer of the affinity becaperatus has been proved at 200 pounds. tween electricity and magnetism, or gal. The steam from the safety valves and the vanishing is engaged on a considerable work cylinders is considerable in flat copper tubes. The anto Germany, France, and England, in paragets is ingeniously suspended, so as to be unhurt by the motion of the wheels .-The whole is so constructed that the horizontal position will be preserved, severe shocks avoided, and the outer wheels enabled to make, in turning the carriage, a larger segment than the inner. The carriage may be made to stop or retrograde at the wish of the conductor, who sits in front, and, by means of a bevel pinion, directs the carriage. There are two rates of . velocity by means of pinions of different diameters. On ground tolerably level, the velocity will be 5 miles and an 8th an hour-When the acclivity is considerable, it will be reduced to something above 2 miles as hour: and on going down hill it will be controlled by a mechanical pressure on the wheels. The weight of the carriage, including apparatus, water, and fuel, will be only a ton and a half. It will carry 3 tons of merchandise and passengers. With this load it is expected to go at the rate of & miles an hour, or 100 miles in 20 h These on ordinary roads. Should it succeed to will be the greatest triumph ever going mechanics, and invaluable to con

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Effects of Society and Dissipation will shortly appear. Christmas came too late for Insertion. The Covenanter will soon be attended to.

We could not read the Procuress We would like to see it more plainly written.
King James may sell for his papers. We cannot insert them.
Verses on Margaret cannot be inserted. We have little hope of the author's impens

Count ZenoMa anon.

The Ungredeful Cat is much too flat.

The Ungredeful Cat is much too flat.

M. M. J., Montanus, Montana, R. Ln., Alexander, Bowler, Dhuck, &c. are under consideration.

We received A. B. C. D'a letter: expect to hear from him this week. We will strend to he

We received at B. to a latest appear to the little and the second and a far as consistent with propriety.

The subject on which B. O. treats, is of such a lengthy nature, that a whole year would not be turn suff of time to make a finish. It would require a whole volume of the Encyclopedia, The translator of Orid's story of Europa is indeed a bull. We hope he is without florids.

A. D., Mary, The Auld Man's Lament, and Aliqua, will soon be attended to:

Printed, sublished and sold, every Wednesday, by GEORGE PURVIS & Co. Suscer Lyceum Court, Nelson Street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to Sold size by Mr. Griffin, Public Library, Hutcheson Street; at the Shops of the Frint Glasgow, Aleg of the following Booksellers: John Histop, Greendek; John Dick, Ay Paliky; Köberi Mathie, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glasgow; D. Conda, I Thomson, Hamilton; and M. Dick, Irvine; or refady money only.

A Title Page and Contonie will be Published the first week in Jamesty

LITERARY MELANGE;

or,

Weekin Register of Literature and the Arts.

No. I.

WEDNESDAY, 1st January, 1823.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

AT the commencement of a New Volume, most of our readers will expect us to say something on the occasion, especially as the first volume was introduced to them by another hand and another pen: in order to gratify their expectafloris we address them, and not from any wish to excite new hopes, which ultimately may end in disappointment. That periodical works are of much use in diffusing knowledge, few will deny; that they are considered useful, the great number in circulation will sufficiently prove. In the humble hope that the Melange may be of some benefit to society, do we intend to prosecute its further promulgation, depending on the taste of the Glasgow public, which has so often been called in question. We have often wondered that the Literati of Glasgow have remained so long quiescent under the innumerable charges of this kind, that have been brought against them; the more so; when we know that foreign periodicals, of all kinds, are read here with such avidity Some may reply to this, by saying, that men in business require antisement, that this is more easily found in reading than in writing, as the one requires no previous study, and the other does. Whether this be the case or not, we will not venture upon inquiring; but this, we would imagine, that Glasgow minds are constituted just as other minds are, besides, we know, that many of the most valuable papers in London and Edinburgh Magazines, emanate from this Emporium of Commerce, which go a good way to prove, that there are some individuals in Glasgow, who can find amerement in writing as well as reading: whether such individuals will ever deign to honour our pages with any of their lucubrations, we cannot affirm, but that we are justified in hoping they will, we unconditionally assert. The want of respectability, some may urge as a reason, why men of ability will not contribute to a work of this kind; but we are far from thinking that the merit or respectability of a publication should be calculated by the price of its numbers. That Editors are responsible for the ability they profess, we readily admit; but we think few ever undertook a work of this nature without expecting assistance from uninterested individuals; this being understood, we are surely warranted in saying, that part of the respectability of a periodical work must depend on the interest which others take in it; the most prolific brain must sometimes turn barren; the most exalted imagination will sometimes grovel, just as the most vigorous, by too much exercise, grow weary; or, as the most enthusiastic

traveller must sometimes halt. Whether the merit of this volume will exceed the first, the public must determine this we premise, if it retrogrades, the fault will be with unit Ther we labour under many disadvanages we admit; but the greatest obstacles may be overcome by perseverance, and we are ever taught to hope for better days." Our late efforts, we are told, have given us some claim to public favours. We would surely pre in not prosecuting the cultivation. We have stood clear of offence hitherto, having neither advocated party, nor gratified the malignity of any one of our correspondents. That matry periodicals are made the vehicles of slander and abuse, every one who readist them must know; neither our inclinations, nor our interest, lead us to indulge in such propensities. Our conduct, on all occasions, will submit to scruting. Though some may labour to insult and provoke, our only study will be to instruct and amuse. We are aware such sentiments are to be found in almost every introductory article; and the more wish not to affect indifferende to circumstances that almost all consider of importance, was the sole reason which induced as to give to them any attention. We perhaps would not have been justifiable in passing them over unnoticed, as the declaration of opinion is now considered more necessary than ever, by the thinking part of the community.

Commencing at such an interesting period as we do, viz. the first day of a new year, when hope and fear are in such busy expectation, we, in common we'telieve, with all, look forward, with apprehensions of a variet sout, to what is british in the worth of time, forbodings of a pleasant or a painful nature, # a three like this, assail the human mind, according with its present situation; thus we are frequently lost in conjecturing what futurity may bring forth. Our bes whitewome will be matte to merit public favour, and as we merit it we hope to be rewarded. We conclude with giving the compliments of the season to all surveaders, and wishing a new year may return often, and with an increased degree of happiness to each, until all, having played their fitful part in the

draws of life, are gathered to the place of their fathers.

Model waster to ... · IL TO SEPTEMETOHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE. ...

No. 1.—INTRODUCTION. Bulmish Literature may be comprehended under five crass let, The en of Queen Elizabeth, in which lived Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jouson, Benmost Figteher, Marlow, &c .- 2d, The era of Charles II. in which lived Militon, Dryden, Otway, Lee, Cowley, Waller, Farquhar, Vanburgh, Rocommon, Signated 3da The era of Queen Anne, sometimes, though improperly called the Augustan age of England, in which flourished Pope, Swift, Addison Steels, Prier, and a host of others, 4th, The era including the raign of George II, and part of that of George III. in which lived Goldsmith, Johnson Smollet, Rielding, Richardson, Gray, Collins, Akenside, Sheridan, Beattie, Copper, &c, 5th, The era comprehending the last sixteen years of George III. down to the present time. In this era flourish Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Milman, Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, Hogg, Baillie, Wilson, and a multitude of others. It is our intention, in the present Volume of the Melange, to give a general view of the spirit of these different cras devoting an article to each era. Before

Or and On Alexand norther fourth ord

hateevery descending to purify which we shall take a popul and general survey of the whole, from the time, of Elisabeth an thospresent day on a ground of the terms of the state of the sta

It is needless to speak of British literature before her reign. From the time of Chancer till then, it may be said to have been, to all intents and purposes, a dend letter. A The stinted learning of the age was confined to monasteries, and the apople religiously kept back from every species of knowledge, But, in this interval, there is no reason to suppose that any genius, especially that any great puret existed. No times could be more unfavourable for literature, than those which produced Gomer, Chaucen, and Thomas of Ercildouns yet, by the funce of poetic power, these men triumphed over every difficulty, and a shone brightly in the middle of universally darkness. Nor is it just to impute the want of genius to the civil dissensions of the times, or to the disturbed reigns of the Fudors ... We repeat, had England then possessed a poet, he : , would have appeared notwithstanding every disadvantage. Genius is not reared under the fostering care of patronage. The history of almost all our men: of talent, exhibits them struggling against misfortune. What ages were more agitated than those of Elizabeth or Anne?—yet, what times produced . greater mere ? . Italeigh, Bacon, and Camoens-Milton, Waller, and Swift, were perpetually engaged in the national disputes; yet their geniuses were not blighted; by these events. They were rather sharpened and prepared to act more powerfully in quieter moments. The government may, indeed, give of a particular turn to the genius of a nation collectively; but it cannot shock the " march of imagination, in the gifted few who are blessed with such faculty at The diamal periods of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, plunged, manking, into universal gloom; yet, in these ages, appeared the sportive Ariosto and it Boccacion-the amorous Petrarch, and the majestic minds of Danie and Tasson In such ages, Raphael, and Angelo, and Titian flourished, and also the whole of the incomparable artists of the Venetian and Italian schools of the painting. Times like these could restrain the progress of sciences as the unhappy Gallileo experienced, and might curb the reign of philosophy that they are could do nothing more. There the ignorance of a debased priesthood. There the fanaticism of a tyrannical inquisition. There the blasting sastbemas of an assuming pontiff were compelled to pause. They might snatch the telescope from the hands of the daring philosopher, who, by exploring the fields of knowledge, unveiled them and their sophistries to the world They might imprison the sage who sent forth the precepts of a more just philosophy; and they might condemn to the faggot, the promulgators of a there and a purer faith. They might do all this, but the laurel from the poets head they could! not tear. In spite of every obstacle, the pure stream of his imagination sweps ? on in the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the decay of the decay of all the other fountains of the decay of the decay of all the other fountains of the decay of the decay of all the other fountains of the decay of the decay of all the other fountains of the decay of

We are not then to impute the small number of poets in the middle ages to any such events, nor are we to say, that the interval between Chancer mid. Spender was deficient in poetry, because the fancy of the bard was darkened by the general ignorance of mankind. The mighty constellation which lighted up the most dismal period of Europe, in the person of Dante and his successors, showed the fallacy of such reasoning; and the no less majestly minds which adolined the virgin reign of England, demonstrated that, however oppressed; gehius will yet rebound irresistibly, and shoot forth into the wild hix unable of vigour. This, the era of Queen Elizabeth exhibited in full perfect.

.B.

tion. As if by the breath of some enchantment, England started up at one a literary land. The voice which, from the beginning of time, had pronounced it barbarous and unimaginative, was silent for ever. Spencer, by a single effort, elevated its poetry almost to a level with that of Greece or Rome. The Facry Queene, is the purest, sweetest, most imaginative poem of modern time. Una, the most etherial heroine of romance. 1. At the same time appeared Shakespeare, who bounded above all his contemporaries, and set on the amethrone as Homer himself. This was the triumph of England's genius the brightest period of her literary history. No age, except those in which Taxo and Ariosto-or Virgil and Lucian sung-could produce such a pair; no even the Grecian one which saw Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides together Shakespeare was sufficient to have stamped immortality on the time that preduced him, and to have conferred on it the title of the age of genius. But a tace of Majestic spirits followed in his train-spirits not indeed equal to his for that never saw its match, but such as would have honoured any other pefield of society. Johnson, Marlow, Massinger, and Fletcher, closed up the incomparable phalanx. Before this time we had no drama or literature of any kind, except such as was common to the barbarous period; but Shakespeare, from the stores of his own mind alone, raised up a drame, more perfect and more splendid, than any other man could have done with all the precept of Aristotle.

The second era, or that of Charles II, succeeded the first, after an interval of more than half a century. Between these two eras, there was little genius, Nature, fatigued with her extraordinary efforts, seemed to repose in silence till she accumulated strength to bring forth a Milton; As Shakespeare former was the most profound, acute, versatile, and imaginative of poets, the latter was the sublimest. As Shakespeare was the most untutored, Milton was the most learned. Both are the wonder of their respective times, and both are equally wonderful. Side by side, they stand the monarchs of British poetry; nor can it be said to whom the loftiest seat can be awarded. Whatever opinion may be formed of their respective excellencies, they seem tactly admitted to be, not only above all competition, but their excellencies beyond hope of attainment, What Newton was to philosophy they are to British poetry—the unrivalled and unrivallable lords. But the reign of Churles, though less rude, was infinitely more deprayed than that of Elizabeth. The language had undergone great improvement, but the sentiments were more gross than ever. The rudeness of the former was the consequence of a semi-barbarous state of society, that of the latter, of an acquired immorality. The first period was rude, because it knew no better—the second, because a considerable degree of polish was degraded to licentiousness, by a dissolute and importal court. Shakespeare and Jonson were often rude, but seldom shocked delicacy; whereas, the writings of that time abounded in the grossest allusions, and scarcely asy of them could be now represented on the stage. Dryden, next to Milton, the most splendid genius of the time, abounded in profligacy, absurdity, and bad taste. If he had been placed under happier circumstances if he had possessed leisure, and affluence, and followed after purer models than his age afforded him, it would have been difficult, in the whole compass of our bards, to have named any one, except Shakespeare and Miltony who could be

stamped as decidedly and unequivocally his superior. This ago, though not equal upon the whole to the former, was far superior in energy, to the more correct period of Anne. The enthusiasm of Lee, the pathos of Otway, and the humour of Vanburgh and Farquillar, divested of their licentiousness, would have lead to high reputation in the present day, when the stage is in so deplorable a state for the want of dramatic writers.

The third era had no genius of the first order, but much taste, The first was the era of genius—the third of taste. The second stood midway between them, not merely in time, but in qualification—having less, genius, but more taste than the one-more genius, but less taste than the other. As Shakespeare and Milton stood at the head of the former two, Pope may be said to preside over this; but he did not rise to such superiority over his compeers as either of these great poets. In fact, Addison, Swift, Congreve, and Steele, were men of equal talents with him, but, by a sort of courteous consent, he was admitted to stand at the head of his contemporaries. He was, however, ranked as the first poet of his day, although the present generation are little inclined to admit so unreservedly his title to stand in the list above Thom-The writers of that age, especially Addison, and his associates in the Spectator, set themselves to reform the language, and this they did so successfully, that it seems to have been little amended since their time. They did not succeed in producing any thing very great, or very new; but they were eminently successful in arranging and digesting the works of others. The solid, They had only to give it a final polish. Wit, attic elegance, sweetness of composition, and Virgilian grace, reached their height under the courtly Addison. He was the first of Essavists-Pope the first of ethic poets-Swift the first of wits; but to the sublime, this age laid no claims.

The fourth era was, in some measure, only a prolongation of the third, so far as identity of genius concurred, and is only distinguished from it, as many writers of powerful talent appeared nearly at the same time. History under Robertson, Gibbon, Hime, and Stewart, reached an eminence, rivalling the best perfords of ancient times. Locke and Bacon found no unworthy successors in Reid; Hutcheson, Smith, and Beattie. The whole of the natural sciences advanced to perfection with giant strides. Novel writing, in the hands of Smollet, Fielding, and Richardson, acquired a character of strength, humour and effect, unknown before. Churchill shone as a satirist—Colman, Sheridan, and Goldsmith, as writers in the drama. Collins, Gray, Akenside, Amstrong, Beattie, Cowper, &c. distinguished themselves with high reputation in the poetic walk. Although, however, the poets of this age might each be original in his way, still the general poetic genius of the country was not original. It was founded on the model of the poetry of the age of Anne-which was founded on that of the age of Charles II which was founded again on that of the Elizabethan era; and this in its turn was grounded generally on the models of the classical writers. Thus, so far as originality went, it was something even more remote than the shadow of a shade. The wire which, in the hands of the ancients, was strong and vigorous, was drawn out and attenuated respectively, through the ages of Elizabeth, Charles II., Anne; and George III., till it had reached its utmost point of fineness and cohesion. When it reached that, it gave way, and on this event taking

ein iz 94. turk talamat was tr

place, the 5th or last era was formed. If a revolution had not taken place is poctry, it would have degenerated into mere frigidity; such it was in trance After the death of Voltaire, and such as it is in Italy at the present moment Hazlitt imputes the origin of the Lake School, to the peculiar turned opinion which followed the French Revolution of This is true, and would have been no less true had he applied the remark to almost all the poetry of it age. In fact, the total change of literary genius in the present day, is my a consequence of men's minds, and that turn for novelty which actuated Rurope. The mania sprend to poetry, and produced there a change as we in politics. As nations lost all reverence for the ancient institutionsstates were overturned, and kings deposed—as a new and wiffying; ret in man cases terrific, agency began to operate on men's minds, they saw things with ... A new eyes -they thought boldly for themselves; and, suspired by a wild unchatened irregularity, they chalked out at once a new path for the world. The present era of poetry may be said to be as much in its infancy at the fast. Other renerations treading on the same road may purify our taste! "A new age, like the of Anne, may give birth to critics who shall discover a thousand faults which to mat present, oscape our observation. With greater correctness and elegance that age may fall as far short of ours in real genius, as the age of Addison in below that of Shakespeare. Who shall presume to say, that Byron and Scott may not then be regarded as rude writers—full of genius and energy but destitute of refinement? When, at length, the present spirit of poems weskened in the course of years-when nothing but its shadow remains-when but the correct writers of future times look back upon it with all its errors, as a imattaitiable grandeur, who shall say, that some new spirit will not wise upon the land to elevate literature from the degradation of more correctness, and perhaps, bring forth again some such age as that of Elizabeth?" of dilds on so

A son sones of go the list of RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND, a reaser of features food decreases and features.

guitames to the contain outlines No. 3.-Continued.

Passing through the lane on which St. Mary's Work house is situated, we not a semporary position at the back of the Castle, in order to have a view of the surrounding seenary. The seat which we occupied reminded me of those in Glasgoy Great Laborathe deep indented marks of many a casual visitor. Every place which call safford a resting place for the initials of some consequential name, and occupied was sain for one to roll their eyes across these characters, and then invarily subter other defects, claimed visibility on this ancient piece of furniture. There was some fam a display of ingenuity, unless, like the Hibernian carver, Dennis O Hafferts, or fam a display of ingenuity, unless, like the Hibernian carver, Dennis O Hafferts, or fam a display of ingenuity and the pennis was. Well then, he was, with the exception of those who were better, as good a soul as ever trundled a murphy in peak gray; but some how or other, he had formed a predilection for old Scotia in consonance with the bads which, to sweet Tipperary, and tripped abound a coal skuttle at Balfart house of the Broomielaw. His bair, was scarcely dry from the effects of a pulsaying road, which he tood on the Calton, will of Edinburgh. After having there selected a predilection is a consonance with the present instance, he had token a ratio from his own, incorporate of human intellet. In the greater to be selfish in that particular. Sure, says he, I might, by way defects and no desira to be selfish in that particular. Sure, says he, I might, by way defects and the most exalted notions of human intellet.

A 18 23 4 4 38

illustration, clan the younger brother of each word to the shewler of its housening capital; but I see no use for it, at all, at all; devil a soul among them, but must know that D stands for Dennis, and then DB is O Bireh, as plain as the prickles them whellesh; and where, I wonder, "would O Bilen come from but the stricts thum you shellchah; and where, I wonder, "would O Bilen come from but the stricts but you shellchah; and where, I would not need to be after telling them, that O Brien was a soldier in his Majesty's 88th, or Connaught regiment. Dennis now retired, after having satisfactorily analyzed his grasslindented initials. He had no idea, that any organisms scarenger would, with a satisfactorile in this Majesty's 88th, or Connaught regiment. Dennis now retired, after having satisfactorily analyzed his grasslindented initials. He had no idea, that any organisms scarenger would, with a satisfactorile for a lark to hop upon; but so, fate would, have it. When Pat became acquainted with this circumstance, he swore by the Holy St. Patrick, that he would never more engrave in a country, where so little deference was plad to the efforts of genius. The intentional contempt thus thrown upon the Bandy works of Dennis, was sufficient to counteract the maining propensities of may que; landoto the eternal shame of the ignoble scavenger be it said, it was an efficient hullphy, sequents. This seat served another, and a more important purpose. I'll meet at Philliph, said the spirit to Brutus. I'll meet thee at the carved chair, said the love-sick swain fe her blushing maid. Many a round unvarnished tale has there been told upon the listening cars of the rural nymph, while the image of Luna was reflected from the side how the rivor Eden.

below that of St. and the muses of the plant of Scott, and the street of the plant of the plant

There is, says the wise man, a time for every thing. Then, beyond all disputed, there must be a time for natrimony too. The lie direct may probably be given to this assertion by one or two of these testy gentlemen, commonly known by the statis of did bachelors, who, through life, indignantly shuff at the cares of the mannings state; and speculate upon that pungeacy, with as much audity of expression, as if there who form natrimonial alliances with the fair daughter of old mother Eye. The existence of such as extol the sweets of celibacy is, doubtless, as necessary to establish the relief of the above assertion, as is the existence of those who love connubial sweets, to establish the verity of that assertion. No, Mr. Editor, if any gentleman, somewhere about 40 years of age, possessed of telerable length of wind, and as puch patience put up in some nook of his mortal structure, as will enable him quietly to listen to the occasional, but beautiful putting forth of a ruby, shrill pipe, chooses to substantiate the necessity of remaining without a 'half marrow;' in such cases, I shall, in the following sketch, endeavour to prove that there is absolutely a time to marry.

and was .

Hector P was the play thing of inordinate passions, unable, or what is cantamount, unwilling to limit his pursuits within the prescribed boundaries of moderation he was offentimes immersed in troubles, the accompanying effects of which being orany sorrow for his folly, could not eradicate. At a very critical period of like, he left Langholm, the place of his nativity, and came to Carlisle. He was then placed in the house of his uncle, a respectable tradesman, but an avowed advocate of the principles of infiditive. Atthough his intellectual powers were far inferior to those of a Bisme, a Cibbon, a Volhey, or a Voltaire, or the rest of the choice spirits who entered the lists and tilted in the arena of literary strife, he nevertheless disdained to hart man weathnests repugnant to revealed religion, without attempting to communicate their and weaker to others. The kindred circles and domestic retirement served as theatres for the detelopment of those fundamental materials of his faith and practice, which her laboriously culfed from the anti-orthodox effusions of these full grown apostles of Deland A few books of a very different nature occupied a shelf above the partons dobes but there they were stationary as a wooden Xenophon. During the few days I reliained there, I was almost a daily visitor at the house. On one of these occasions I ketted the part of the basilful man, though my efforts were not attended with such williakly consequence, by requesting liberty to look at some of them; these were Bouts's Founfold State, Crook on the Lot, Prima Media Ultima, by Isage Ambrose, and the works of some of the other stars of magnitude, in their day and generation. I took the advanistage which this opportunity affortled melton laking thing thing if their he persued these; he daily answered mei by a contempticals flaugh, and shifted their conversation to another subjects. Before, taking tags that experienced the extract from the crassive gentlemants in antibilistory answer to my query, but my effected where minice safety. He only informed me, in general terms, that the book was the bequest of all thinding my flat a option with the began and the man age.

sa craces all to that an anti- a ther day, who soon must occupy out pales? Almost a man a con-A. A. De tropiet to college many than the presenting mate. It is not become at the college to th of he The theoretical part of the lyart velorally precepts, were engerly sucked in by the repanding mead of the youthful Hector; but the practical virtues which should have walue, and fit only to be exemplified in the conduct of such old slateris as his ancie. Matter was, by this time, making her inroads upon fils constitution fant manager her befforth his mind often glowed with all the romantic cithuslasm of youth. The boasted in purity of his confluct sometimes called forth these expansions of everheated imagination; : Inbut; in these cases, reason never stepped so far from the helm as to leave him to over suppose that the web of acceptance, which he had wronglit wish the warp and woof of ... good deeds, would any more than serve to adorn his own tintodied applit, when summonod into the presence of the dread Eternal; its adaptation to his own necessities was, however, meyer questioned. When that important period arrived, he hoped that he, as . wwell mi the colebrated Rosseau, could resign his spotless soul into the hands of the Majory of howen, in order to be rendered a partaker of howen's felicity. Although the old fallow had long sojourned on this teeming stage of strife, you will, at one iii glanice ii perceive that he in his own estimation, had done nothing more than what was medissably so secure his perfect acceptance. There was not even a wreck behind, for / the vegebond Elector, and what was still worse, the untoward spalpets was beginning in the flag ends of his own web with black woof. The juvenile pursuits which had: hitherto h Asternation were now buriered for others more conjenial to the temperatural had a developed fillows. Me could anathematise the gown and landed gentleman, in firstw Ambi styling and deilt Tartitius as a place by them invented, in order to sent their spiritual wis despections more deeply in the hearts of their superstitions adherents. Furthermore, could lough at Biblical amnouncements, and tear its truths into tatters, with a fell and smillerefortriumph, and scatter them, as it were, to the passing winds of heaten, while but the example the plantiles of the brotherhood were reiterated and by him received as an of dample compensation for this ingentity, and as a debt unavoidably due to his superior and neloqueness in His talents; thus known, soon recommended him to the esteem of a kinor dresh conclave, who meetin a place hard by that of Tobias Philippe. I cannot close stop to appeal the particular teples on which they animal verted, suffice it to any, that our was, in youthful hero soon signalized himself by his speculations, and their gratitude was, in returns manifested by installing him in the enviable office of officiating high-priest. "The new order of prientheod may, perhaps, call forth your risible embtions, Mr. Editor, but I beg you will, his while, suspend their operations. It is not every sheep-shad mind that is competent to fill this redoubted post. Every latitudinarian fulture origin must be, by the high-priest, measured by the square and compass of Tames Pt and its merit or demetit finally estimated by its deviation from the common place opinions of the multitude. You will also perceive, that this was none of your dogmatic, Phalmspingling meetings. Wesley's hymnis were there no desideratum; but our landions did · Ms duty, by infiding a competent proportion of acid along with the spirits, while makting the peach; in erdento make it palatable. There is no doubt but the guilty circling glass would influed some of the choice spirits ..1 7

at all Geologies and the first time their vocal pipes, and skirt the entire of an analysis of the state of th

The gallane Mactor there led the sport, while, like Banter, they kicked banger, wheres mauled the watthmen; see, when Morpheus had scaled up their eyes, and attend, with somnific balm, the couches of sober virtue. These practices, so hostile in their nature.

to decorum, were, only the darling art of others still mare memicious in Heidoon weentracted liables of gambling, but here his ingenuity feiled him. His nothers were leben elemined by the knevery of shappers, and a sereastic compliment appearials deceptor at shuffing, dealing, and playing gards, was all the remuneration he received for this illierality. The authority vested in the uncle was every way inadequate to comberged birse The opinion he entertained of his own capabilities to reffect this teliconsummation devoutly to be wished, was to the full, as sanguine as that of Melancthon when he hoped to christianism the world. But, like him, he was ultimately obliged to confest that young Hector, was too, many for him. Things the went on four had to worte, until he was exentually expelled from his smelo's house; but this with an event for which the sly mogue was luckely prepared. Lucked, such an accomplished stillow could not possibly exist without doing his obeissnes to the ladiese would will not thereform he surveised. Mr. Editor, when you learn that he had creetuinted the good sinces of a houry dulcinea; who, by dint of parsimony, had scraped together at long get fal all yel-Jem baysi'l. There is no doubt but this old dame would have preferred the good gold was of mutrimeny, to that of antinuptial fornication, had her swain theretorissepted: bus to hymenean proposals he was deaf as the adder to the charms of mulicychia love manly entended to the bottom of her purse: this secured, the devil, un Decim Hidralyck, had he been alive, might have taken the carcase of Dehoraha. The good oblowernan had some strewd suspicions of this herself, but her esteem for the male part of the oricadon had not wanted with her advancing years, they rather grew upon her decline ; thence, whe had no desire to creep into nature's last resting-place, until she had pertook all the cosolaci their company was capable of affording. A short time's cohabitation with her . " Adonis, convinced her that there was more pleasure to be derived from anticipation than : ! from actual enjoyment. His pursuits and nocturnal rambles filled how mindowith avery warying anxietics, while the money lavished on the prosecution of these trues quite kly druling her coffers. Though old, she had penetration enough to perhairs displand in adapterly resolution enough to withstand his extravagant demands; all obligo perplexed 100 with her importinence, railed at her in terms, in good set terms, and finally about med this her, it is that pass over the rest of his love amount and blockgaterdian to give inter few Deformed as was his scharacter, his perretly rosses, the concluding part of this sketch. 1 of loved virtue, and had long cherished a passion for the amistic Miss find bluer image All floated in his imagination around the scenes of loud revely, and mass rendered in his m. zeitumion; still more lovely by the impassable harder which his virtue revolting conduct had mirrogazedi betwint them. Could be conjure any thing from the world of nature, formidable til endugh to sweetp every trace of the past into the portantof external deliving should get got by hying embarges, upon his passions, exhibits turn of conduct more entered by the mo politicements of wirtue, but this was impossible; however, he did not despois, in the who what his personal accomplishments would counterbalance other deficitable atbear compande to section ther regard, but the citadel of het; beart was better fortified than modificing all and the selection of the botning firmodiscoich idt, dishelfette, spirite entiters on east route; but, gidt, each tapeati u.k. rain her as a saury many, but love again rubbed off the mint, sand hasted the mainten from Ills bosom, which was tossed between these conflicting elements will be resolved to try emirities officery of a billet doux; she condescended to another it, by informing himitiat not -missis, persop, but distrinciples and practices were the objects of her eventilm, and to long hili musthese were persisted in no farther tokens of his etterns wate requisiter afficiency is the skeraledinim, seriqualy to reflect upon his past conduct, it stood desognihismin all im desormity, and and ultimately produced a reformation, satisfactory in its nation, and separately stable in its duration. Thus, the only obstacle to the effection of Miss Bir him over zemoved, an intimacy commenced, which had its termination in marriage. The displeasure manifested by some of her relations, induced them to marry privately; but the uniform en approduce and asserting which characterists his conducts bearable consolied of mimosity. The influence of his uncle's principles are now lost an his mind on life understantingly supports those principles which he before condemned, and detests those which he before Hoping that I have now established this truth of my assertion, namely, or what there is a time to: marry land that to this marrings (was to sing Alecatic happiness.

commific balm, the couches of solutions

I shall at present taket my leavey and rosume stransfer, time sumbles 3.41 believe

trans it that the promise is the

THE EFFECTS OF VANITY OAND DISSIPATION OF A COLUMN THE COLUMN AND DISSIPATION OF THE COLUMN AND DESCRIPTION OF THE COLUMN AND

on it is a reason to the transition of the same

1 is sent out ver ver in margane Edish of the Extension Melange of I at a a tomore and the San tomore with the Should you think the enclosed worthy of a place in your paper, your inserting the will oblige yours, who have the san and a place of the process of the out of R.

Or all places in the world, none is capable of affording so much real pleasure as Home; yet no place is so much neglected. I have been induced to make this reflection, from having observed the reckless apathy and indifference with which many sacrifice domestic peace and comfort, at the shrine of dissi-pation and folly, and the truest worldly bliss, for the sake of gratifying contemptible vanity. How many families have been robbed of their happiness, to gratify the licentious habits of a single member of the little community. Parents, hearts have ached for the sake of those to whom, at one time, they looked forward as the staff of their old age. The devoted and affectionate wife has seen her sweetest hopes withered, her enjoyments curtailed, one by one, her attention rewarded with neglect, her sufferings with reproaches: and for what? merely that an unfeeling madman, an idiot, might have it in his power to include in frequent revelry and riot, with others as dissolute as himself. Youth, health, expectation, are thus, alas! too often swallowed up, and ere the meridian of life is attained, disease, poverty, discontent, stare the infatuated mortal in the face. Reproach glares him in the teeth at home -shape follows him to the street-life becomes an object of indifference, and he degenerates unto a thing despised and shunned by all who respect themselves.

A late friend of mine, a young man of considerable talents, was a melancholy instance of the truth of those remarks. Endowed with much more than a common share of ability; combining in his character, the poet and philosopher, with sensibility enough in his compositions to make him feel to the miseries of others, he, at the early age of twenty-four, became so completely departed by his love of pleasure, and devotedness to convivial enjoyment, that he entirely lost his own good opinion, and blasted the best hopes of his numerous friends. It is a said pity to see a gallant vessel become a total wieck, ere it has made a single voyage; and to see the willing ventures of confilling souls east away on the shoals of negligence and folly. The love of admiration was his bane. Early indulged with the means of gratifying his propensities, he eagerly embarked on the seemingly smooth sea of pleasure, and sailed gaily down its alluring stream, nor doubted his own security, until he was engulphed in the vortex of total ruin—so faint was his dependance on his own principles, that he scarcely believed his own senses, when they told him he was a Drivik And.

At his entrance into life, he was hailed by the gay, and carressed by the careless, and was soon looked up to as a being possessed of superior talent. His eloquence was wonderful, and his general colloquial powers so psentaing that he bound his auditors by a spell so irresistible and sweet that the his company, often slipped away unperceived, and morning frequency dawned ere parting became an object of consideration.

One Sunday morning we chanced to meet, he had spent the preceding night in dissipation, and was returning home to his tather s., pale and gmariated. I proposed a walk, to enable him to shake off some of the effects of the

last night's intemperance, to which he assented. After discoursing on a variety of subjects. I ventured to ask him, if he never intended reforming. He answered he was about it was ampossible. / My habits have grown inveterate, and, in spite of my resolution, impel me to indulgencies which I despise, but cannot resist. Home has become a heller I am thated by my friends, and have nothing to care for. They cannot enter into my feelings, nor sympathise with my distresses; and I often sit unheeded and alone in the midst of the I replied, that I believed his distresses were only to be found in his own imagination, and were nothing more than the effects of a torturous way of thinking. There is a mistake which offenders often like you fall into, they imagine themselves hated and despised by their friends, because they do not smile upon their errors. Do not believe that the gloom which overspreads the faces of your friends, is occasioned by any want of regard. The grief which they must feel for your follies may deprive them of cheerfulness. What you mistake for hate, is the working of overstrained affection, and is one of the truest proofs of the love of your family. I observed that he imagined himself neglected, and painted out to him the folly of indulging in such a belief. What have you done, that the world should raise you above your fellows dignity and desert should ever be inseparable. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'I have done nothing, but—he paused a moment, and finished the half-uttered sentence, with I could do much. Believe me, my dear friend, I replied, much must be done before the world can know your merits. Trust not in the misinuations of your companions in revelry, who measure your knowledge, and estimate your worth, by their own ignorance and inferiority. If they campot raise you in your own esteem, how can they do it in that of the world?", Their best praise is transient and fleeting, as the dimming influence of breath upon a polished mirror, yet while it lasts, it obscures its brilliancy. I continued—how will you look on your father, when you return this morning? Will the praise which was heaped on you last night, at your carousal, convince your heart that you have not erred? Can you expect sympathy from outraged feeling, and tenderness from those from whom you deserve reproach? Selfishiess itself could only harbour such ideas, and surely your heart is not yet callous? Much moved, he answered, 'I do not expect such a reception. I know my folly admits of no extenuation. It makes me more miserable, tran, those who suffer by it. In such moments, I fly to the inuse to give went to the feelings that agitate my bosom. Yes, I exclaimed, and give rhymes for contrition, and the promise of future amendment; this accounts for the glopmy verses of which you are the author; but think not, that the sweetest lines you ever wrote can compensate for a sleepless night, and an acting heart libes you ever wrote quently cause, and seem indifferent to the pain you create; yet are your verses strongly marked with reproaches against the unfeeling. How finely you demonstrate, that we need not always expect virtue from those who write against vice—nor patriotism from those who rail at oppression—nor purity from those who raise the loudest cry at corruption. No, my dear friend, do not think that all people have got such delicate minds as that with which you are gifted nor think yourself neglected, if poetry is not accepted in lieu of affection. We who, are mere children of the earth, prefer example to precept, and receive more pleasure from grasping the original, than can be conveyed by gazing on the picture; yet blame us not, nor despise, we have lack

those gifts which you prize so highly." Do your dity to society, and leave the rest to fate. By this time, the sound of the church bell warned us it was time to make preparation for the diffes of that sacred day. We parted never to meet again.

The continued of the characteristic of the continued of the property of the continued of the continued of the property of the continued of th

PARTY OF SELECTION OF SELECTION

In the mmost recesses of a gloomy and extensive forest, stood the once spleudid, but now decaying, castle of R. inherited by the Count Zernobio, from a long line of illustrious ancestors, many of whom had rendered themselves conspictions by the active part which they had taken in the defence of their country, and others of them were distinguished for their great generosity, and for a very high sense of the duty which they owned to their fellow creatures.

On the borders of the forest, and about two leagues distant from Count Zenobio's Castle, stood the residence of the Baron D Espagnole, a man maturally of a good disposition; but headstrong and not castly diverted from purpose, however unjustifiable, which he had in contemplation.

The Count and he had been in terms of intimacy from their tarly years,

and a strict friendship had always subsisted between them.

One evening, when the moveless mists which thicken the atmosphere had settled on vale and mountain, and had wraped the dusky forest in pilchy darks ness, Count Zenobio, who had been on a visit to the Duke D'A-, and now on his return home, attended only by one servant, was forcing his uncertain way through the thick underwood with which the forest abounded. They had not proceeded far when they perceived a light at a distance, which piers ing through the haze, discovered, to their astonishment, a band of ruffiant. who were attempting, by oaths and threats, to oblige a gentleman, whom they recognized to be the Baron D' Espagnole, to conduct them to his house and de liver up to them all the plate and jewels, or to prepare for instant death." Ze nobio, struck with horror at his friend's situation, was about to precipitate himself into the midst of them, and rescue him, or perish in the attention, but was deterred by his attendant, who, with great presence of mind, voluntected to go and bring assistance from the castle, sufficient to secure the banditti We shall, for the present, leave him to his fate, and inform our readers, whose curiosity will be naturally aroused, in what manner the Baron D'Espagnole was placed in his present trying situation.

When the sun's last rays were fiding on the distant hills; he had determined, under cloud of night, to fulfil a long-promised visit to the Count, for the purpose of enjoying, in the centre of retirement, the conversation of one, whose esteem it was always his study to cultivate; but owing to the darkness of the night, and perplexity of the path, he lost his way, and wandered he knew not whether, till he at last observed, at a short distance, a light, which seemed to issue from a cave, towards which he immediately approached, and, though he had some doubts respecting its inhabitants, yet he was so spent with largos, that he resolved to enter, be the consequence what it might? As he approached towards the entrance he stood and listened, but all was silent? He then entered the faulted cavery, and proceeded along a straight passage, at the

again paused, and thought he light which first attracted his attention; he again paused, and thought he heard one snoring, as if asleep; he turned to the side from whence the sound come, and entered an apartment, where he saw ten armed rufflans, surrounding a large table covered with wines, preserved fruits, and all manner of dainties. They had drunk so copiously of the inspiring god, that he had resigned them into the arms of Morpheus. He sat down by some faggots that blazed at one end of the apartment. When, at length, one of the bandicti awoke, and staning wildly round, his eye immediately taught; a glance of the stranger, upon which he awoke his companious, the lender of whom herew the Baron, having served under him, at one time, in the army of life could efface. He resolved, that the Baron, did not recognise him. He still retained a respect for the Baron, which neither time nor the injure his person, but by threats, to force him to conduct him and his gaing to his house, as has been above stated.

Meanwhile the timely arrival of a considerable force from the castle, put an and to the affair; for they, headed by the Count himself, suidenly rushed suppositive bunditti, and so startled them that they submitted without resistance; but begged that their lives might be spared, as they had intended, from the very first, to spare that of the Baron; but nothing would have prevented them from suffering on the spot, had not their leader, falling upon his knees, intreated permission to say a few words, which was granted with reluctance, when he disclosed his name to the astonished Baron, who immediately cried out, hold! it is sufficient, thou wert always a brave fellow, and I heartly forgive you this offence, well knowing that nothing short of necessity could have prompted it. He then gave him an advice, which seemed to make the desired impression. They then mounted the horses which had been brought from the castle of Zenobio, and rode off. Such a signal service, rendered to one suscepible of the finest feelings, could not fail, one would naturally suppose, to make a deep and lasting impression. That the reverse, however, was the case, will be seen in the sequel.

Nothing could exceed the harmony which now subsisted between these two illustrious persons. The mind of the one was the storekense of the other; but at length the ill-fated hour arrived which was to end their freendship.

Zepobio had long been enamoured of the daughter of the Duke of DA a wealthy nobleman, and this was the only secret which he kept concealed within his bosom, and he feared, that without the assistance of his friend, it would be impossible to accomplish his purpose. To him therefore he disclosed the important secret, and requested his assistance in the pursuit of the endearing object. But, also the Baron had seen and admired the same maiden, and longed for the possession of one who had enslayed his whole soul. He affected, however, to favour his friend's views; and, in the plean time, pretended that he would forward his design as much as key in his power. The Count, overjoyed in expectation of success, and figury relying on his friend's verseity, was already contriving the best means for receiving his intended bride. More than a week had clapsed since the departure of the Baron, during which time he had heard nothing of him.

time he had heard nothing of him.

One day, as he was musing, and wondering in his mind, what could have become of his friend, he observed, at a distance upon the lighway which skirted the forest, a carriage approaching at full speed, with out-riders, in

spleridid liveries, and a numerous train of alteridants followed liellind. Such an unjustial spectacle, in such a mate, nor wilete surprised him; but what was his astorishment on beholding, sitting Beside the Baron, the object of his affeetlon, and still more was he surprised, when they took no notice of him. He inquired at one of the attendants the cause of such liaste, and was told that the Baron Hall, that fldy, esponsed Lady D'A wen, and charthey were hastening home to a sumptuous entertainment. "This operated like an electrifying shock? "He reached home in despair; but was in some degree comforted by the collision of an aged religioux, who acted as his chaplain. but process in

Having settled his affairs, 'he retired to a' convent, whete he spett the remainder of his life in calm resignation, and was often heard to exclaim? It Phat had his misflittunes been caused by any other than his tried fileric, his grief on account of them would have been comparatively transitions in a first on the comparatively transitions in the comparative comparative

The Baron, whose natural goodness of disposition now begin to flow back upon his soul, was stung with remorse; and, resolving not to strivive his disgrace, returned to the army, rushed on at the head of his troops in the first engagement, and fell a prey to precipitation and rashness in defence of his country.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST BAISING LAZARUS.

THE lovers of the fine arts will be gratified in learning that Mr. Haydon has made such progress in his picture of Christ raising up Lazarus, that it will be finished in a very short time.

The figure of the Saviour in this picture will probably meet with more general approbation, than that in the Entry into Jerusalem; for this, among. other reasons, that it will be better understood. The head is exceedingly beautiful; the expression is of blended majesty and sweetness, a mixture of tenderness and sublimity, and the action at once simple, grand, and impressive The words have been spoken which even Hades must obey; and the right hand emphatically points to heaven. To that call and that action Lazarus comes forth, with his grave-clothes, like a cloud, about his head. His father and mother are near him. In the latter, the maternal feeling seems to predominate over the awe of this moment of wonders. In the countenance of the father, astonishment prevails; but it is not the broadly dilated gaze of mere amazement—there is also a lively knowledge of the truth, a perception of his son's restoration, which speaks wonderfully in every feature, and places this head among the finest, instances of expression with which we are acquainted. At the feet of Jesus kneels Mary, the sister of Lazarus, mute and dejected. Her head is turned aside in hopelessness, and she, in the stupor of her sorrow. is yet unconsolous of the wonder that is wrought. This is a sublime and touching contrast to the father and mother, and to the less complex terror of ,] the men who have removed the covering of the sepulchre. These are starting. away, with every muscle in action for removal. They are not academy figures. or models, stationary in a fixed attitude, as is but too often the case, even in the works of the greatest masters; but they are full of motion : and in no instance perhaps has Mr. H, better availed himself of his consummate knowledge of anatomy. The proper parts execute their proper functions, there is the whole secret—but in these few words how much is comprised. Knocking at or

and the state of a

with ornotion; and behind is St. John bending forward with a countenance beaming with divice love. It is much, very much, to say, but, this head is worthy of the happiest hour of Raphael. There is also an admirable head of another disciple, with a hand to his brow, as if to assist his doubting sight.

Among the spectators, are many fine characters disposed with great skill, so as to form the finest contrasts. But we reserve ourselves for a more particular, account of these, and of many other particulars, until the picture is finished.

In casting and disposing his draperies, we think Mr. IL has far outdone his former works. In one little accessory he has furnished matter of controt versy to the critics; he has placed on the head of a female a beautiful urn, having on it the relief of the famous Barberini or Portland vase, illustrative of the ethnical doctrine of the soul. This circumstance is very apposite to the subject of the picture. But a Grecian mythos at Jerusalem will hardly pass without some cayil, though the Romans—pupils of the Greeks in these matters — were masters of Judea.

SCIENTIFIC.

THÉ HELIOTROPE, A NEW INSTRUMENT.

WHEN Professor Gauss was engaged, in 1,820, at Luneberg, in trigonometrical observations, to combine the Hanoverian with the Danish triangles, he perceived that when he directed his telescope towards the steeple of St. Michael's Church at Hamburgh, which was 7 German, 32 English, miles distant, the little round window in the upper part of it reflected the image of the sun towards him, and thus impeded him in his operations. This gave him the idea of using the sun's light for signals, by catching it with a mirror, and reflecting it to the place to which a signal was to be given. He made a calculation of the strength of the sun's light, and of the diminution it suffers in the atmosphere; from which it appeared that a small mirror, 2 or three inches in dlameter, was sufficient to reflect the sun's image to the distance of 10 or more German miles. This is the Heliotrope, described to be of great importative in the measuring of large triangles, and is likely to supersede the methods hitherto employed. These consisted in placing or fastening, by night, several Argand lamps, with reflectors, at those places which it was intended to observe from a great distance. This measuring by night is very inconvenient, and by day, the light of the lamps is much too faint to be always seen at the distance of several miles through a telescope. The inventor of the Heliotrope, on the other hand, had full proof of the great advantage to be derived from it, when he was last year on the summit of the Brocken Mountain, to determine the S corners of the triangle for measuring the meridian of the north of Germany; on which occasion Professor Gauss gave signals with his instrument to his assistants, stationed at 14 German miles from him, on the Inselberg, in the forest of Thuringia. But the great use of the Heliotrope is not confined to such operations. It will be found greatly to excel the telegraph for giving signals, and in time will probably supersede it (provided the Professor could ensure the perpetual appearance of the sun.) As the reflected image of the sun is visible at so great a distance, the signal stations may be much rewer. The mode of using it is likewise more simple, it being merely necessary alternatively to show and to hide the infront; the intereals, measured by a same way to be a sure of the same and the same an by a stop watch are the signals.

DIMBRY. ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR. days are a sante stra! By times swift course, another fear : [/, If now brought to a close; With all its care, and hope, and fear, days were gane; An' I'm left like a wing dane beh With all its joys and woes. Its last expiring wintry day, Mas derive hit interpolat; Sar acting selfs had delife ray, Has faded from the sight. To you aged hawthorn, that bends o'er the Le win concern to the concern of the co my comrades ha'e flourished, an' fled ame let Thousands that hail'd its dawning ray, When first its course began, Wow sleep in peace, with kindred clay, Free from the cares of men. Ahe cems short to look back since my Peggy was young, Biythaiy she lilted, an' sweetly she am lighticity she litted, ma' sweetly she sang ; ut my l'enzy has left me, and gane like the lave, or the win' winteles shrill o'er my dear Peggy's Then were they full of mirth and class. Their hearts with hope beat high; Ah! little could they then foresee; How soon in dust they'd liq. grave, My Peggy was ruddy, my Peggy was fair, Mid was her blue eye, an modest her air; But I necha tall now, what my Peggy has been, For blanch'd are her red checks, an' chos'd are her But now, another year's begun, And all around are gay; While rising in the cust, the sun Has lighted up the day. The win' whistles shill, snell an' bitter's the blast And death o'er my head waves his fell rung at less I've heard, for the last time, the last ock a blyst Now sparkles every eye with mirth, Joy arthungs each breast; They flaff the year's auspicious birth, With frolic, song and jest. savig, He may cour frae the storm, by my grave on he lang: Soon may the worm on this suld bedy feed, Soon may the green grass grow rank at my hand, An' some herd, in that ten words, may sum up my Winger must soon resign his reign; Song, revising spring Wilbelotho the fields and trees again, And all its pleasures bring. It's an auld man lies here, I've forgetien his nam Again, bright summer's gental ray Will make all nature bloom; Again, will autumn's smiles give way To winter's sheetless gloom. Paintey, 23d Dr. 1882 A. D. Balalon, State Dec. 1892. LINES ON THE DEATH OF A PAVOURTE AND SECULAR SE BIRD. THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT. Sweet warbler, thy loss I deplore, And remember thy song with is sight Its sweetness can cheer me to make While the mostenia pass hencily by: Me boltine o' life, en' my gay days are gane; 'An' now I am feet lesson' doste, an' line; 'An' ny Lamanso, life, their lang wearful years, 'Luce' Lamanso, has brought me its floods o' seut White the moments pass several These hours can I ever finant, When by grief and unishistance I I hear thy soft pushedy yes, Which Init'd all my sorrhess to. Another inhabits thy ongo, But I cannot have passegue to-i Full threasons an ion times the govern has spread, the property of the green award my young feet did. An diffeomore in ten times the blue buil has blawn But I camed have patience to lts warblings may others son but unbecoded they fall on an be to put them. I fine dampier'd blythe ofer the ingn. An' the farner clad-clay bears now seem ceric an' strange; here come no clear, in the lift seems no blue; it is abling my said con that dund tell true. NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS We cannot insert the Inquirer, as his paper would subject us to the charge of epoties? We cannot insert the Inquirer, a his paper would subject us to the charge of epitions. The commissionless, and Education, signal B. S. soon. We will give X. Y. St. Dramatic Sketch a place next work. We think a few alcorations which prove it. She will find a note at the printer a if he pleases tracered or call. We mich street to be related by prove it. She will find a note as the printer a if he pleases tracered or call. We mich street to be related by the pleases tracered or call. We mich street to be related by the pleases tracered or call. We mich street to be printed. From the provider is not frequency to the provider in the provider is not frequency. The first in the provider is not frequency to the provider in the provider in the provider is not frequency. The first investigation of a little, Monocar likewise. Montanus enough. Sur Posteal correspondents are so a numerous wer of ally connot notice them all. L. W. Livin mass parties us for shouking connects as able to judge of posting insulation made as the provided does. Beinted and published, Price Threspence I altipruny, every Wednesday, by PURVUS ATTERY, Lyceum Court, Nelson Street, Illustration of the Commission of the Court, Nelson Street, and the Fedness, Sold by R. Griffin & Lo. Public Library, Hutcheson Street, and by the Principal Books fleet, University of the Court, Nelson Street, and by the Principal Books fleet, University of the Court, Nelson Street, and by the Principal Books fleet, University of the Court, Nelson Street, Alton Court, Procedingson; D. Court, Street, Alton of the Court, Nelson Street, Alton of the Court, Nelson Street, Alton of the Court, Nelson Street, Nel

LITERARY MELANGE;

OB,

Mischly Megister of Literature and the Arts.

No. II.

WEDNESDAY, 8th January, 1823.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIA."

LETTER FROM A CHARLEY; OR, NIGHT POLICEMAN. To the Editor of the Melange.

SIR,—You may perhaps wonder at receiving a communication from a being so very obscure as I am, especially as the world will not readily admit that the body to which I belong, has any pretensions to literary knowledge: whether this be the case or not, must be a matter of little importance to the world in general; but knowing as I do, that the progress a man has made in letters connot be . strategy on his habiliments, I do not see why we should be deemed more ignorant than the most exquisite Corinthians that ever figured in corsets and surtouts. Whether the Corinthian or Charley is the most useful member of society is a point I could easily determine; but to prove why I, or any of my humble brethren, should be held up by them as objects of ridicule, would, I think, he much more difficult. That men in our situations are necessary, every peaceable citizen will readily allow. We have been appointed to these situations by the lam. I have written this letter to you, so inquire why are these laws so often optraged in, or on, our persons. A New-year's day has, for the fish time, passed over my head since I have been in office; in the scenes of which time, sedulously and honestly have I done my duty to my employers—the public; but never, in the course of my servitude, did I suffer so much from the insults and sneers of unfeeling fope, as I suffered in the morning of the 1st of January, 1823. It is not my broken lanthorn, or my bloody coxcomb of which I complain, or the diversified colours of my prohoscie, and the parts adjacent to my optics, which shine, as Lord Byron would have said, In all the beauties of the rainbow.' It is not my bruised body, or my lacenges! hands, that would draw from me a grumbling exclamation; these we primodents with which I have long been familiar, and merely things of course which I hatten. No, Mr. Editor, I have lived too long in the school of endurance to be much discomposed by these frequent and trifling impressions of the leve of my townsmen; there are always plaisters for such seres, and it may be, at times, an attempt at personal indomnification. That they do affect the body mightly I will not dany; but they seldom convey any pointed sensation to the which It is the injuries done to my feelings of which I complain; the in-VOL. II.

sults which I am often obliged to pocket with a bursting heart; the contuncty which the insolent and unthinking heap so liberally, yet heaven knows how undeservedly, on my 'devoted head,' which often, in secret, draw the bitter tear over my haggard and weather-heaten cheek. It have seen better days. Sir, have tasted the sweets of more refined society than is generally to be found in a Charley's circle of friends. I have run a butterfly course, as gaily as some of those whom I often try to make keep the peace. If I have descended in the world, I cannot blame myself with holding up the finger of scorn at the humble and industrious. I never made poverty soak its crust in tears of bitterness, nor helpless old age mourn over its declining strength; vet, in my own person, I have felt all this, and is it to be wondered at, if I try to give my sorrows vent, or appeal to the sensibility of the public for leave to walk my rounds, and do my duty free from any other molestation than what proceeds from the vicious and profligate. Gentlemen will never condescend to ansult lowly beings like myself. They are not not all gentlemen that wear the garb. I was once, like them, a jay in borrowed feathers. Some of them, perhaps, know not how soon their day of plucking may arrive.

I have served his Majesty long without reward. My country is perhaps a debtor to me for services rendered. I ask no other recompense than leave to pursue my nightly avocations, free from insult—this surely may be granted. I have too much liberality to believe, that the representation of Tom and Jerry is the cause why, at this last New-year's day, I have been so much abused-some of my brethren think so; but as I think this season of the year a proper time to remonstrate with the unthinking, on the evils over which they have the power, I have addressed them; as the human mind is, I believe, more liable to receive impressions at such a time than any other. Long have I groaned in silence over similar wrongs. If any of those who delight in making Charlies their sport should read this, may his tongue be taught restraint, and his heart tell him, that a brown watch-coat may cover a bosom sensibly alive to every insult given to the mind. That some abler pen might take up the cause of the unfortunate, and point out the enormity of the conduct which some of our would-be Corinthians practice, was the only motive which I had in writing this letter, ' is most true;' however, I hope to see it in your paper, until which time, I remain, and a story who arts torgette line

guiro, slibbing all and a secondary. Your most obedient servant, 19' CHARLES GLAPPERGALL the rest of the real state of the state of the state of the state of the course

new polacity H and a de HELE'S BRIDGE patter product he at a

. As redia mail

A itendly feud subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of M'Pherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Caim, and was handed down 5 uninpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times, the wardibe chief of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual enimonity: and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having mointened It with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries the heart of the north Highlands-although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of Milherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to diesenticly away, or at least, to exist only in some veratious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and configure property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many conturies seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends not friends by blood - and the representations of the magistrates, they shook hands and each pledged his honour to forget at least, never again to remember in speech or action, the ancient fend of his family." This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side :! the rather, that it seemed to give the lie to the prophesies, of which every High? land family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood: and, on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered, with the motto of a noble house, 'I bide my time?" offer

There is a narrow pass between two mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well-known to the traveller, who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasin? but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masoury, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves the circuit of three Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below; and sometimes detaching a graphent from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to work, its bound echoing the while like a human voice, and thing in faint and hollow manimum at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the mentioned of the partician order, called out to him to halt, and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two heeditary are interest who would have gloried and rejected in mortal strile with each other,

ctop, said Bendearg, and called out first hie down, that I may pass over in peace. but When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson, answered the other, It must be with a sword driven through his body. Turif back then, said Bendearg, and repass as you came, 'Go back yourself, if you like it,' replied Grant, 'I will not be first of my name to turn before the M'Pheison. This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bounds over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other; they were both unarmed. their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fleree and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset." They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable, for some time, to shift each other's position -standing fixed to the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the 'top of the bent, like statues carved out of the solid stone of At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his chemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice; looking a downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal com-I mand of his enemy but at this moment, M'Pherson'shirk slowly and firmly I on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M. Pherson himself fell hackwards, his body hanging partly over the rock a hagment gave way beneath him, and he sunk farther; till catching, with a desperate effort, at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a patise of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of Me Pherson felt sick and fatit! At length, has if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice, Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock is his enemy was yet almost within his reach! His face was through upward, and there was in it horror and despair-but he uttered no word or ery. The next moment he loosed his hold—and the next his brains were dashed y out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. of live

M. Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell brayely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gacke name of the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell's Bridge.

perpendicular to the following effect: and make the period of a home is said to be period of the per

had together, on a certain Sunday morning, I was forcibly struck with the folly of my conduct in pursuing such a mode of life. I inwardly determined to cit with all my revelling triends and acqualitance; but how was this to be done? if I remained at home I would still be in the way of templation; and, as for merely, when I resolved, like the dog, return to my voinit. O, instability, what massipitumes and miseries have I not suffered by being thy slave? Manking I am persuaded owe half of their miseries to this source. The below had a first because Week, and sin, and suffer nom this pain.

Modern the best of follows and one or again.

Many young men of talent, waste their lives in idle dreams. Having no fixed principle of action they leave all to chance or futurity. Whole lives are ment sepking for opportunities to begin life. The mind becomes habituated to bondage or servitude, the shackles of which grow in time so completely fibyeted, and use makes them so familiar, that it soon becomes impossible to throw them off. Thus, by giving way to a certain train of thought, are the heat moments of life spent, ever depending on contingencies that can never necour, the folly of which is rarely seen until too late to obviate the conseduent misfortunes. Age, with slow, but sure pace, steals on. Individuals find themselves fixed to habits which have become a part of their existence. The aspiring mind dwindles down to worse than its original insignificance. The your of hope sets; and man finds himself all-but lost." You know how well I am fitted to moralize on such a theme. Taught by experience the lesson, I would wish, but that is impossible, to point it out to others; and yet, could I command the car of all the human race, how few indeed would profit by the Deprecept. To prevent my return to my old paths, I resolved to quit the land that, gave me birth; and, extorting from my friends a reluctant consent, I'domarted for this place. I have been now here for three months, most of which 13 time I have been pursuing my old avocation, but the allurements of pleasure lostilk, wile, me from the path of rectitude. Resolutions are daily made and mightly broken, I find myself the same man still. You remember how im-boll mighed myself shere, when maddened by reflection I feel myself in the midst profusing person. I begin to believe, if a man carnot mend his life at home. he will be unable to do it, abroad. What a difference I feel on coming to my ledging room at night, here, and what I felt on similar occasions in another inplaces. Here in no one meeting me with a kind and affectionate inquiry. Whether am well or files a matter of no consequence to them. If I spend the evening in my room, not a soul have I to commune with. at A thousand briter toflections arise and make me miserable. The privacy of a home is said to be a pleasant place; but if home be tenantless it is tasteless: I find it so, and, perplexed with the thoughts, I rush smelt to the tottex of folly; sand too often lose the sense of my loneliness with the knowledge of my existence. I feel and hay old habits slaily adding to their strength. Company and pleasure I multy adals and, in return, I am sought by them. You know those miloruments of the bestowed on me by nature, had they been properly exercised. They might have been graces instead of which they are blemishes. Welcontell every where, because I could administer to the amusement of hook, I become to infatuated with the belief of my mental superiority, that Thegletted what would histern asie me really, happy, for that, which at most could only wilke hie ad-કેમનાં અને કવું તુંછી હૈવા હોયા માળતી

mired. Thus, my unfortunate enthowners, instead of setting me above my fellows, made me in reality their slave. If I was admired in the scenes of revelry, I was despised in the common walks of life. If my company was courted to the bould in was shuitmed in the street.

Youth, hope, a large stock of animal spirites the appliance of the eclichy long prevented me from feeling I was degrading myself." Flattery filled me with bidseams of future fame and fortune. Thus I flattered on for years, mill I mound unveil frather retengading in life than advanting on I have who had been with friends or associated by minding the world implaned their circumstance. Some were soon in situations which rendered it inconvenient to motion kim who had so often administered to their pleasures. I at length swoke from my adireumin to all the consciousness of error; despised myself for my folly, and resolved to mend. I wrote verses against the ingratifule of the world and grew half a misanthrope or cynic; railed against mans amagined anyself a second Diogenes, but lacked, unfortunately, all his virtue. To indulgo my sindicdivenesty Imbegan to frequent houses of low fame; and was soon feared and direcourted by the ignorant and vain, who thought themselves honoured by the notice of a man of genius. Contemptible gratification! to relish such applique. Vanity, vanity, how low thou caust make man stoop! By indulging frequently in this practice, I became a habitual drinker, a fomenter of porty discoul, a bullying brawler and demagogue. O ye haunts of the profane and dissolute! how often have your walls echoed back the inflated bombast which I uttered, all admining fideous distanced with wonder, and shouted heartless applique to what they did not understand; and for this, and such as this, I have sagaificed mod dieb bimation, and half-broken the hearts of those who really loved me; have exiled myself from my native place, and am as incorrigibly attached to med and dissipation as evere : I live in a continual state of discontent. Mysnital grows in perpetual irritation. Let me go where I will, I cannot Ty from myself. I have become an object of contempt, for it is impossible that any one should pity me. Where now are the triumphs of vanity? "There the speculations of enthusiasm and hope? flown, like the mendship of those 200 wavhe find, things to this other, were not to blame. Do you believe that a than's feelings may become so perverted and sophisticated that he may be "callous to bicel that it one be realized. I began so write this letter tor, other purposes than philosophic speculations, it may be the last you will seen receive them the. , thin the instant of the Arcal Common for Demorars; thither I go in the honourable ca-"miritplicity of withing charge myself a viler slave than any over whom I may raise the light." I have written to my parents, to inform them of my intentions; go sand see them, and give them all the comfort you can "kind; honest souls, you -thought my reaccid a tree, it was only a rush! Adieu my dear T live you will soon here from me. My father has the address of my employers: desired more a limit in more of a Believe me yours in truth, and owned in the second of the second o

I that en Mp friend, merely reached, the place of his destination. His constitution, shattered with dissipation, became an easy prey to the disease incident to a tropical climater. He fell a victim to fever, three days after he landed: His dust lies far from home. No finger can point to his graver wasty and dissipation effected his ruin. Would that any may take warning by his fate.

viii words on wrottes to DRAMATIC SKETCH of our sudT . Josies

follows, made me in reality their store: If I was admired in the scene of re-AN ANGEL OF GOD, AND, A SPIRIT OF THE JUST

. I come from heaven's immortal sanctuary, I'Ve visit thee, fair Spirit, whom I oft Have visited in dreams-while yet thou wert Imprisoned in thy tenement of earth. Come Spirit, bright companion of the blest, And wing thy way to yonder happy gate it

That opens to receive thee; follow me, Etherial being, through the elements, Beloved of thy Maker, follow me

To regions brighter than the noontide sun; More beautiful than Paradise, when Eve - Bloom'd in the garden as its fairest flower; More musical, than when the nightingale,

Which ever chaunted there, called forth at ev'n His choir of singers, and poured out a strain

Of music, all but heavenly-more fragrant Than the olive branch of Lebanon, or than The full-blown rose, that drinks the nec-On Carmel's wreathed side;

More fair than all dominions of the earth, Or all the palaces of sceptred kings,

Bright Spirit, to this mansion follow me. SPIRIT.

I have awaken'd from the sleep of death Which seal'd mine eyelids, and threw over

outres [me The veil of deep forgetfulness-but now. From the dark sepulchre, I have arisen To fresh existence and immortal light. I feel as if I dwelt in the creation

Of a mysterious dream—all seems enchant-I am If ment,

And to my fancy, I am but a dreamer: Where is the earth I left—I see it not? Where is the mortal mould I once inhabited And animated with my essence? Where, O beauteous Angel-spirit; where are they?

WIT THAT I MULTINE TANGELA Spirit, thou pe'er shalt dwell on earth again, And o'er thy mortal mansion hath the grave For ever clos'd his gates. Beloved of God, Thy home shall be in heaven—that bright Tand.

Whose momest subject is more glorious Than all the titled monarchs of the earth; Whose weakest can controul the elements, And ride upon the whirlwind as a steed; Whose most imperfect is too full of purity For man to set his clouded eyes upon. ... There are no lumentations, tears or gricf, For God doth wipeell sorrow from the eyes, . Among the higheston ral seil stub

And biddeth joy take up the place of sad-

Love, faith, hope, charity—each have their place

In this most blessed land, and shall reward All such us have like thee looked up to them, And been, as they were, when thou wert on rearth ware soon in state areas

Norther had so of Transimistered as half odton O Angel bright, while we are sojourning) Above the starry mansions of the skies, (1) And while the sun and moon scarce visible, Hold their mysterious course beneath our feet. Sind enagoid Amos

Tell unto me thy name, and who, of all The heavenly hosts, God's goodness hath appointed ...

To be my leader to his bless d abode. Vanue, vanity, how I m

this practically and side

Say Spirit first, whom dost thou think I am? I how often in Turing in a line work at

That thou art not the prince of Angels,

I well can guess—for he, 'tis said, doth bear A something in his carriage so communding, A dignity divine an awful grandeur, And a celestial majesty of asplict seil Which striketh mortals with a breathing awe, And gives discouragment to familiarness.
Thou art not he, fair Angel—but thou art
Gabriel, the king of harps perchance—or
Raphael,

That condescending Spirit, whosevsweet Il seelings may become a sprow to d Adam was glad to hear for thou may'st be Abdiel, famed for fidelity, Who left the host of rebel Angels, and Returned to the bosom of his God. Thou sure art one of these relestial guide, For such immortal brightness, such divine Unutterable expression - and such love, Dwelt never in inferior natures. Thy beamy brightness dazzleth mine eyes, As yet scarce purified from mortal weak-

live you will soon here traserme. Thy harp dissolveth me in ectasies, Than Orpheus' golden lyre more musical, When he pour'd forth his strains to the

west wind, And earth's most savage monsters lull'd shattered with dissipatteer of ceau Celestial Spirit son of God thou ert

sipation effected his range. Would start on the artificing and

Say rather mong the lowest-for the thrones Of Gabriel, Raphael and Abdiel, are More elevated far than mine. A thousand and ten thousand angels sit Above me and my harp, that fills so sweet Thine unton'd ear, is, among other harps, As trilling as the sound that follows after The dancing sunbeam—is in comparison With the immortal music of the spheres: My splendour too, that dazzleth thine eyes, To other higher splendours is as darkness: No brighter in their presence than the star Of morning is before the setting sun, O! Spirit bright, thou hast A glorious feast before thee, when even I. One of heaven's meanest sons, appear: and So clad with glory, so invested with

the prison was thy many for long years;

To give thee welcome. Dost thou behold to come and tycanuc rulers whenthe under uppre Tranged misrule.

The light of immortality. But now

We are approaching fast-two scraphim,

In shining vestments at the gate are standing.

I see a mighty entrance afar off, Its gates of glitt'ring adamant open stand, Its golden columns tower in middle air Beyond the reach of sight. Before it are Two glorious figures, girded like the sun; I cannot gaze upon them.

sin daidw ANGEL w has both I shall anoint thine eyes, that they be meet To look on Angels—canst thou see them

I wenanter from the earth.

O! glorious work of the Almighty's hand, That can invest, with such high attributes, His willing servants, and throw over them The lineaments of immortality.) but list These Spirits might be Gods, and might

Dominions of their own; how beautiful The expression of each countenance ! The very spirit of their Maker breathes Through all their being of Compared with

What are the loveliest featur'd of the earth? What are the blooming mants, that shine like gemsom bak

Upon the purest portion of her clime? O Spirit tell me now the names of these, That welcome such unworthy guest as I.

18, as he went Work work: the Raphael and Abdiel two of the hrightest Of heaven's sons Archangels whose high

Are ever hymning to Emmanuel's honour.

low never on the fiel ringipeaven sat Raphael and Abdiel! blessed God, That I unworthy, vile, and grovelling, should so inherit thy beneficence. Angel bright! gracious is God to man, When even the most exalted of his sons, His own Archangels, wait upon the Spirit, And give it welcome at the gates of heaven. The great man p ANGEL. ously;

No honour is too lofty for the just.

SPIRIT.

No punishment too great for those whose

Can mock God's goodness.

Country more indefallable diving will am Listen awhile, and ye shall hear the song Of Raphael and Abdiel Save Gabriel, 79 The king of harps, the musical Archangel, Beloved of God-there is not one of alt The heavenly hosts can tune the tvie so well. When Adam fell, they rais'd so sweet a an do to committee themen a ob me

Of soft melodious woe, as to draw sight > 1 From every Angel's breast; and when the d and of turnotena

Of the Most High yielded himself to death, id They were the leaders of the heavenly band, and And fill'd the whole empyrium with the sound

Of matchless hallelujahs listen awhile!

RAPHAEL AND ABDIEL O disembodied Spirit of the just! Chosen of God, to dwell in his high places 1 Among the elect, approach the sacred gates, & & For thou art worthy to inhabit in Dower. The heav'n of heav'ns, and to stand before The face of the eternal. Gentle Spirit, Thy days of grief are over—and thine hours Shall not, as in the earth, be numbered, And every one that passes bring thee nearer To thine end. No, when a million years Have roll'd away over thy happy head, Thou shalt be but beginning to exist; ... ? And when another million passes by, Thy life shall not be nearer to its close. Chosen of God, thy being and happiness Are measur'd only by eternity on him and The mountains of the earth shall melt away, The sun shall be extinguished, and the moon Shadow her silver face in endless night; But thou, bright Spirit, never shall decay There is no sun in heav'n to give thee light, For heav'n itself is lightness, and the God That sitteth in the midst-illumiveth With glory all his kingdom. There is no moon to cheer the silent night,

For never on the fields of heaven sat
The faded bine of evening it. Spirit come is
The harp of thousand Angels welcome thee, if
The immortal gates are open to receive thee, of
The glory of thy Maker is upon these light
For thou were of a lowly temperament, and it
Dishonour d of the sons of men precause.
Thy longing cyon weng yet rais disches and
The great man pass of the by contemptuously;

No honeur is too lofts for the just.

The prison was thy mansion for long years;

The cold earth thy industriable hed satisfies a And thou wert called wretch and hypocrite to But thou did'st not repine as thy distress, Mor curse the envious malice of thy forest. A Nor charge high heaven with thy calamities. A Wherefore, immortal spirit, enter in a satisfie And take thy propuls deplace among the blest. A Appointed tor, all those who training above to The weapons of temptation, and of sum this

My splendour too, that dazzleth thine exes, To other higher spiendours is as darkness;

No brighter in their presence to ATTWANTAYOO HAHToo great for those whose

OR, THE SUFFERINGS OF DAVID WALKER BY Spirit and the property of the spirit bright, the second of th

THE most dismal period that ever Scotland witnessed, was that which intervened between the restoration of the Stuarts, and the revolution. In Duffing that time, persecution raged in all its fury; and the rulers of the land combined together to exterminate the very name of Covenanter from the earth. The scaffolds recked with the blood of the righteous, while the wicked were exalted to power. The prisons were filled with the persecuted adherents of the Covenant ant, while their possessions and homes were pillaged and branesked, by the city relentless and blood thirsty followers of Dalzell and Claverhouse of Paraged and branesked, by the city ing this time that the incidents herein related took place.

David Walker possessed a small farm situated in the upper-ward of Lauric-shire a he had a family which consisted of his wife two sons, and he squared number of daughters, all under eight years of age. He was additionable of the Covenant; and notwithstanding the pains and penalties identified against those who attended Conventicles, and harboured those declared traitors and rebels, by the laws then in force, David constantly attended held meet ings; and more than once did he conceal some of the best and most forward ministers of that period; supplied them with provisions when he could but illed afford it, and gave them the shelter of his cottage at the period for his different the rain of his family and his family

It was upon a fine morning in May, 1678, as he went to his work; the misery of his country and the troubles of the kirk ulternately taking possession of his mind, that he was suddenly seized by a band of dragoons, with Claver-house at their head, who informed him that he was his prisoner, but that he

asked what these questions were. Was you at the Conventice on asked what these questions were. Was you at the Conventice on thills was Sunday last?—answered yea. Who preached, and where is ha just now, here Davids sice became as red as crimson, for he knew where his impurites was concealed, and Clavers knew that he did. He tried in vain to evaile giving a direct answer, but this would not do; and the Colonel finding the gould thake nothing of him, marched him off to Edinburgh, without allowing him to take leave of his family.

He was confined, in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, among a number of his persecuted technical and lay there upwards of six weeks before he was brought to trial, At his trial, be was asked similar questions by the judges, which Claverhouse had done before; and with the same success, for he had determined while in prison, to betray no one. He was put to the torture by means 1 of the thumbkins; and they were screwed so hard that the marrow came from this thumb hones, through the skin; still he would make no appears.

The judges seeing that they could not force him to make any discoveries, ordered that he should be confined to the Bass* during their pleasure. He was accordingly sent thither, with a great many more in his own situation, without being allowed to communicate with his family. Here he remained, in a state of the most abject wretchedness for seven months; and had not his courage been supported by the consolations of religion, and the hope of being again restored to his family, he must inevitably have tallen a victim to his accumulated misfortunes. He was compelled, by the meanest soldiers in the garrison, to parform the most degrading offices. It was not this, however, that vested him, he cared not for himself; he was prepared for all that might being him. It was his suffering family at home which grieved him. He was aware they must be in want, and for all that he knew, might be as harshly treated as himself.

in, he determined let the risk be what it might, to escape from this rock.

He communicated his intention to two of his fellow prisoners, in whom he could comfide and it was agreed that, on a certain right, they should sepse a hope which lay under one of the batteries. Accordingly, at the time appointed they were all on the shore. One had a few biscuits, the other had a small quantity, of water, contained in an earthen jar, and David had provided our

The night was uncommonly dark, though not storing; and, with very little process, they all suggested in getting into the boat, and made off towards the constroin hite. Before shey were a hundred yards from the battery, the garminison discovered that the boat was away; and, judging that some of the process had escaped, they fired a few cannon, but is the contrary discovered that the boat was away; and, judging that some of the process had escaped, they fired a few cannon, but is the contrary discovered to the process had been ment.

Being now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered by the process had been now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered by the process had been now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered by the process had been now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered by the process had been now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered by the process had been now on the process of the proces

their Creators of favouring their escape, they then sung a Paulin, after which their Creators as favouring their escape, they then sung a Paulin, after which they particle of a little refreshment, and began to pull at their oars. They continued at sea a considerable time, in order to elude the immediate pursuit which they knew would be made after them, then landed on the coast of Fig.

Helecchie partials their board to avoid detection, and thick themselves for three

-- If there he case-action

¹⁰¹ tolas of the Bassalaid angels agely island, situated in the mouth of the Frith of Forth

weeks, arrong the rocks with Which this coast is defended wing another and whatever else providence cast fortheir way." should be about the providence cast fortheir way."

They now thought that it was high this to separate, which they and, and David, after many hair breadth escapes, and under various disguises, arrived at his own house, and concealed himself in a small wood at no great distante from it. This cottage had been repeatedly searched since his escape; and the very night on which he came home, a planty of soldiers visited it; and not finding him, went away.

The continued to live in this place some months, supported by whatever he

He continued to live in this place some months, supported by whatever he could come at, and the scanty supply his family could suffer he heavens for his covering, and the earth for his bed's continually in danger of being taken.

The Whigs about this time were in arms. After gaining the battle of Drunclog, he joined their standard, and fought at Bothwell-Bridge. He was one of those who defended the bridge, where he received two slight wounds; and was on that account, obliged to surrender himself to Monmouth, by whom he was carried to Edinburgh, along with the other prisoners taken at that disastrous battle.

When brought to trial, his escape from the Bass being clearly proven! and his being taken at Bothwell-Bridge not denied; he received sentence to be transported to North America for life: He was sent thither, adding with the real hundreds of his fellow sufferers. The wounds he received at the bittle were completely cured during the voyage, so that he, upon his arrivel, half very severe tasks to perform. He was ordered to assist in forming the fortifications of one of the new cities—next to clear out a piece of ground from the life.

and lastly, to assist, though much against his will, in a war against the liveline.

He continued for seven years, to perform these, and the like tisks fulluring which time, he did not hear a single word from his family.

Being ordered one day, along with a party of soldiers, the attack a number of Indians, who were in arms a long way up the country. The contributed to make his escape during the march, knowing that he was in the vicinity of a Dutch settlement. It would take up a much greater space that may little can afford, to recount all the accidents, which bets! hith during this way that he arrived at the colony, where a ship lay on the test of departing for Holland. David easily got himself singled to be taken there, for his work during the passage.

After a long and tempestuous voyage, they arrived in Ilonard. The Prince of Orange was at this time busily engaged in fitting out a fleet for the invasion of Britain. David chlisted into his army, and after serving under him, till he had compelled James to abdicate the British throne; he between to Scotland, where he was received with open arms, by his family, who had long concluded him dead.

He now lived very happily, being as he said, Relieved from slavery, and enjoying the blessings of the gospel, pure and undefiled, tinder! a happy government.

' "" Marta Freeman; Or, The Victim of Seduction, H

SEDUCTION! by what appellation shall I call thee. If there be one action more detestable than another; if there be one or which calls houser for

vengeance than another—it is thine, thou offspring of the devil—thou discrece to human manner; and iff there be one character more execuable than another,

surely it is that of the seducer, in band-flit at tracement and here in Renfrew-shire inforce remarkable for the simplicity and honesty of his dealings, than the extent of his wealth or the celebrity of his name; and a more charming gut was universally allowed not be found in the whole parish. Her eyes were jet black! her hair was anounn; and her shape was exquisitely handsome. In a sisterior obsture, though unblameable poverty, she attained her eighteenth, year; and though admired as the most charming girl in the parish, none was possessed of greater modesty than Maria Freeman. The charms of her mind, if possible, eclipsed those of her person. Her education, if not complete, was superior to that of many of her companious.

Thus, in guileless simplicity, passed the days of Maria Freeman; but the hour was approaching which was to blast the opening prospect of her future felicity, which was to wither in the bud the opening flower. That heart which now beat in peace and happiness, was soon to throb in anguish and woe—those tears which were often shed at the fictitious tale of woe, were soon to flow for her own misfortunes—that soul which now was pure as purity itself, was soon to be contaminated with the taint of depravity; but why should I anticipate. At this period, Captain B—d arrived at C—House, where his brother then resided to an elegant person, he added the most insinuating address, and engaging manners. No sooner did his eye light upon Maria Freeman, than he resolved to seduce her. Finding her deaf to all his unmeaning flattery and polite attentions, he turned his method of attack, and addressed her with all the seeming sincerity and devotion of an ardent lower.

Her vanity was gratified by the attention of one so much her superior of one who solemnly swore and protested to love her eternally. Unfortunately, alas she believed his protestations, and wandered from the path of rectitude. For some months she lived in expectation of his promises of marriage being nealized, which he so often swore to perform. Days passed away, and every day her situation became more critical. She told her lover her fears; and her dead of exposure. His manner was now visibly changed; however, he pro-mised that in a few days all would be well; but what was her astonishment, when next morning, she learned that Captain B -d had set out for London. It was too much for human nature to bear, and she fainted away. "She recovered, but her reason was gone. She stared wildly around and talked incohereutly. It was a cold November night, when the shades of evening were rapidly deforming the face of nature, when she was observed to leave her father's house; but as she usually wandered about, no suspicion prose whither she would go Wildly she wandered along, beedless whether she was going. The cold wind pierced her slight garments, and carried its chill to her soil : unmindful of the pelting of the pitiless storm she liwried along. The lightning's vivid and uncertain glare was now her only director. The thunder, in noisy peals, now rattled awfully over the murky horizon, and died away on the distant hills. The blast still raged with unabated violence, but it raged anregarded by the wretched Maria. To add to the awfulness of the moment, the pangs of childhood seized her; in agony she fainted away, nor did she recover till the faint cries of a helpless infant caught her ear. What imagination so prwetful to conceive, or what judgment as accurate as describe the avfulness of the state of Maria Freeman. I will not attempt to describe it. She pressed her innocent and ill-fated infant to her breast to that breast which was chilled by the cold blast of the storm. She folded the son of her youth in her last embrace. Tears of love tell on the chilled cheek of this son of wretchedness, She blazed on that face which she was soon to behold no more. She uttered a prayer to the lattier of the fatherless, then clasping her wretched son to her breast, she closed her eyes in overnal sleep. In this condition next morning she was found, and the body of her little somelying cold and stiff on the body of her little was found, and the body of her little somelying to the lattice of the lattice of the body of her little son by the state of the lattice of the body of her little son by the lattice of lattice of the lattice of lattice of

our readers a raisonnee catalogue of what might be considered, by some desperately smitten amateurs, as INVALUABLE performances. They are at this moment in the possession of that skilful tradesman, and most upright and honourable man, Mr. Colnaghi-but only on trust: being the property of some German, resident (if we understood correctly) at Augsburg. As Mr. Domihic Colnaghi, his son, purposes giving a methodical catalogue of these thawings, we shall necessarily be brief-but, as we trust, to the point. These performances are slightly coloured outlines, or wash drawings, being views of cities and public edifices in Rome, Naples, and LONDON: and as they were exccuted avidently on the spot between the years 1552 and 1559, by a Hemish artist, of the mame, we think, of Antonio Von Finden or Flinders, they cannot hil to be of singular value and interest to every Briton in particular, of a ano We do not happen to have seen the Italian Views; but having seen the British, we can accurately describe them—though necessarily with brevity. Those relating to the eastern part of London are singularly interesting. the first place, one has Suffolk House, in the Borough, of which not only every vestige is destroyed, but not a relic of a cocval drawing remains St. Savious's, St. Mary Overy, and the Tower, strike us in a variety of views. Durbam Palace, Ely House, Westminster Hall, and, above all, Old St. Paul's with the spire on the tower, have most uncommon attractions. "But it is out of London that the artist more particularly shines. Here are two such liews of the magnificent old palace of Oatlands an interior of the quadrangle, and an exterior as made his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when he visited Mr. Columbii the other day, sit absorbed in delightful meditation for bae whole hour before them. Nor are the views of Richmond and Hampton Court less minute and interesting ; while those of Greenwich Palace are almost cutifely new to the antiquary. Scated before such representations, we fairly burselves living in the period of Queen Mary; while the raised scaffold on Tower Hill, as it stood ready to receive the truskless heads of traitors, gives These views are oblong and narrow: perhaps averaging 3 leet in length by about 14 inches in height. Hither come droves of antiquaries to inspect them.

Digitized by Google

If Sir Hurry Englefield were wrive, he would necessarily here Mr. Columbia first floor. Sir Thomas Lawrence, we learn, sight theply to possess them : and the Council of the Society of Amiduaries is already shook to be very cuntre, in agretations about purchasing them. We hope they will go to Somerset House; for there they ought to go. A hundred names are already thown. as those of subscribers for engraved dopies; but we regret to hear that the Griman proprietor asks such a fantastically high price for the originals which are, after all, merely slight performances, but of undoubted interest to the antiquary. In dismissing this notice of such treasures, one wonders, and one sighs, not to find a view of Nou-such among them. Donbless it mus have been taken. We samestly hope that if ever these drawings are engraved. they will be faithfully engraved : without any attempt at improvement. Mr. Colinghi, Juni supposes, and with great strength of probability; that these views were taken by the Flemish artist, whose name they bear, at the express order of King Philip, on his marriage with Mary. We wish that Monarch, had done every thing in such a good haste. and the term is about the C

REVIEW.

and and the skiller

- - carriage damen ant

The Laves of the Angels, a Poem. By Thomas Moores 800 55 strained for the control of the Angels of t

Tricks are several points in the subject of the poem, which render it percentarly stitiable to the genius and taste of Mr. Moore. Lincursant thought, glowing language, splendid imagery, a union of the sensual with the sentimental, a prepositive are of the animal propensities over the intellectual faculties are possibly att, not properly and of necessity, incidental to it; and no one who is acquanted with what Mr. M. has written, from Little's Poems to Little Rookh, will imagine that these are foreign to his manner.

It does indeed happen, that there is a moral appended to this mythos, which runs counter to all that he has ever sung; but the powerfully disposed bias of his genius fairly runs away with this; and if its voice is occasionally heard in the progress of the poem, it sounds but like the faint bleatings of a sacrificial lamby sent up feelly amid the songs of the pricess, and the obstreperous din of musical instruments.

There are interspersed throughout this poem many exquisite passages, but of the tenderest sentiment, some too that breathe pure and sirguistable but we temper disguise to ourselves this truth—that the mass of the passages, and to be occupied with business most congenial to her disposition, when she is the perald of seduction. But let us do justice to the poet, by declaring, that although we consider his works generally calculated to make pleasant the moderated the wonted prurience of his imagination, and that he has not dwelt so much as hath been his wont, on the black endearments that make an pleasing. The construction of this poem, in its present state, is very simple. It is necessary to mention that it was originally intended as an episode to a larger work, and that it is now published in its present form, that it might not appear after a drama, writtent on the same subject by Lord Byron, which is

altout, to make its appearance instantly. A paisage in the mostly phall book of Enoch, gives the foundation of the poem. A trappened after the sension when had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegants and heautiful; and when the Angels, the sension of heaven, beheld them, they because enamoused of them, found to any or in an analysis of the movement.

Of the moral Mr. M. shall speak for himself; we think, however, that, some odd thoughts must have passed through his mind when he wreten the following passage.

In addition, to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck metals as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which enight be shadowed out (as I have entravoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuits of this world's perfishable plebiures—and the penishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful scorets of God, are sure to be visited. [The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief chann to this sort, of 'veiled morning,' and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same moral interest to the following pages.

The poem opens thus :---

Twas when the world was in its prime, When the fresh stars had just begun Their race of glory, and young Time

Told his first birth days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met

On the high hill and sunny lawn,— End sorrow came, or Sin had drawn Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies
Ahan in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air angelic eyes

Gazing upon this world below.

One evening, in that time of bloom, On a hill's side, where hung the ray Of sunset, sleeping in perfume, hill here noble youths conversing lay;

And, as they look'd, from time to time, "Io, the far sky, where Daylight furl'd His radiant wing, their brows sublime Bespoke them of that distant world— Creatures of light, such as still play,

Likemotes in sunshine, round the Lord, And through their infinite array Transmit each moment, night and cay, The echo of His luminous world!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft, Of the bright eyes that charm'd them

Tilt, yielding gradual to the soft
And halmy evening's influence.
The melting of the flowers.
The melting light that beam'd above,

As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The listory of that hour unblest,

When, like a bird, from its high cost

Won down by fascinating eyes, For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first :---

A spirit of lightmould that 466kl will The priors of earth most yieldingly,

relates his having soon one of earth's fairest woman-kind bathing in a brook;

Pausing in wonder, I look dome to the while, playfully ground her breaking. The waters, that like diamonds should. She mov'd in light of her own traking a To view more near a night on splendid. The trembling of any wings all o'en, I (For through each player, I left the thrill) Startled her, as she reach d the shore

Started her, as she reach a the shore of that shall like their filliton still look. Above whose beink like stood, like smooth When soay with a sunset glove and lain! Never shall I forget those syrator to other than the shame, the innocent surprise of that bright face, when in the significance of that bright face, when in the significance with the sin

Uplocking, she beliefd nie ine ine in 10 In seun'd as if each thioughty and bokund And motion, were shirt minute about it.

Fast to the spon, such root she took, has And—like a sunflower by a brook, With face upturned—so still remain 4.

A mad and desperate passion is the consequence, characterised by many of the symptoms similarly described, that abound in Mr. Ms. minor poems.

Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds the life, that sinch,
Beloved and consecrated space "122"

Whore Lead was such atherpalls usuffe

The dull, wide waste, where she was not! But vain my suit, my madness vain; Though gladly, from her eyes to gain

One earthly look, one stray desire, I would have torn the wings that hung Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire Unnamed in heaven their fragments flung.

The love of the daughter of earth is purer than that of the Angel:—
Had you but seen her look, when first From my mad lips the avowal burst:
Not angry—no—the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulnes that could not weep,
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there—to think
That angel natures, even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her Spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of such pure glory into sin—

The sin, of all, most sure to blight,
The sin, of all, that the soul's light
Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!
That, though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there.

Should meet her, in my fall from light, From heaven and peace, and turn her flight Downward again, with me to drink Of the salt tide of sin, and sink! That very night—my heart had grown

Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone.

Between them and this nether zone,

'Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning ;---

Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven
It is their hour or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;

And once, too, was so nearly spoken, That my spread plumage in the ray And breeze of heaven began to play—

When my heart fail'd---the spell was broken---

The word unfinished died away, And my check'd plumes, ready to soar, Fell slack and lifeless as before.

He meets the object of his love at a festival, and gives wey to frantic mirth and desperate gaiety. He drinks wine and is intoxicated.

To be Continued.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We yawned while reading the Essay on Laughter. Sorry that we cannot be strong to the Essay on Sleep.

We will not tell Vertumous' love, though concealment, to use his own three, 'like a mile in chery prey on his dismal cheek.

Tobias may carry his Portfolio where he chooses. We are not to be tatisaid and by threatment coaxed with fawning. 'There is no terror,' Toley,' in thy threats.'

Sampson's head has surely lost what little strength it had. Affectation alts ill on a great b. W. B. in number S.

Rednaxcla and Amieus must excuse us for one week longer.

We are desired to say, that the piece signed R. I abelongs to Quis.

Nemo is received. The rest of our correspondents must remain unnoticed till next week. We afraid we will not be able to overtake the poetical pieces received.

We should like to see Gunner Peter Portfire's Letters before we say suit thing about them.

We would thank some of our correspondents to pay more attention when scaling their common at the MSS, are often torm.

The 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Articles of the present Number are Original.

Eratta: No. I. page 4, line 10, for Lucium rand Lucan.

Printed and published, Price Sid. every Wednesday, by Punvis & Arrant, Exhibit

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Editor.

Sold by R. Griffen & Co. Public Library, Hutcheson Street, and by the Principal Booksellers, Glassow.

By E. Coleuboun, Wrister and Publisher, Stamp Office Cless, 221, High Street; John Anderson, Sus.

S. North Bridge Street, and by the Principal Rooksellers, Edinburgh. Also of the Sollowing Booksellers: John Histop, Greenock; John Dick, and M'Cornick & Carnie, Ayr; Thomas Rick, Paistry; Robert Mathie, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port. Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothessy; James Thompson, Hamilton; M. Dick, Irvine; and John Shejrer, Striling.

LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts.

No. III.

WEDNESDAY, 15th January, 1823.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

SKETCHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

No. II.

THE ERA OF QUEEN ELIMBETH.

POETRY is always the leading theme in a rude stage of society, because, for its production, nothing but a natural genius is required. Other studies demand leisure and encouragement, and advance step by step to perfection. Poetry alone, at least the spirit of Poetry, is perfected at once. No age is too rude, agitated, or tasteless, not to produce or relish it. In our first article on this subject, we have maintained this fact, which we first promulgated in an early number of the Melange; * and from every circumstance which we have since examined the fact is more irresistibly impressed upon our minds—that poetry cateris paribus, flourishes equally well in every age, and under every form of govern-However, it cannot be denied that these forms give a particular cast to a nation's poetry. The crusades of the Middle Ages, gave birth, in the thirteenth century, to the Troubadours; or wandering Minstrels of Provencebards, whose imaginations, heated by the terrific wars carried on against the Infidels, embodied into their wild legends those extravagant fictions which long after found their way into the poems of Ariosto and Tasso. As mankind, however, advanced in knowledge, the monstrous extravagances of the Troubadours could please no longer. The imagination was reigned in, and made more subservient to reason. Something in the shape of probability was re-The world became tired of living forever in an ether of romance. This was the state of feeling when the above illustrious bards made their appearance. Adopting the wildest fictions of the Troubadours, they interspersed them with probable characters and probable incidents, and weaving them into interesting fables, spread over them the graces of classical refinement. While Italy had her minstrels, England had likewise hers; and although their themes might be often different, they belonged to the same class of poets. The romance of ' Morte d'Arthur,' to whatever age it may pertain, or by whatever hand composed, is evidently a specimen of that wild turn which dis-

The Poetic Genius of the Middle Ages. Vol. I.

"tinguished the period between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. If Tasso and Triosto had not appeared, the poetry of chivalry would probably have subsided a century sooner than it did But the latter, by adopting its most extravagant fictions in his Orlando, and blending them with affecting and beautiful stories and the former, by embodying them in all their wildness in his classic. Jerusalem, aroused anew, the slumbering spirit of Provenced poetry, and fired Europe once more with romance.

The first event which changed the spirit of poetry in England and Germany, was the reformation. Poets then ceased to sing of the holy wars; but they were still too full of the romancing turn of their former strains, to throw it of entirely. It still infected the poetical genius of the country. Sackville, End of Dorset, one of the ablest poets of that age, impregnated his writings with the general wildness. Spenser, in the 'Paery Queene,' is full of it. Even Shakespeare, who, more than any other man, thought and felt for himself, im-

bibed, in some degree, the mania of the times. at had greater goots last

The Reformation, which had received a temporary check in the reign of the bloody Mary, spread like a deluge over the land in that of her successor, Queen Elizabeth. Then the whole genius of Britain wore a new and reviving aspect. The talent which had long lain dormant, broke out afresh. The human mind, unshackled by the fetters of priestcraft, rebounded vigourously. Every department of intellect suffered an expansion, Philosophy, religion, commerce, and political economy, acquired a light unknown to former ages.— We had almost said that the spirit of poetry felt the baneful influence of affairs, but not even the names of Shakespeare, Spenser, Sackville, and Drayton, shall betray us to this admission. They would have appeared in splendour if no Reformation had taken place, and if the country had been as blinded as before. But the Reformation, if it did not add to their genius, probably afforded them greater scope—gave them wider limits—and it may be, influed into them a keener spirit. Before Elizabeth's reign, the learning of the age was confined to the priesthood. The laity, even of the very highest orders, were deplorably ignorant. It was no disgrace for a nobleman to be unable to read; and to write was a great acquirement. When the nobility were so illiterate, what must the lower classes have been? Even the priests were generally uninformed. They had, however, sufficient sagacity to keep the rest of the country more ignorant than themselves. This had always been the genius of the Popish priesthood. Aware that their religion could only maintain itself behind the bulwarks of Ignorance, they were well assured, that to open the eyes of their followers, was to give them and their cause a fatal blow. The influence of Elizabeth's reign was not more remarkable on intellect than on morals. Convents, in which thousands of females were immured for life, and which were, in reality, the retreats of the most debasing sensuality-were totally abolished. Monasteries, the haunts of an idle, licentious, and corrupted priesthood, were commanded to be closed for ever.* Thousands of valuable subjects, formerly lost, were now preserved to the state.

-A. (b) Department of Henry VIII. by one of the visitars of the Monography to had a Henry VIII. by one of the visitars of the Monography to had a Henry The abby of Dalle, John Staunton, the Abbot, was incontinent both with a single and married woman; Thugarton, a priory, Thomas Dethick, the Prior, was connected with divers women; as were also several of the Monks. Maiden Brafiley; the Prior has six sons, and he thanks God he never moddled with married women, but always made

But the desire for knowledge which ensued, was not confined to the new clergy. The laity followed their example, and sought after it with insatiable avidity. The demand for information was infinitely greater than the instructors, with all their enthusiasm, could supply; nor could the invention of printing, then in its infancy, produce a tenth part of the books which the popular zeal demanded. In this commotion, the country had no national literature to which it could turn. It had either to form this for itself, or to assume that of some other nation ... The latter, as being the easiest method, was universally adopted . The cultivation of the Greek and Latin languages came immediately into vogue. Not only clergymen, and those brought up to the other learned professions, made this their study, but the laity generally-knights and lords, and even ladies. Elizabeth herself, was an expert classical scholar, well acquainted with the literature of antiquity. All the courtiers became scholars. The daughter of a Duchess' as an ingenious historian remarks, 'was taught not only to distil strong waters, but to construe Greek.'. A complete pedantry infected the nation. Even pastry-cooks and waiting-men became expert mythologists. Every entertainment was grounded on some classical model. A lady's page was her Mercury; her musician was her Apollo. The cupbearer of a nobleman was his Hebe, or his Ganymede, as that office was filled by a man or woman. On great occasions, when the nobility visited each other's estates, . various persons were placed in the woods, or by the banks of streams, fantas-- tically dressed, to resemble Nereides and Satyrs. The same homage was given to every thing classical, as the Laputians gave to triangles, rhemboids, and ... other mathematical figures.* In the next reign, under the pedantic James I. this was carried even farther; and has been admirably delineated in the character of that learned monarch in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' This taste cony timued with more or less intensity in the first four eras of British Literature, and has only been finally relinquished in the present era, an proper to billitate

Perhaps no age produced a greater number of illustrious females than this. Elizabeth, before she ascended the throne, composed many beautiful pieces of o poetry; and, in the course of her long reign, she exhibited an energy of mind, and a prudence more than feminine. Mary, Queen of Scots, during her cap-- tivity composed many poems of great excellence. Lady Jane Gray was a prodigy of learning, when her age and situation are considered. Though only seventeen years old at the time of her unhappy death, she could cone verse fluently in the Greek, Latin, and French languages. Mary, Countess of Arundel; Jane Seymour, and her two sisters; the mother of Sir Philip Sydto ney; and the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, likewise distinguished them-· selves in the republic of letters. That restraint, however, in which unmarried females were held, had not worn off. There was a stateliness a reserve ta stiffness in the genius of the times. A girl of rank never presumed to sit, without permission, in the presence of her mother. The young women were treated proudly and coldly by their parents. In that age was seen, in perfection, the dignified stately matron, so seldom met with in modern times. The

There are other parts of the same reports even more disgusting. E. H. T. D. Vendy.

Gulliver's Travels." Voyage to Laputa and the sum of let

female character, in England, had then a majestic impress stamped upon it; but it wanted the more becoming loyeliness which adorns it in the present day If this era, the fine arts, such as painting and sculpture, made little progress, and Inigo Jones was the only architect of genius which the times produced. Poetry, philosophy, and theology were the departments which flourished most. In the former, a set of spirits appeared such as scarcely ever graced any nation. In the second, Bacon displayed that wonderful compreherisiveriess that acuteness of moral perception, and that protound knowledge of the human mind, which sets him at the head of ethic philosophers. In the third, Cranmer, Lee, Gardiner, and Pole, distinguished themselves with high reputation. The times, indeed, were highly favourable to this study. Emancipated from the thraldom of Popery, the divines had full leisure to explore the doctrines of the reformers, and to embody in systems the principles of a burer religion. In historical writing, Stow, Hollingshed, Cooper, and Camden, acquired just and distinguished applause. In Scotland, too, the human mind had made rapid strides. Knox set his fiery and intrepid genius to the reformation of the Church. Drummond, of Hawthornden, distinguished himself as a poet and Buchanan exhibited a purity of style, and an elegance of thinking, worthy of a better age.

The first English poet of eminence, during this period, was Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, ancestor of Charles Sackville, the patron of poetry, in the reign of Charles II. He is, in some measure, the founder of the Brush stage, for his tragedy, 'Ferrez' and Porrex,' is the first English production which deserves the name. It was produced in 1561, three years before the birth of Shakespeare. 'The Induction, or Mirror for Magistrates, is another of his poems, and whoever peruses it must be convinced, that to it Spenser is intlebted for many of the ideas contained in the 'Faery Queene.' It is surprising how little this performance is known, even by those who are supposed to be well versed in our older writers. Though full of the vices of the age, it abounds in passages of singular beauty; and the language for the period is remarkably simple; and easily understood. He was not the only person of rank who cultivated the Muses. Howard, Earl of Surrey, composed, in a style of graceful ease and elegance, worthy of Waller or Addison. Sign Phillip Sidney, t wrote many verses in a style of purity, which would have been admired, even in the reign of Anne. Sir Walter Raleigh, t during his confinement, composed his history of the world. His poems have all the elegance, ease, and sweetness of a courtier, and an accomplished scholar The Farewell, said to have been written the night before his execution, for depth of moral feeling is worthy of Byron himself. 'His Vision upon the Faery Queene, is not unworthy of Spenser; and his song 'Shall I like a instead a condition in the ten

the consequence of meant research, we find fir Walter Ribeigs was saint the situation of compiler of said history in Vol. I. page 407:

o much is the plant Be. Paul's Cathedral—since burn. Rebuilt by the most accomplished bright of model of models was stain at European, in 1886. When they were carrying him of the field, mortally wounded, he asked for water to allay his throughtened by the control of the was putting the drink to his mouth, he saw a soldier highly woulded, and eyeing it with the most wishful looks. Before tasting, he withdrew the vessel from his lips, and gave it to the soldier, saying. Your need in greater than amind him.

Hernit dwell? might have been written by Thomas Moore. No one would

suppose it to belong to the age of Elizabeth. There is such a crowd of writers belonging to this splendid era, that we have scarcely room, even to mention their names. Shakespeare, Spenser, Junson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marlow, Massinger, &c. appeared at one time, and devoted their mighty talents principally to the drama. Even Spenser is said to have written several comedies. As Sophocles, Eschylus, and Euri-pides, founded and perfected, in one age, the Grecian drama; so, in one age, these writers are the founders and perfecters of the English. Of Shakespeare, it is unnecessary to speak. With a neglect, or perhaps an ignorance of the dramatic writers, he reared works destined for immortality-works which future ages may try to equal, but can never surpass. Ben Jonson possessed a fund of original humour, but there is a grossness in his sentiments, (which has consigned almost all his plays to oblivion,) without any of that redeeming delicacy and purity, which Shakespeare, in the midst of all his rudeness, is ever shedding forth. If he had lived in Anne's reign, his asperites would have been smoothed off, and he would have shone as a truly great dramatic writer. Every Man in his Humour', and the 'Alchymist,' are perhaps the best of his works.

in Pletcher and Beaumont composed together, and by their joint efforts promany plays of great excellence. Massinger, t a man of powerful ima-gination, depicted human nature with uncommon force. A New Way to Pay Old Debts, is written by him. Marlow is the author of the Jew of Malta,' a play to which Shakespeare was afterwards indebted, in framing the

Merchant of Venice."

"Merchant of Venice.

"Bir Thomas More was an elegant poet and historian. Drayton, the poet distinguished himself in various pieces. We have had occasion to Peruse his poem, entitled the ' Baron's Wars,' and, though full of quaintness, re question if any poet of the present day could surpass it, in copiousness of language; hixuriance of imagery, or strength of description. In this place, we would favour our readers with some extracts, but we defer these till another diportunity, when we mean to introduce to their acquaintance, a few of these beautiful, but neglected old poets. and Music, in this age, made little progress, for, when cultivated as a science, is the last which reaches perfection; and as it reaches that perfection in the

decline of society, it could not be supposed to prevail, when society was as yet in its infancy. Poetry is the first art which, in any country, is perfected Music the his. When Music reaches perfection, poetry declines. These are the surest criteria of the strength or decay of a nation. A country may be for ages without poetry, and yet be in its prime; but when such poetry as it has, becomes, in the course of years, gradually weaker and weaker; and when music pushed to an excess of refinement, we may predict that the nation is in its wither This subject, however, would require an article of itself, and for the breath we shall not enter upon it. cycing it with the most within the

Digitized by GOOGIC

Joseph had a good deal of the bear in his composition. He was a man of great in which he slew one of the enemy. He is said to have killed Marlow, the poet, but whether in a duel or drunken squabble, we are not certain.

[†] Massinger died fourteen years after Fletcher, and was buried in the same grave.

ROSINE.

. ... COPIED FROM AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION.

By foreign handli thy dying syst were thus d,
By foreign hands, sky deemst limbs compos'd.;
By foreign hands, thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mount'd.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress dy
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast a
There shall the morn her earliest tears hestow,
There, the first roses of the year shall blow,
While Angels, with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred with thy relicts made.—Pore.

Rosine, one morning declined the offer of her sister, Sophie, to accompany her in her walk: she wished to think alone, and she hurried on to get quite away by herself; she soon found that she was nearly at the summit of the verdant mountain which rose above her father's dwelling. The parsonage to Rossiniere was a large cottage, at a little distance from the village; immediately behind it, rose a hill covered with the greenest verdure: two chalets, shaded by pines and birch trees, stood on the side of the hill; and beyond it, grey sterile rocks, spotted in some places, with patches of snow, shot up their spiral summits into the sky: these mountains were usually wreathed with clouds, but, in the rainy seasons, even the green hill above the parsonage was often half yelled in floating mists. Rosine sat down on the fresh fine turf; her mind vas busy with the schemes which had that morning been half-formed; and the thought, that she might be no longer a burthen to her dear father, had given a sort of tumultuous joy to her feelings, which she had not yet examined Though a thousand suggestions had presented thomselves to her mind, as she ascended the hill, she had put them all off, saying to herself, " When I reach a place where I can think, without being disturbed, I shall be able to deermine, Ah! she exclaimed, as she looked around, I am come to the very worst place; for every thing here presses round my heart, and ned with nome charm, by so many endearing associations. This glorious view of my own dear Switzerland! these rocks! and this emerald verdure!! that waterful The sparkling silver, with its soft-melting rainbow! the air, which sooms to inspire health and hiliarity! the very flowers, she added, sprinkling her lies with the dew which glistened in the azure chalice of a gentian she had just ge thered; every thing whispers—nay, every thing speaks aloud, of home, and gef my country. O, how very foolish I was to fix upon this spot! To be sure I have always come here to think and meditate before but never to think of leaving my own country. Perhaps I am wrong though, perhaps I am come to the very best place, since I remember, that the Tempter led our Savjour to an exceeding high mountain; yes, and with the power that Savious, who has been tempted, in all things like unto me,) will give me, I may be able to resist this temptation—this great temptation, she said as her eye rested on the light volumes of smoke, curling and dispersing above the trees, surrounding her own cottage. Hosine knelt down, and tarning her face meekly towards heaven, she prayed earnestly for strength; at first a few tears dimmed her eyes,

Digitized by Google

but she rose composed and prepared. Whenever she afterwards felt inclined to give way, she immediately prayed for support, and her prayers were never disregarded. 'What makes my father look so grave this morning?' whispered one of the young children to his mother, as they were at breakfast the next day. 'Why are you so grave my love?' said Madaine St.' Alme!" Rosine is the cause, answered her husband. 'Have you displeased your father, Rosine?' Rosine did not speak, but held down her head, and blushed deeply. has not displeased me, said her father. "She has made me feel happy in the possession of such a daughter; but she has grieved me too, for she wishes to leave us, and accompany M; de Mercie to England, that she may become a governess there. 'Come to me, my own best child, said Madame St. Alme, how can I part with you?' Rosine flung herself on her mother's bosom. ' How can we all part with you?' she added, as the rest of the children pressed around their mother and sister. Rosine looked up into her mother's face, and said, 'I am the eldest, dearest mother, and there are so many of these dear brothers and sisters—so many to increase the expenses of my father; you have both educated me with such care, that, I think, I could teach; and you know, I have been accustomed to do so at home. If you can trust me, she said doubtingly, so far from you, perhaps I may be able to contribute to the substitute of these dear children. port of these dear children.'

M. St. Alme was pastor of the village of Rossiniere, which is situated deep in the recesses of the mountains to the east of Lansanne. Rossiniere is one of those spots where the primitive simplicity and hospitality of the Swiss have remained still uncorrupted; the inhabitants still welcome, with delight, the stranger to their cheerful hearths, and decidedly refuse to be paid for the accommodation they afford. The parsonage of Rossiniere had, for some centuries, belonged to the St. Alme family, who had long held nearly the first place in the heart of every inhabitant of the village: the pastor had, time immenorial, been looked up to as the friend, and had been the consoler, under all their afflictions, of his grateful villagers. Strangers might have talked of the ancient family of Str Alme, but those who knew them talked only of their benevolence and piety.

The time drew near for Rosine's departure, and poor Rosine thought the time fiew very swiftly: during the last week of her stay, another temptation nearly shook her resolution. She had felt a slight preference, to which she nearly shook her resolution. She had felt a slight preference, to which she never allowed herself to give way, for her cousin, a young officer in the Prussian service, who had lately been residing with his mother at Rossinere. When her intention to leave Switzerland was declared, he discovered that he was deeply attached to her, and he was unable to conceal his affection. Adrental no fortune, and could offer her no inducement to remain; but, as he parted from her, he could not resist declaring his sentiments. Rosine promised she would not forget him, and her manner proved that she could not

The dreadful parting was over: without the power to weep, Rosine gazed at her family, till she could see them no longer: she sat lost in agonizing thought, till at last the one chord of her heart was touched, and a gushing flood of tears relieved her.

As they passed a wood of beach trees, at a small distance from Rossiniere, Adrien sprang forward, waved his hat to her, and vanished instantly among the trees. He had waited there to see Rosine for the last time, and her sad smile was never forgotten by him.

heaven, the pinciple Google Digitized by Google

Rosine could not be insensible to the kindness of M. de Mercie, who was the very person best calculated to sopthe her. He had also left Switzerland when young and had been during the chief part of his life, the minister of a Paotestiant Church, in London. He was now leaving the country, he had live every vensor to believe, for the lest time, for he was very old. The same over from England to bid adieu to his relations, and was now returning to the there.

11. During their journey, Rosine saw much to gratify her conversely bust little

During their journey, Rosine saw much to graffly her chriosity bus fifth to attout her, till she was standing on the deck of file vessel which conserved her to England. This said she to her venerable completely the tree of the Country to this wonderful the tree of the compared to our mountains. Here is one of the Country to works unpolluted. These vast waters roll on, at they the whom Country to works unpolluted. These vast waters roll on, at they the whom Country they are declared. These vast waters roll on, at they the west first divided them: man is ever taught here his own insignificance. The tree Raisine, said the old elergyman, and the dignity, the great value of his soul, is ever declared to him here; for this mighty ocean will pass away into nothing, while the invisible soul must live for ever. God seems to have outsined, that some of the creations of his hand shall be, as it were, for a season, images of his powers the ocean, the loftiest mountains, they be complished to death; while the count wan never die. O! if persons who will be all finally swallowed up, that would remember, that the invisible spirit, which they neglected is of sing value, would be considered to revery visible object; that the heavens and the certain must be consumed, but that there is a day of judgment—no day of annual latter.—for the soul?

the soul!

The offer of Marcia had written to inquire for some situation which might suit him. Riving, and on her arrival, she proceeded immediately to the house of Mr.—In a than Mrs. Stanley, who resided on their own estate, near the western coast of 97014. Sustembly who resided with her gentleness and simplicity, and even 97011 the melanchely which would sometimes betray itself, as they observed to an interest state assidiates in her efforts to become cheerful. Site was happy for she method recollected a convenience which had passed between hersity and Martle Mer-22000 the; the told her, that when he first left his own country, we was very stretched; and to think he gave way to his feelings, and after remaining a short timbett. Ridgland, resource that he gave way to his feelings, and after remaining a short timbett. Ridgland, resource that I was neglecting my duty; the relating opportunities of being useful to my family; this rememberance embitated every pleasure. I went again to England, and, in all the sidness I have felt since, the delighted assurance that I was doing my duty has consoled made. Rosine

knew her; with her little pupils, she had the greatest influence; and by the property patience and the proved aweetness of her temper; she wendered them daily mindre amiable and obedient. With one of them, however, the away he had a violent temper, and Rosme found that often apparent changes this girl had a violent temper, and Rosme found that often apparent changes to hope that Miranda had betinged some command over the mind two her had been to be jested with, and she continually found to administ to irritary out the her, where the offending person was totally the onselbus of the she she her, where the offending person was totally the onselbus of the she she her, where the offending person was totally the onselbus of the she struck her.

Rosine could not be the sent and sent and the least of the following the very person services of the very person services of the left and the manager of the left sent and the sent and the

or will men the law of the atmosphere's elasticity, which prevails wishin gestain limits, we know its degrees of rarty corresponding to different clarettons above becomined with properties yet unimpaired by extreme twofferious adapted this -roll dimitains are left to conjectures founded on the supposed divisibility of matter; ou and if this be intinte, 190 also must be the extent of our atmospheres 1. Hut if trait is downs, of pitingse particles, of limited divisibility, then the appropriate of withd medium somposed of them must cease at that place whom the furce of 1973 grahity downwards, on a single particle, is equal to the resistance distings from On the latter idea; cam actions phera, may be a culthe sepulsive force of the medium. mil boncemed to be of finite extent, and peculiar to the sarthal but long the hypoto amphosis of antimited expansion, the same kind of matter must perstal sall, space, dispend thust he couldensed around the several planets in digress or apostionate to que l'aheir respentiva attractions. Now, if astronomical investigations be canable of showing that there is a deficiency of atmospherio matter serrounding other planet any hodies, since the law of definite proportions, discovered by the mists, ad isom the same for all kinds of matter—solid, fluid, or elastic, we say juffer that real atter, bodies are similarly constituted, and that the equivalent quantities, which we have learned to appreciate by proportionate numbers, de really ex-

thus supposed to elementary atoms.

If to will cannot expect to discover any atmosphere round that Majora supposing in teacher to possess one of infinite divisibility, since its dentity at her surface could have been to possess one of infinite divisibility, since its dentity at her surface could have been at the lieight where the flexit's attended rection is equal to that of our atmosphere at the lieight where the flexit's attended rection is equal to that of the Moon at her surface of 5000 miles where the surface of the Suntaparents is equal to that of grandware the flexit account of grandware the flexit flexit is the flexit of the Suntaparent in the flexit of the surface of the surface of grandware in the passes of the surface of

dw lis to the passage of Venue near the Sun, in the month of May have bettle purpose and the passage of Venue near the Sun, in the month of May have bettle purpose with most accentaining whether any appearance of a sold atmosphere could, be observed that maintain the appendic distance above estimated the resultant phases of the planet, and the calculated phases of the planet,

businesses not such as to indicate any perceptible reflections and transque of Venus de resident de descriptions of Capt. K. not retailement de description of Venus and production the observations of Capt. K. not retailement de description of the description o

aruck her-

that her apparent position had been in the least affected by refraction through a solar atmosphere a subbough the disease, sat the time of Capt. K.'s last observation, was but 65' 50" from the Sun's centre, and at the time of Dr. W.'s only 53 15"

M. Vidal, of Montpellier, also observed Vehuts at a still smaller distance from the Sun's centre, in May, 1805, viz. about 46 of space, which also accorded with her calculated place.

Observations made on the occultations of Jupiter's satellites by the body of the planet, prove that their approach, instead of being retarded by refraction; is regular, till they appear in actual contact; showing that there is not that extent of amosphere which Jupiter should attract to himself from an infinitely divisible medium filling all space. Jupiter's mass is about 309 tilnes that of the Earth, and the distance at which his attraction is equal to gravity must be about 17.6 times the Earth's radius, 696,608 miles; and the apparent distance from his centre, at which an atmosphere equal to that of the Earth's should occasion a refraction of more than one degree, would be 1.6 his own radius. This would subtend an angle to the fourth satellite of 30 37; so this an increase of density, to three times and a half that of our common artifous phere, would be more than sufficient to render the fourth satellite visible to us, when behind the centre of the planet, and consequently make it appear on all sides at the same time.

Though, with respect to the solar atmosphere, some doubt thight be entering tained from the possible effects of heat, which cannot be appreciated, no effort from that source can be apprehended with regard to Jupiter; and as this planer certainly has not its due share of an infinitely divisible atmosphere, the universal prevalence of such a medium cannot be maintained: while, on the contrary, all the phenomena accord entirely with the supposition, that the Earth's atmosphere is of finite extent, limited by the weight of ultimate atoms of definite anguitude, no longer divisible by repulsion of their parts.

We need not point out to our chemical readers, the importance of the missi terly paper of which we have given the preceding brief abstract. The estas. blishment of the theory of definite proportions is the greatest step towards perfection that chemistry has made since it became intitled to the rank of a science. The constancy of the relations which the weights of elementary substances bear to each other in combination, and the unvarying simplicity of the ratio which prevails when the same elements combine in more than one ples portion, can only be referred to the union of ultimate atoms, incapable of full ther division; and this confirmation of the necessary existence of such atoms removes the only serious difficulty which the theory had to contend against. It is a property of great intellectual power to prove the accuracy of deductions derived from one source, by inferences drawn from another of an apparently different nature, as Dr. W. has done in the present instance, by calling in the assistance of astronomical investigation to confirm the deductions derived for chemical experiment. their evenings and the c a second restain centlement in

the characteristics and the enterpolation of the en

REMARKS ON THE THEATRE, CIRCUS, Believed as some services as some services as the services as

WHAT is the reason every individual inquires, that theatrical performances are so little encouraged in Glasgow, when so many individuals enact the part' of critics, and set themselves up as censors of authors, as well as actors? theirtively this question cannot be easily answered. Some lay the blame on the managers of companies, for not paying attention to the selection of their performers. Managers are blamed, by some, for the want of spirit others say, that managers trusting to the ignorance of Glasgow folks, in matters connected with the stage, strive to take the advantage of our inexperience, and think that, if a dramatis personne be filled up, it matters not by whom. This is not doing fairly by the managers, who have, from time to time, endcavoured. to amuse our denizers. Many of our townsmen know, that several very respectable individuals have been ruined by their attempts to please. We would quote Mr. Beaumont, who, in our own time, brought a company to Glasgow, that any of the London theatres might have been proud to hear. Bartley and Trueman had a very good company, so had Montgomery and Lacy, yet how did they succeed? We believe that all of them were ruined. We need not, therefore, wonder if our Theatre now seldom boasts. of a good company, as no good performers are anxious to pay it a visit." The public, therefore, unfairly, in the present day, lay all the blame on the illefficiency of actors, and say, they are justified in not supporting a company of worse than spouters, when it is well known, that though every individual in a gompany was a Roscius, the said company would not be supported throughout a season. In a late critique that appeared in your Melange, the writer throws the blame entirely off the public, and appeals to the encouragement given to Mackay and Calcraft, of the Edinburgh company. Now will any man say, who is possessed of critical acumen, that the above named gentlemen are fine performers; we think not. We have the highest respect for both the one and the other. Mackay, as the Bailie, may do better than any man on the stage. Calcraft, as Monsieur Morblieu, may act wonderfully, but all this is not enough to stamp them as good actors. Bartley, Holman, Montgomety, lacok, Beaumont, Betterton, Wilkinson, and many others, were as much superior to the Edinburgh heroes, as the sun is to the moon in point of splendour. We do allow that our boards have been shockingly profund by mouthers, particularly since the time Mason had the management; but the failt, we are inclined to think, lies with the public, not the performers.

Mr. Kinloch has done much for the anusement of our townsmen, we would wish to see him adequately rewarded. We speak from what we have seen. The Sisters, 'Silver Mine,' Tom and Jerry, 'Meg Murnoch,' Harlequinade, 'The Bears,' Mine of Rubies, and some others, have all been brought forward in a very short period. We fear all will not do to rouse the public from the apathy they feel to dramatic representation. How do they spend their evenings? strangers inquire. Card and toddy parties occupy all the spare time, is the general answer. We have no wish to constrain gentlemen in the choice of their amusements; but we cannot say much for the general taste.

We were highly entertained in the Circus, on Wednesday evening; the Harlequinade is very amusing. Makeen and Edwards kept the house in a perpetual roar of laughter and wonder, at the agility they displayed, and the

extravaganzas they exhibited. 'Meg Murnoch' was the star that attracted our attention that night to the House; as we thought we would have an opportunity of mitadraing. Mrs. Makeen's machine displayed to perfection. were a good deal dissappointed, as she has few opportunities in the piece, for displaying her oratorial talents, but sufficient scope is given to her powers in her pantomimic exhibition, and we have no hestation in anying that she performs admirably. She endeavours too much at offect in her speaking, which sometimes spoils the force of her sentences. Her voice is frequently straited, this this, by a little attention, might be easily remediated We have liked Darbley better, but still he does not fail to interest, a Kindoch and Makeen, as Figuren and Vich Ivor, both strike, the time at a villain, the other as a person suspected of designs which his soul abliges [/The peece! upon the whole, interested us deeply; but we could not help observing that the author was indebted to Macbeth and other plays for many of his best hints We will conclude our remarks on this piece with sketching the fable or of live Walter, Lord of Fullagan, (Darnley) an ambitious and unprincipled man wishes to deprive Malcolm, (Miss Darnley) brother to Lady Bietha, (Miss Newcounte) of his life, that his own son, Fitzarran, (Kinloch) may inherit his estates." The piece introduces us to the cottage of Duncan Graham (Edmards when Fitzarran, and some of his followers are benighted. Andrew, Dungan's son (Hart) is heard entertaining the group, with an account of the witch Meg Murtioch's wonder-working powers, . When the wonder of his muditary is at the height, Mcg, (Mrs. Makeen) suddenly makes her appearance, and informs them, that Malcolm dies that night for Fuzarran. This so affects Duncanisthat he exacts a promise from Fitzarran and his followers, that they will not leave his cottage for the night. This they readily give, and he leaves the cottage for the dwelling of Lady Birtha, to inform her of the danger that menaced her brother. Some of the followers of Fitzurran, who had gone in pursuit of Meg. now return, after a fruitless search. Fitzarran, in order to begula; the time, resolves to set out to seek her alone, as he is much agreed by the structure instruction of the witch. In a glen, the name of which we lerget, he moets the object of his search, who conjures him to go back, and not seek an explanation which can only make him miserable. This he refuses a horn is heard, she then compels him to go aside, and he discovers that Mer is in league with bandittly Vich Ivor and Evan, who, along with Walter, are here introduced. Mittarran, from his retreat, discovers his father's willamy and flies to the castle to endeavour to frustrate his designs. A banquet or retel is that night held, at the castle. By desire of Walter, the wine is drigged, in order to facilitate his intentions. Vich Ivor, (Makeen) and his companion. (Fergusion) are introduced to the chamber where Malcolm is to sleep to thinks a very free esting scene, Vich Ivor seizes the child, and is giving him to his confederate, when Meg again appears. As all is dark, she receives the thild instead of Evan Dhu, and effoots her escape. An alarm is given ; a pursuit commences. Vich Ivor overtakes Meg; a grand combat ensues, in which Meg is the victor. Several situations occur, in which Walter and Meg are placed! The life of the child is saved through her agency; and Walter's plans resided abortive. The story is defective. We never learn who Meg is; however it is well suited for Stage offect; and Meg's appearance is terrific, in the extense. It is well worth going to see. The nudience seemed to relish it highly.

S. Office of the present that it

Le cross, sais sin a se care de REVIEW. भेता सार्वाच के दें उन्होंचे के से हैं

The Loves of the Angels, a Boom. By THOMAS MOUNE! Stov Bel Longman & Co. 1823 ... Concluded all mate hears a new Nowy hear the rest, says Mr. M. No, we are ready to exclaime we need not. .. Who does not divine the rest? Nor should it be a thang for wonder. if weber and gross farleies present themselves to us; for, thus for the incidents, thowever decked out by the skill of the poet, are gross und only are and inside belitting the enterprise of some gay adventurer, against the vutue, at a ment Griette, that the passion of a truant inhabitant of Heaven, Wa seek not here degrading thoughts; they force themselves on us by associations. for which Mr. Mi is accountable; and we will venture to affirm that many a sine of the facilet Napece that are peeping forth from the alleys of Drursh languing the diptor of expectation for the new work of their favourite poch will be reade, when she comes to this passage, to exclain with the Lady Lurade of the injust the way in which I was caught myself. But no. Lit is dot! Mr. Mr. has fairly taken us in, and at the very moment when we are iready to pronounce a heavy censure on him, surprises in with an incident, as beautiful as it is new and original, which amply redeems every

thingan(L. m. ball Now hear the rest-our banquet done, . I mought her in the accustom'd bower. Where late we bit, when day was gone, And the world hush'd, had met alone, At the same silent, moonlight hour. I found her O, so beautiful! -5 Why, why have hapless Angels eyes? Only by sare there not flowers to cull, As fair as Woman in you skies? Still did her brow, as usual, turn To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn " Ture than ever on that night; . While the in looking grew more bright, As though that plenet were an urn From which her eyes drank liquid light. O, but to see that head recline

A minute on this trembling arm, And those inild eyes look up to mine Without a dread, a thought of harm! To meet but, once the thrilling touch of tips that are too fond to few me-

Or, if that boon be all too much, "Eva thus to bring their fragrance near

May shrink not so, a look word-Give them but kindly, and I fly; Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd, And tremble for their home on high, Thus be our parting theek to cheek-One minute's lapse will be forgiven,

And thou, the next, that hear me speak.

The spell that plumes my wing for heaven?

son (Hait. While thus I spoke, the fearful world on M. Of me, and of herself afraid, and the Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath The scorching of the south while breath! But when I nam'th males, too well some !

I now recall, though wildered them, Her Instantly, when I nam'd the spellaton out Her brow, her eyes uprose again, moon And, with an eagerness that spoke ... The sudden light that the half blukk!

The spell, the griellite, Ourspend is his port And I will bless thee! his goodsimid-ed Unknowing what I did inflamed on one And lost already, on her brown and the large of the large o

I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd. The mystic word, till their steer rolling st To living creature of earth's stould unant Scarce was it said, when, ppick to thought. Her lips from mine, like echo, caught, will The liviy sound—her hands and eyes.
Were instant lifted to the skies, in Vant 21 And thrice, to howen she spoke it water m

With that triumphant look (Faith week) When not a cloud of fear or doubt, 1914 to A vapour from this vale of tears, 1910 Between her and her God appears. That very moment her whole frame All bright and glorified became, anomaton is the vict seolonic was I sand and to and Two wings magnificent as the old off

That sparkle round the Esernal Throng. Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose Above me, in the moon-beam shone With a pure light, which them he had "! Unknown apply the calth of bnew Was light from Eden, glistening through ! Most holy vision! ne'er before

Did aught-so radiant wince she day! When Lucifer, in felling hore

The third of the bright stars away.
Rise, in carth's heauty, to repair

The Angel himself essays the spell, purposing to follow her: but for him it is now powerless:

There seem d'around me some dark chain

Bed lay my wings, as they have lain Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills the offended God—for ever?

The second Angel, one of the Cherubin, or Spirits of Knowledge, owes his tall to

The wish to know—that endless thirst Which even by quenching is awaked, And which becomes or blest or curst, As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd.

Before he commences his narrative, he expetitites on his speculation at length, in a manner sufficiently characteristic, except that once the poet forgets hunselt, and speaks plainly in the person of that youth of many loves, Master Thomas Little; plainly annuindful of the rangel and the paragraphs.

Nor did the marvel clase with her— New Evel in all her daughters came, As strong to chann, as weak to err,

As sure of man through praise and blame, Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,

Their still unreasoning worshipper— And, whereso or they smil'd, the same and Enchantresses of soul and frame, Into whose hands, from first to last,

This world with all its destines,

Devotedly by heaven seems to cast,

To save or damn it, as they please.

And we must confess that the curlosity depicted in the following passage, seems to partake somewhat of the nature of that of the damsel (Crystalling, we think) in the Tale of the Four Facardins:—

O, tis not to be told how long, How restlestly I sigh'd-to find,

Some one from east that shining throng Some abstract of cheform; and sand Of the whole matching say, from which Is my own arms beheld, possest,

I might learn all the powers to witch, To warm, and (if my fate unblest

Would have it) ruin, of the rest!

Into whose inward soul and sense

I might descend, as doth the bee

Into the flower's deep hears, and thence Rifle, in all its purity,

The prime, the quilities was the wall.

At length his prayer is heart in

There was a mail, of all the more Like visions o'er this orb, most lit. To be a bright young anget a love.

Herself so bright, so exquisited to The pride two, of trenstee, an light was Along the unconscious carch, the great Seem'd that of one born with a right

To walk some heavenlier element.

And tread in places where her feet.

A star at every step should meet.

'Twas not alone that love iness.

By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bliss—
Of playful blushes that seem'd noughter
But luminous escapes of thoughter
Of eyes that, when by anger stirs'd......
Were fire itself, but at a word

Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sam's bird,
Dissolve away in the rown flame.

The Angel works on the amagination of this sound contary, in her dreams the state of the sound of the sound

With gentle mastery o'er her mind— In that rich twilight of the soul, " ! / ... When Reason's beam, italf hid behind The clouds of sense, obscurely gidds. " Each shadowy shape that Famey huids—

"Twas then, by that soft light; I breaght Vague, gliumering visions to her when Catches of radiance, lost when cangle, Bright labyrinth's that led to nought,

And vista's, with a void seen through— Dwellings of 'lliss, that 'opening' should Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left its that, All that, in short, could weaps I disper on,

But give her wing no resting place; Myself the while, with brow, as yet in Pure as the young moon's coroner. Through every dream, still in her sight, 'The enclanter of each macking accee, Who gave the hope then brought the blight

Who mid. Behold you world of light? 'i hen sodden dropt a veil between? His seductive arts succeed :-And proud she was, bright creature, proud, Beyond what even most queenly stars

In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd That begintiful young brow of hers

To aught beneath the Hist above. So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Her thirst for knowledge is gratified by a display of the wealth of nature. But she sepires to higher mysteriesand, having at length in a dream seen her Cherub bright in the glories in which he had been wont to stand to adore in heaven, and radiant with wings She is seized by the wish, by which is the heathen mythology, Juno procures the destruction of her rival, Semele :-

I Let me this once but feel the flame Of those spread wings, the very pride Will change my nature, and this frame By the mere touch be deified!'

The Cherub has some 'dark misgivings; he cannot refuse to comply with her request, and she is burnt to ashes in his arms. The relation of this incident has many striking beauties; and we should have cited the passage, but that the incommunicable name is repeated, (as indeed it is too " often elsewhere in the poem,) with a freedom which we cannot but disapprove. But her death is not all :-Just when her eyes, in fading, took -Their last, keen, agonized furewell, And looked in-mine : with-O, that look! 1 ... Avenging Power! whate'er the hell Thou may st to hamen souls assign, The memory of that lock is mine!-In her last struggle, on my brow

Her asky lips a kiss imprest

Our readers will now be able to form a competent idea of the nature of this poem. The style of Mr. M. is so well-known, and has so often been discussed, that we may well spare ourselves and our readers all remark on itchere, beyond this, that the present poem has all the cloying sweetness of Lalla Rookh; but with less of flowery and meretricious ornament,

We cannot help remarking the anxiety that some critics have to detect plagiarisms. Moore, we believe, never read the Melange. Compare the passage marked with this:

> My heart's like * *
> A fiddle without c'er a string; A blid that's depriv'd of a wing.

PRODUCT AND STREET So much for the sapience and wit of critics.

Higher a retrain of the speciety

So without the last post-'Twas fire but fire even more unblest Than was my own, and like that flame. The Angels shudder but to oame, ... Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain, Madd'ning and torturing as it went.

And here—see here, the mark, thattain It left upon my front-burnt in By that last kiss of love and sin-A brand, which even the wreathed mide Of these bright carle, still forc'd mide By its foul contact cannot hide!

The third Angel whose lapse is recorded, is a Seruph, one of those that stand first and immediate found the throne—Anyels of Love, who fell ' from loving much, to loving wrong.'

We shall conclude our extracts with the song of Nama, calling Zaraph, the Angel, to their wonted supplication:

Come pray with me, my sevant fore,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above. The knee may bond, the lip may protect, But pray I cannot, without they !

I've fed the alter in my bower, With droppings from the incense tree; I've shelter'd it from wind and sliower, But dim it burns the livelong hour," As if, like me, it had no power and out

Of life or lustre, without sheet like! A boat at midnight sent elenent to

To drift upon the moonless seas A lute, whose leading chord is gone A wounded bird, that bath but one Imperfect wing to soar upon Are like what I am, without theal,

Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide In life or death, thyself from men But when again, in suppy, pride, ..., Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide, A prostrate shadow, by thy side
O happier thus than without thee!

Seng-Melange, No. 19,

Digitized by Google

POLTRY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON. A youth of promising talents.

O hope, how pleasing are thy smiles! How sweet to mortals even thy wiles! How Eden-like, in charms refin'd. Theu paints thy prospects to the mind, In rosy pleasure's freshest bloom, And more than Araby's perfume, To gust the bliss of coming years; Till fate with adverse front appears, And blasts our airy dreams of joy. O cruel death-O lovely boy. Our hopes in thee are all exil'd For ever from life's thorny wild; They in thy dying mot their death, And fied with thy departing breath. Mild were thy looks, thy form was fair; But fell disease lay neatling there. And wax'd and overspread thy frame, Until it nipt thy vital dame. And prostrate laid thy mortal powers, And tore this gem of loy from ours. Too tender for this mortal soil, Thou only staid to charm a while, Then soar'd to a serener sky, Where no celestial inmates die; And left us here, at sorrow's shrine, To wail our fates, and envy thine. · But Heaven is just, O why repine! Blind reason oft attempts to scan The wondrous ways of God to un Until, entangled in the mase Of winding paths and devious ways, It rebel turns, and proud arraigns The justice of the God who reigns : And by his works asserts his might, Through earth's abodes and fields of light. In all thy ways, be this our trust, · That thou art good and also just. Then shall we bend beneath the rod Of scraphs' and of nature's God. Adam, first born! no more shall pain Acutely rack thy limbs again. No more thy groans shall wound the ear, No more extract the swelling tear Of pity from the flowing eve, Nor from the heaving breast the sigh.

Por thou art laid in death's still worth, And not a breath pervades thy tomb. Boft o'er the spot the breezes blow. And give a desper tone to woe: But though no sound now thrills thine ners, Anon beaven's trump shall shake the spheres; The just shall soar to climes of truth. In vigour of immortal youth. And bask in the empyreal ray Of mextinguishable day, ' > Where genial pleasures ever flow, Free from the faintest shade of woe, Woe only reigns where sins abound; Bin ne'er in you shall be found : There spotless parity's the goal That hounds the aims of every soul; Nor shall abortive aims be known Mong spirits round the Eternal throne, Who stilke their harps to holy lays, And ravish pour bright notes of penies, While heaven's gold arch the strains reson Throughout Eternity's vast round.

AMECUL

SONG

While heartfelt emotion smiles high in thy beson, While pity, soft pity, shines bright in thine era, While the rose on thy cheak continues to blosse While sympathy speaks in the breath of thy sigh, How dearly I'll love thee!

When youth shall give place, and when tim have blended The sweetness of youth with the tameness of ye When thy bright days of simshine and youth shall have ended.

When the bloom of the rose from thy check de appears,

Still deatly I'D love thee!

When time shall have mark'il with his footer thy brow,

And age shall have whiten'd thy dark-flowing heir: How bless'd will I be if to me you allow That blossing,-to make all thy comforts my care; Porstill will I love thee.

ARDNAYELA.

10th Dec. 1882.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Such pieces as the Reformed Rake and Procures, are not suited for our pages. If the author would try in some other way we think he would encozed. A Gonnoiscur is under consideration. Rum Toddy is our next. The Dream-by Aliqua will probably appear next week. Kemo's Song in our next. We do not think very favourably of his other production. It. D. is not forgot. Lomest of David in number 4. Lines written in a lady's afour soon. The rest of our poetical correspondents must parido us flow what the construction of the superior of the state of not think very favourably of his other production.

21. D. is not torgot. Lamest of parties of the written in a lady's affirm soon. The rest of our poetless correspondents must parion as for froom for our silence. An Old Man's Tale is too uninteresting, so is Ossander's piece: to beth, brevity is the soul of wit. The corporation of a certain trade would be little heaponed by the past of Haxjer's Works. The author may have the vapity of Hudibras, whose name he adopte, but he wit. He is much too sanguine. If Musicus will tell in what he imitates None for many spatiates, we within a clever fellow. Byron has done for many rhymesters, what Kean has done for many spatiates, when the continuous continuous employed as a made which every aspirant thinks he can imitate. Imitations are sellous good unless employed as

The 1st and 4th Articles, as also the Poetry, of the present Number are Original,

Printed and published, Price 3ad. every Wednesday, by Punvis & AITKEN, Lyconn Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, post paid, may be addressed to the Palice
Sold by R. Griffin & Co. Public Library, Hutcheson Street, and by the Principal Booksellers, Gian
By T. Colquinoun, Printer and Publisher, Stamp Office Closs, 221, High Street; John Anderson,
65, North Bridge Street, and by the Principal Booksellers, Edinburgh. Also of the following I
sellers: John Histop, Greenock; John Dick, and M'Cormick & Carnie, Ayr; Thumas Dick, Pal
Robert Mathie, Kimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port. Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothesay; James These
Hamilton; M. Dick, Irvine; and John Shearer, Stirling.

LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

Waeckly Register of Literature and the Arts.

No. IV.

WEDNESDAY, 22d January, 1823.

"SERIA MINTA JOCIS."

REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF BYRON AND MOORE,

If I am called ill-natured, I am wronged.

BYRON and Moore have introduced to the poetical readers of this country a new species of poetry which, we conceive, to have little claim to the praise that is so lavishly hestowed on it. Our opinion may procure us many hard names; but we are willing to bear something, as we do not intend to depreciate the works of the above named gentlemen, by abusing their productions with unfounded assertions. We have read several of Byron's poems, and from what we have read, have come to the above conclusion with regard to him, for, in all we have read, we have marked a determined wish to intrude upon the world, the tortuous writhings of a cophisticated mind: now, what is there analogous between nature and sophistry-nature is truth, sophistry fallery. The human mind may be wrought up to a degree of suffering by hypochondrical pervertion. Whim and fancy united may embody images and ideas, which are only the offspring of a deluded imagination. By poring over disappointment, we may conjure up figures and fasicies, that nature never is to realize, and big with the unnatural burden, we may bring to the light. Things never dreamed of in philosophy; but all this is not genuine poetry it may be very pretty, and, in certain minds, may awake a sympathy; let the judgment be properly exercised, and we will be ashamed of the seelings excited, and blush to avow a kindred spirit. Comparisons are generally invidious, or we might ask, how is this flimsy stuff preferred to the Arength and dignity of other living poets?—is the general taste degraded and sunk? or has it become, like the stomachs of gourmands, so vitlated and dulled, that nothing but kickshaws can excite gout? These remarks have been elicited from us, in consequence of a series of conversations field with a brother weaver, who performs his diurnal toil in the same four-loom shop with ourselves. He is, indeed, a singular being, as real a compound of absurdity and good sense, as ever pitched shuttle through warp. He maintains, that to write verses like Byron or Moore, it is, by no means necessary, to be born a poet; and is of the same opinion that Johnson was regarding Chevy Chaos. Viz. that such verses may be easily initiated.

considerations in proming indeed the ments being the fire such that the him beatledy that the fire such that the flag that the house mattering sounds not very defect. When he came to the shop, we starked his instance in the told in the cause; and added, taket Byton, in such a state of mains, which we starked his instance in the told in the cause; and added, taket Byton, in such a state of mains, weally, no dualt, be very unpable of setting his shyming newers to stock. Now, to prove that to shyme in Byron's style is easy, I shall give you and instance in the fallowing fragment, which we issued be hoping you will let the world have a chance of seeing it.

Mack at what's to come.

Til twine the loveliest wreath for thee
That ever lov'd one wore;
I'll string the sweetest pearls for thee
To prove how I adore;
I'll sing to thee the sweetest song,
That ever mortal knew;
I'll do to thee the sweetest wrong,
And then I'll say adieu.

Thy wreath of grinning skulls shall be,
That show their gumless teeth;
Thy pearls of wind-bleach'd bones shall be,
That wither on some heath;
My song shall be of the loathsome grave,
To which thou art skin;
The wrong I'll do will make thee brave
The world, and smile at sin.

And then the wine cup we will qualif,
And sneer at human wos;
And at the breaking heart we'll laugh,
As through the world we go.
Then press thy luncious lips to usine,
For mine are parched and dry,
For O! the bliss is great—divine
To learn young souls to sigh.

And cheerless make the bed of death. And hopeless make the grave.

Bo much, said he, for a gloomy and evil association of ideas. What many not a fool or a villain, would have written such a piece? yes, how many if Byron's pieces are marked with a similar train of thoughts? usany of them, yes must allow, Mr. Editor, are much more dark than this of our friend's and many of them, no doubt, owe their existence to irritations, as triffing; and ridiculous. Now, what excuse can a man have for such a display of casemain? when it is only drawn forth by some triffing occurrence, and who, pray! will sail such a production natural or poetical? Must the public be shoulded by studing such base fulminations of a libertine spirit? because he plained for south, to be offended at his valet for not answering his bell in a marning; of because his tailor or boot-maker, made a pecuniary call, when he was when the was when or make, or in a fit of the spleen.

for Op a late morning our Siert finished his melyand meint at the morning our securities another; and inguines per advance. Afternoon sequence of a hardway; our poor friend was thrown idle; and had been permy to down forth for futurity. He was also no seculising that his his might, a corrumatance which generally means a little expense, by may of treet. Fininged at his disappointment, he sent a end, saying, the mosting must be possibled—until another opportunity. I did what I could to console him, and introduced poetry, in order to give him a pretent formulaving that mindow will, says the fill show you something Byronia just now, and in ten minutes, he produced the following lines to MARY:

Yes-Mary, true, we are but young In years-but we are old in pleasure, And though our death-knell may be rung To-morrow, we have had our meesure Of all the joy's that life can give, Till we are sated with delight. Our every aim has been to live, For time is ever on the flight. But we a triumph now have bought; We've outstripped time by many a year, His far-behind; and we have sought For smiles, and seldom found a tear; But now our hearts are turning old, Our heads are young, our feelings cold, Life naked stripped, a vaccuum seems, And we can only live in dressus. Yes-life is reft of every bliss, Thy lips seem tasteless, which to kiss, I, at another time, would given; To press them-half my hopes of heaven. Vain dreams, Ah me lelet fools repine, . No sigh shall e'er be heard of mines When pleasure's cup is at the lip. Wise men drink deep-fools pause-and sip.

Now can such flimsy stuff be called poetry. No wender that volume after volume emanate from the press. A little practice would enable a person to write a tolerable volume per week, which, if well sold, would bring a very. comfortable sum. That such poetry is fashionable, we do not deny, and to the fashion it owes the wonderful run it certainly has had; but to say it would continue to be acknowledged the genuine poetry of Great Britain, would be to regulated genuine taste is gone for ever. Lashionable poetry is the abovest dived ... some other empiric will step in, and pull the laurely from the baowage our two exetic bards, and their volumes may moulder, on the abelyes, with valumes that are only known to be in existence, by the quantity of room show occupy in a library. Arrete 30 a sett in mangage : Commbell has been blamed, by Byron, for writing so little. ... His 'Pleasures of Hope, in our epinion, have procured him name enough as a poet, and he wern mad indeed to risk his well-carned fame by making an angel, a debauches on a devilue sentimentalist.... Are Byson's claims to immortality sympastishes. when he simulated the first canto of Childe Harold; or Moore, a then when be game us. Lollah Rookh; wa think not ... Campbell gained no new laurele he Gertrude of Wyoming, though it abounds with ogensional beauties ... He and 50

doubt, thinks his first great poem the child of his strength; and he is right in not sading the world, with offspring of a more; puny and feeble sort, that, like a winter's sup, would only shine, as if it were, to make the night more dark and gloomy. Why is the world troubled, said my friend to us one day, with the querulous murmurings of misanthropy and impotent sensuality? If I am quizzed for loving a woman who is not beautiful, or who falls short of the standard of another, how easily could I defend my taste Byronically. He begun writing, and, in a few minutes, handed us the following lines.

Who'd only dare to say, I evil meant.

J seek no honour, so the world may dub whose

Husband, it pleases cuckold. I'm no flint,

But flesh and blood, mere, mortal by the-bye,

With a snub nose, I love a large blue eye.

For eyes are full of meaning; they affect
The opposite sex in half a hundred ways.
So sweetly ones heart's thoughts they can reflect.
In I we been a slave to eyes one half my days,
The other half, I've little to expect,
but For I am past enjoyment—so, my lays
Sacred shall be unto the joys I've tasted.
A Stanza now and then to those I've wasted.

We'll say no more of that. 'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the dark and gloomy street,
The Charley's voice come stealing o'er the ear,
When staggering homeward; but 'tis much more sweet
To hear the girl we love, tell us we're dear;
Chased by a lion, sweet to use our feet;
Sweet to see cottage smoke on desart heath,
And sweet a rescue from the jaws of death.

Now to prove that fustian of this sort can be composed at almost a horse trot, continued my chum, 'I could give innumerable instances, one of which may be deemed quantum suff. Daniel O'Rourke, a poem of several cantos, appeared sometime ago in Blackwood's Magazine, and, as far as I am able to judge, contained as much intrinsic merit, whether of a poetical of descriptive sort, as either Beppo, or Don Juan; that it was composed hastily, is a very natural inference, from its having appeared in a periodical work; yet, had it been printed solus, with Byron's name on the title, it would have sold fast enough at five shillings per copy; and favouring critics would have sworn, that another laurel was added to his fanciful wreath. Poems of such a length, printed in Blackwood's Mag. must necessarily be composed in a hurry, were they not easily composed, they would require more time than monthly contributors can afford. Writers of this kittney would require as many heads as the Largent safety of every to have brown to tarry that insignia of their faree, 11 Lywould beautemend that, in future, the leaves aboutly be estiblish. amen flamers for example, and when a triumphid-archier required likhe daltabis Appla, of the place where those prolific banks reside, might borrow, at at medicate expense, the leafy honours, for the purpose of describing the antithe talenable speculation for a bard of this genus to travel; these amounts

The Manuera of good united bean inforthur by team of the point of the policy of the po De written in three days ; for, independent of its other defetts, it has reine Engenuity mor lines displayed in the plots for bruth to tell, it has no plot at all Types is lately out of Civilia's Library and read on with this ble satisfaction. Parisil I throught I had finished the first canto, when I tuitiell the Hill (like discippedintment, when instead of canto second, and statiza first, mine eve were greeted with "Shortly will be published;" At. At. bu The end of the pamphlet containing so many advertisements and announcements, that they looked as large as the poem itself; 3s. 6d. was the price of this, if I err not and truly the money was worth it. If frivolous cynical complaints are to be taken for good poetry, our country is surely retrogading much in taste. Supposing some misfortune befel me in consequence of my own imprudence, I could dispatch, in a very short time, half a dozen of stansas, thus

> Well—I would curse, but fools would say I sorrowed, For curses blab the secrets of the mind, And I would have all seeming feeling herrowed. Curses, at most, are only idle wind. When the Smooth be my brow, but where my soul shall find A ray of hope, for solace or reposein rante all Tell me, vile world? Hope ne'et should be behind, But beckoning still before us, till the close 25% Of life-but hope and I have long been mortal foes.

For all my joys are wither'd. I must read My harvest when I should begin to sow. How few can welcome that eternal steep? " When death and time their potent draights bestow. Alf the in sooth,' to bend my youthful bow; I And shoot beyond my mark, until my quiver Boasts not another shaft worth while to throw At worldly happiness—thus sorrow ever Leads me through life's dull maze to taste of pleasure never y

These lines, and many others of a similar kind, our friend could produce to. show how easy it is to write verses of this sort. Your limits will not permit us to go into sufficient length on this subject, but we believe our first assertions are tolerably established. In a fortnight, you shall have our remarks on the modern Anacteou's poetry; mean time, we remain,

Carry times of would have send had

FORTH OF SULL IN LONGTH

that a record synd filmed some forested into the EPHRAIM BOREHBAD as

another laurel was settled to his fandled accura-

printed in Hinckwood's Very and the composed in a formy were they new easily composed carried and real ROSINE, a contractive course and a commence of the second seads as brefts and endfuel. nion was autumn evening. Roting, to gratify her pupils, accompanied them to with urpose person, in the neighbouring village. She found on her return with wellent cold, which had hardly been perceived before, had increased! (1986) tennimether house for a few days; and was soon untich better (still the bett issumed to linger. Mr. Stanley was absent about this time, but on his results, "the extreme paleness of Rosine shamed him, and he noticed is to this will.

Thou both recommended her to have medical advice of but Riverne attended the his that saled was inequian innerelli as which imministed in that sales would would winitely of nothing but the remains of her sold. . One improving however, after she half been teaching the children, she fainted toway! Mrs. Stanley heatfated no longer, but instantly sent for exphysician . Bosine was lying down which law Maynard ! arrived; after he had seen her, he went with Mrs. Stanley into one of the parlocate to write a prescription Mileanda was sitting in a room be found that which there entered, the door mas open; and as it was just growing dark; the when the observed a she sat still, not wishing to disturb her mother by passing through the room. Miranda hoard Mrs. Stanley talking, and she put her hands to her cars, for she disdesired to listen; but she heard Rosine's maine, and danger, mentioned; and her hands dropped; she est !breathless "and" immoveables while teams of ageny streamed down her face. Long after Dr. Maynerd's departure, did she remain senseless by grief, to every thing but what pessed in her own mind, for he had declared that Rosine was in a rapid consumptions and that her recovery was hopeless. At length Miranda recollected" herself; and starting up, she stole quickly, but softly, to Rosine's chamber, she tapped gently at the door, but the sick girl was asleep; she entered the room. and one sped so the bed side, pressing the end of part of Rosine's dress to her lips. She sat down on the ground behind the curtain, and lesning her headagainst the bed, the continued weeping till she insensibly fell into a sound alcept. Rosine soon after awoke; she drew aside the curtain to rise, and discorrect the electing child-her cheeks stained with tears, and her bosom still hesting slightly with the storm of grief that had so lately subsided there with Regard stooped down and kissed her: 'Can you ever love me?" said the! poor girl, bursting again into tears, for she instantly awake, and kisshing the extended hand of Rosine. I have never ceased to love your my sweet child," she teplied, finds have Lever doubted your affection for me; you have been? hunried away by passion-you have forgotten yourself, but I understood ! would disposition, and I was sorry for you; I always loved you. O! said Miranda; "I will try to be so good; you shall never complain of the lightin but they obsdience will be tou late, she exclaimed, while the hope which highest up her equipperance, failed away: "we shall lose you I know we shall for they have told me so QA no; you will not dis you look very healthy you! worst die! she repeated, drawing still nearer to Rosine, and looking up, entreut. ingly into her face, I do not understand you, said Rosine what have you heard, my love? Who told you I should die? Did Dr. Maynard tell' yeu?' she inquired anxiously. 'What have I done?' cried Miranda, what shall I do? I ranner answer-don't ask me! Resine in vain attempted to detain her, but she rushed out of the room. Rosine rose up to this the dear after the agitated girl; she then locked it, and sitting down near the fire paid thought over what Mirands had told her. Yes, she said attlastion for half dies she has told me what I ought to know; all my descent earthly libres and ofon A shall-never return home again; L feel I shall dies in Od ship dear, thear perents, my sweet children; this is a very severe trial, for we have parties for the last time 4 poor Adrien, she added, 'I little thought Irshould metabsed' you again! but this will not do,' said she, dearing to weep, "I she week willing" majorind . I am not preparing properly for death, I must seek strongelizati Rosine did receive strength from her prayers, and such conselation as usthing

but prayer could have supplied after such a shedow of the fitness access all collections of the fitness of the proving of a shedown that the fitness of the

Miranda had run into the room where her parents were sitting a she through herself into her mother's arms; and sobbed aloud. . O ! I shall me way industry forgive myself, she said; 'I have told Miss St. Alme what Dr. Mayhardanid to you to day; I have told her she could not live. Mitanda explained homes she had heard the conversation she alluded tor and again sobbedy! There was an old lady present, the mother of Mrs. Stanley; she was nearly each true years of age, but the faculties of her mind were perfectly unimpaired which husband, Lord Falkland, had been many years dead; and she had since then! resided with her daughter. Lady Falkland was much attached to Rosine of who had long valued her more than any of her English friends. 1 Mirings spoke imprudently, she quietly said; but it was quite right that our younged friend should be acquainted with her situation. I will go up to her if Manager: will let me lean on her arm. 'I am come to sit with you, said the old lad you as she entered Rosine's chamber. 'You will forgive this thoughtles gardin who loves you very tenderly.' She drew forward the blacking dewiceses Miranda, whom Rosine pressed fondly to her bosom, and akined mulated by Kou may leave us now, my dear grand-child. The sad girl molecular with a mournful, affectionate smile, and left the room. A You have been told the truth, my sweet friend, said she, 'you and I are hastening together, hope, to a better world. It is proper that we should know our situation: let us strive to fit each other for a happier state, by making the most of the time visits is left to use 11 .could not speak to another young woman as I do to you q but I think I know, you my love. Another might find no consolation in the service ! of an ald/woman, who is tottering to her grave. I think you are prepared for douth, and I think the certainty of that, which may be as mean to others as it is at present to you, only they are unconscious of it, will not fill you with foolish alarms. Your heavenly Father is treating you as a whild of his love, in giving you a trial, such as I never met with in my long life this parting here; for every with those you love best on earth. He is treating you as wehild of his love also, in taking you to himself, while you are as yet comparatively undefiled by the world. It was thus he called away the blessed Stephen, by a violent death, though while you are quietly sinking into the grove, you are, my dear child, highly favoured.' While Lady Falkland was speaking Reside's downtenance had brightened with a delight she had never before 'skperienced sther's silence, was more elequent than words, when her friend had unished upsaling. Ros some time after, at night, on whenever she awake from her broken alumbers, the repolitetion that she was dying, made Rosine melancheles but he the wardly of this mournfulness were away, she became perfectly resigned and cheerful. Every attention, that her situation could require, was layished on the dying girl chut on sone did she set such a value, as en those hours passed daily with Lady Falkland. : Miranda, too, would; whenever she was able, visit the chamber of her beloved instructress; and be perfectly satisfied if she whights His near, her, and look at her. .. The character of this child seemed to have entirely changed; she was nicekname tractable; but the wild and exilherant gaiety, which had before distinguished her equally with the wolence of her temper, had also subsided. She was never britished with joy, but when declaring her conviction that Rosine would not lie. Because she appeared too healthy to die. The child, however, became at last alarmed; for she remarked that Rosine was at times agitated so violently that her whole frame seemed shaken; white the death-like paleness of the countenance was flushed with deepening blushes of burning crimson: from the mere exertion of crossing the room, she would often faint away; and her fits would last so long, that it often seemed as if she would never recover from Rosine had intreated, at the commencement of her illness, that no one would write to her family, she knew that no one of them could well join her; it was impossible for her to visit them. Let me, then, said she, write to them myself; it is a poor satisfaction; but it is the last I can have. I wish to tell them I am dving, in my own way. Her wishes were at first opposed, but she repeated them so earnestly, and her reasons were so excellent, that she was andwed to act as she choose on the subject. Her mind was too confused and depressed at first to enable her to write as she determined. She wanted, there! fore, a short time; but she could not quite, in her own opinion, prepare herself for the task, when she did write. 'I must not delay any longer, she said id herself, one marning of it may never send these letters. She wrote this ut seconed has languages and with no small astorie incut in the contract a threatening voice, deangress and a service her knew, he said, her huse see here me en e en leer with a large bread-kinner band had in the house A LITTER TO STATE AND LONA THE BEYO, DIVAGE BO THEMAL trap door leading to the fite states at soor grounds can mounted she drew up e e d'y to get at her. Emung the ludder after her, so thet it has much the ladder after her, so the land spain and are said, leaved to abbusine the thirt she disregarded spain and the said spain and spain an in the loft, and ender tales either in the loft, and ender tales either the ender the call tor While she was livingd, any glides esteps stratidades bely rished his single is east the post their proud daughters should exult, while our safe plung of in your hand the not the daws of heav'n descend upon Gilbon them, great exertions much a bear mad based about stight with the group of whate to be and by an officer. A her separate statement six six members and be remained as the holes were the contraction of the separate statement of the se while he remain niels saw control le seles atte grade particulate admosfed matter. while he remain the property of the property o -too said for it his head had never been anotherd with the the without a groan. tage, where the property of the strice of th door as it stanile editably il mondirum if arms rather viscon with medical medical needs het and the dark sland our every life was tast, and our the dark sland of the last, which the dark sland of the grave of the dark sland our property of the dark sland of the dark sland of the dark sland of the grave of the dark sland of the grave of the was tast to be dark sland of the grave of the was tast to be dark sland of the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the was tast to be dark sland or the grave of the grav

THE fullowing dreadful event lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Smolensko. The owner of a lonely cottage being out on the chace, a beggar, to all appearance old and weak, entered it at noon-day, and asked alms of the Mornets who was at home with only her two young children. The kind-bearted woman invites him to rest himself, while she goes out to get something for After the beggar had satisfied his hunger, he to the bim to eat and drink. no small astonishment of the woman, assumed a different language, and with a threatening voice, demanded the money, which he knew, he said, her husband had in the house. The wretch rushing on her with a large bread-knife, force her to acknowledge where it was deposited, she declared herself ready to give him what money she had, and for this purpose mounted a Ladder to h trap door leading to the lost above. ... As soon as she had mounted she drew up the ladder after her, so that it was impossible for him to get at her. Finding that she disregarded his menaces, he seized the two children and swore he would either kill or main them, if she did not immediately tome down and deliver him the money as she had promised. The woman, however remained in the loft, and endeavoured to force a hole through the thatch and call for While she was this employed, the monster cub off the children's cars and noses; and at last killed the poor maimed innocents; scornfully proclaimmg to the mother, the nurder he had committed. The latter living with great exertions made a hole in the root, called for help of the criss were heard by an officer who was passing by in an open carriage, who sant his servant, while he remained sitting in the carriage, to sequire what was the matter. The servant hastened to the spot, but on entering the contage was nick by the murderer, who plunged the knife rato his heart, so that he fell and expired The efficer, surprised at his delay, went himself to the cotwithout a groan. tage, where, perceiving the horrid scene, he attempted to stop the flight of the murderer, and with his sabre cut off all the fingers of his right hand, but was not able to binder him from embracing the opportunity to escape through the door as it stood open. The woman had, while all this was passing, made her way through the roof, and run to the village, which was at a pretty considerable distance, to fetch assistance. Mealitime the husband on his by home meets the blood-stained markerer, whom he recognises as the beyon who fre-

dark L. Barth

quents, that part [of, the country, no Then Provide Country and there have I there affected lamporation, held up her multiseth have any included have there is in your house a murderer an officer, who has hilled your children, and like wise a man, who attempted to defend them, and from whom I have narrowly escaped in the condition you see. The terrified countrymen, while the stroccious villain, hastens to escape, flies, with his loaded gan in his hand, to his cottage, perseives through the open door the officer, and the bloody corpose of his children, takes him of course for the murderer, levels his piece, and shoots him dead on the spot !—The wife coming up with the villagers, hears the shot, sees she officer fall, atters a piercing cry, and exclaims: What have you done? You have killed our deliverer—net he, but the beggar is the murderer of our children! The husband, whose whole frame is shaken by the horror of the scene, and still more by his own rash deed, stands a few mappents, petrified and motionless, falls back in a fit, and expires the condition of the scene.

And a state of the Baitor of the Literary Melange.

Should the contents of this packet be shought worthy of being shows to the world, by the means of your paper, you will please to insert them. They were written, in 1815, by my friend, who is still in the army. I was then is the army too, but in a different part of the world. Though written by a prevate soldier there may be something in them to interest.

of the said to see the I am, &c.

LAURENCE LINTERCE.

FROM GUNNER PETER PORTFIRE, BATTE HILAMIN OF THE PETER PORTFIRE, BATTE HILAMIN OF THE PETER PORTFIRE, COMMANDING TOWNS THE PETER PORTFIRE COMMANDING TOWNS TOWNS TOWNS TOWNS TO SEE THE PETER PORTFIRE COMMANDING TOWNS TO THE PETER PORTFIRE COMMANDING TOWNS TOWNS TOWNS TO THE PETER PORTFIRE COMMANDING TOWNS TO THE PETER PORTFIRE COMMANDING TOWNS TOW

DRAR LINTSTOCK,—Agreeably to the promise made before I left England do I now write you; though, by the bye, writing is no such pleasant matter for me, as we can neither boast of table nor chair in our present quarters; my knapsack is the one, the floor the other. You are already aware of the time and manner in which we left W——. Some circumstances you are no doubt ignorant of. There were two companies on board the transport in which we sailed, Major Mortar's and our own, in all amounting to 220 odd, effective men. Major Mortar's company were nearly all veterans who had served in Spain and were quite conversant with the usages of a ship; while every thing we saw excited our curiosity, we being, as you know, all Johnnig Harr. Our company is indeed a fine one; not above two or three individuals above thirty years of age in it, and mostly all below twenty-five. Lew of them are every been on ship board in their lives, and the novely of their structure delighted them as we bore gallantly down the majestic. Themes. The unstead of campaigning necessaries, consisting of a blanket, a canteen, and harreneck completely occupied us during the first part of the day. Three days allowance

of provisions were also given us; and buring og, a principology winnistic tree o par in raising correptries " We ger out of the Thames in the evening band to side breeze blowing. By this time, some of us began to feel seal sick best ? operate, and, as if by sympathy, there soon was a pretty general complaint. The rum, and the heaving of the vessel, caused many a copious evacuation; and the jibes our behaviour gave rise to, excited mitth enough. "Though I felt?" some qualras, I was not very ill. Our first watch commenced at time o'clock: I entered into confab with one of Mottar's company who had been in Spain; 11 he amused me very much with an account of his adventures; he then belonged to a regiment of the line. When he was at the siege of Badalos he had a brother wounded at his side, he lifted him in his arms, and was earrying him? off to the rear, when a ball struck his brother on the head and mearly devered. him with his brains: he was obliged to lay him down and resume his situation !! in the platoon. How his brother was buried he never could find out. "He " was one time desperately wounded himself at Vittoria, I think, he said. regiment to which he belonged got orders to drive some French from a positic n The French were in hollow square, and all attempts to break they occupied. it were in vain. He belonged to a light infantry regiment, and was then acting as a skirmisher. Wishing to distinguish himself, he advanced closely worthe square; levelled his piece at an officer inside, fired and missed. The officer a with great coolness, pushed the files aside, made a lounge at my acquaintance. and wounded him in the belly; he staggered a few paces and fell; by this, time, as he afterwards learned, two howitzers were brought in front of the French square, and soon made a bloody opening. The French were driven from their position, which was retaken, and lost again, several times in the course of the day. The French made a desperate charge, forced the British before them, and in their advance, marched over my friend. A French soldier was wounded, and fell beside him. To defend themselves from the excessive heat of the sun, my friend's blanket was unrolled and laid over them. The French were again driven back to their original position, and again marched over my The blanket excited the cupidity of a French soldier en passant, who made it his prize. The Frenchman who was only wounded in the leg, remonstrated in vain: by good luck, he saw an officer riding past, to whom he called, and told the story; he galioped after the spoiler, led him back by the ear, made him cover the wounded men, and go down on his knees and ask their pardon. This happened in the middle of the day. In this wounded state my friend lay till evening, when the British were victorious, and got a musket hall in his thigh while lying. The colonel of his regiment, who came to look after the wounded, found him. He was conveyed to the town in a waggon, with many prore in a similar situation. In taking him out of this conveyance he fell; the pain he then suffered, he described as dreadful: his bowels were protruding. and his thigh in a horrid state of irritation. He was three months in recovering and looks now as well as if he never had a led.

Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. We were forty-six hours at sea, and landed at Ostend in high spirits. Every thing here is a matter of wonder. The people seem as mercenary as at home; they came in crowds round us, tempting us to buy; every thing appeared so cheap that they soon lightened us of a good part of our money. This is an imposition which they practice; aware of the dearness of tobacco and spirits in Britain, they

Bucks discussed diese when stilled land, and offer diese for selection addition thinkhous from the cheapness of the rabby to mained articles, that he is gesting a good bargain, is ever gulled; shotldid; he buty in the shops, in thowas he would obtain them much cheaper and better, The sign-boards of the public houses were the first things that attracted my attention. Some of them appear to me very whimsical. I send you an exact transcript of the words on one: In het groot stadt von Rotterdam verknopt men all soorten van druitken. In the great town of Rotterdam we sell men all sorts of drink." marched to a bay-loft, on the quay side, which, in a quarter of an hour, was converted into a barrack room. Our knapsacks were scarcely off our backs till we were ordered out to work. We got a ship load of shet and shells to dis-The day was excessively hot; my whole stock of cash amounted to tempence halfpenny, which was spent on miserable beer in less than two hours after I began work. We wrought till six in the evening, and every day since, we said at work from four in the morning till six in the evening days we save and guard superted. Whate of troppendous bustle pervades this place. Such humatities sel military at prest are delly landing, it, must give an important idea of British wealth to the inhabitants of this place; for my own part I wonder where the malifered from. How matters are changed! Our guards in England were considered our hardest duties; now they are considered enly as days of relaxation.

One thay last week, after coming off guard, I, and some others, took a stroll through the town; we soon found ourselves beside a church, and found matter of wonder sufficient to reward us for our trouble in walking. In front of this church the figures of our Saviour and the two thieves are suspended on a cross, the two Marys are kneeling at the bottom, and undernoath alk a rude picture of the about lof the damined is sketched. Our reverential feelings were raised. The finites are done in wood, painted a flesh colour; that of our Sariour is pemarkably well dame: the face seems to be the very abode of agony. I have been show planticular six eleveraption for the purpose of relating to you the effect it had on one of my companious, B-t, he is from Nottingham: you know we used de dell him the farmet. He came up to me with a face into which he had Accomparery grain of feeling and pity in his frame, and thus addressed me: Means Portfire, does think as he has hung there ever un he wur first killed; but for the respect which I awad to the place where we were standing. I would have laughed in his face at the ignorance of the man. He actually took the image for the real body of our Lord, and would scarcely credit; me when I told himit was wood; wpommy word this is a literal fact, one which I will mover forestry to think an Englishman is the 19th century, could be sorten orably proper denti "Authis is no subject to jest upon, you. I hope, will helieve ma. We ended but stroll as soldiers generally do when they can afford it was public house. in which were a great many Hanoverian soldiers, dripking, singing, appoking and dimenge The Hanoverians are generally light made man, most of them. have fair complexions. We are on very good temps with them. They seem to acknowledge our superiority, and treat us with much respect to Ne sung one best oungs, as it were, out of a spirit of rivelry, though scarce a word reas tinderstood by the opposite party of what each other said or sung. Then hughed at our chorusses, and gave us to understand that they thought we had too much of them; too much fol de rol were the words." One song of the Plentings: in very popular helb absprachat! I suppose the leanguaithes site compliment to orda derision of the English picits ember observent il sendipote wood bargain, is over gulfaring which we december with retending report in the real bond. 3 - 20 1 Saident An Engelluman'is vite dyvel's man for the smap, who are most nine to very whinsical. I soud you gamalsvyk sau simedished the nor have I seek when since Wivat O Rey an huzza! how to even the property of the control of t mon gll An Engelishman is very good man for de from the hand a on bentamen An Engelishman is very good man for de from, a lanta borraynor with a 1 class of An Engelishman is very good man, wow of the I reduce spow on or harmon a little kiss de from, wi de clumpers, on, 1977 and 1 . Augdm "We came home to our quarters inuch amused?" Want of room with motor allow me to be more copious. I shall write again in a fortuight, being the interum, I expect to hear from you. Meantime, I remains as before your many Yours affectionately, wall of different defield to PRIER PORTER REGIN To Gimner Laurence Lintstock, bud were can whereat on the contract bud Captain Spike's Company, Batt. R. A. Dover Castle, Kent. through the count; were a well to same it of wonder endine at to real in et women strong of the figures of th THE TO OTHE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOYAL SOCIETY, Park Own off AT the late unifversary of the Royal Society, Sir Helmplary Darghgade in new interest to the business of the day, by the eloquent eulogies he delivered on some of the members deceased in the course of the proceding sycan Amongst these were, Sir H. C. Englefield, Sir W. Herscholl, Day Margate the Rev. Mr. Vince; &c. 1 had the second and second to have no Of Sir H. C. Englelield he spoke as an accomplished gentleman, gifted with a great variety of information, and considerable taleuts for philosophical inquiry. He was a respectable astronomer, a learned antiquarian, a clear writer, and eminently distinguished for his convertational powers. He wanted worth all the rest a traly lionest man, and automament to that day of herein the image for the real bedy or on the last of the bed had been at roll page. The progress of modern astronomy is so connected with the labours of Sin W. Herscheff, that his name, Sir Humphry justly observed unwild diverge land as that science shall exist. This discovery of a new planetary system Annal of several sattellites before unknown, prove his supply and indefitiguald apple of observation—his views of the stellar systems of the heavener his bold imaginar tion and power of inductive reasoning-and his discovery of the invisible tare in the solar spectrum, his talents for philosophical experiment. Ma was a want said the President, who, though raised by the powers of his own catallent to the highest degree of scientific eminence; was spoiled neither by glory mon by fortune; but retained, under all circumstances, the native simplicity of his to many of Gin. A Girl or Woman Wooden Slives or be land

mind? His private character was amable, and his life happy. He died fall of years and honours; and, when mable any longer to labour himself, he saw

a kindred disposition and kindred talents displayed by his son.

The primature death of Dr. Alexander Marcet was deplored with equal eloquence and feeling. Sir H. D. characterised him as an ingenious and accurate chemist, a learned physician, a liberal and most amiable man; and while he vindicated the claims of the departed to scientific eminence, the faltering voice, and scarcely repressed tear, paid the honest tribute of regret to the DAINE OF PRINE warm recollections of long and sincere friendship.

Of the deceased foreign members, Hauy was spoken of as a man whose name will always be remembered in the history of mineralogy, in consequence of his having established what may be considered as a mathematical character, in the discrimination of mineral species. Delambre was eulogised as an excellent astronomer, and a candid and liberal historian of his own science. Berthollet, Sir H. designated as the patriarch of modern chemistry. He dwelt on his discoveries and labours at some length; and paid a just tribute to the candour and liberality of his mind, to his warm and zealous patronage of rising genius, and to his social virtues.

The president then announced that the Council had awarded the Coplet Medal to the Rev. Win. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford, for his paper on the Fossil Bones and Teeth, discovered in a cave near Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and printed in the Society's

Transactions.

The President, on this occasion, delivered a concise view of the general history and importance of geology, as well as of the interest and value of Mr. Buckland's recent labours in particular. We can give but a very imperfect sketch of this eloquent and masterly discourse: but we are happy to under maid that it has been suggested to Sir H. D., from a quarter which we hope will induce compliance with the suggestion, that both this, and the admirable me which he delivered last year, ought to be published in the Philosophical Transactions. If we may venture an opinion on the subject, we would nisks on the propriety of the publication of the amount addresses from the chair. in established rule of the Society; by which means the honoral conferred con the individuals who receive the medals, will be fully published and perpetuated; others will be more keenly stimulated to deserve the same honour; and we whell, besides; be furnished with an elegant and succint review of the several branches of science, and their various progress, in each succeeding year.

... While the phenomena of the distant stars, and other objects of autonomical science had long been subjects of investigation from their relations to the beasons and to time, the structure of the earth had been scarcely noticed antil a late period. Cosmogonies, or, Dreams of the formation of the world; have been brought forward at various periods, and some general views at geology advanced by Hooke, Lister, Strachey, and other early contributers to the Philosophical Transactions; but its commencement as an exact science did not take place till about 50 years since, when a regular classification of minerals having been effected, Pallas, Do Saussuro, and ospecially Werned! further arranging this 'alphabet of geology,' proceeded to read with its that part of the book of nature; and the 'logic of the science' was subsequently furnished by chemistry and comparative anatomy. The limits of a discount.

the Brasident observed, would not admit of his even naming all the laboraters, our contemporation, whose seed and accurate observations have so widely extended the field of geological research within the last, 20 years a analogical whom Professor Buckland stands highly distinguished, by his indefatigable ardout for inquiry, and by the caution and againty with which he draws his conclusions.

Sin H. next gave a general view of the arrangement of the rocks which nonstitute our globe, and the distribution of the organic remains which are found in them. In this part, he mentioned a simple and conclusive method of ascertaining the relative ages of these organic remains. Those found in rocks whose geological position is the lowest in the series, and which are consequently considered as older than those which lie above, them, present no traces of their original composition; the phosphate of lime and animal metter have wholly disappeared, and been replaced by other substances, according to the nature of the inclosing rock. The next, in point of entiquity, retain, the whole or greater part of their phosphate of line, but no animal matter, whilst the newest contain all their phosphate of lime, and a considerable portion of animal matter likewise. Although it had been previously suspected that the large animals, as the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, tiger, hypena, and other kinds, whose remains are found in the diluvian strata, once inhabited the countries where those remains are met with, yet the fact had never these decidedly proved until Professor Buckland described the care at Kirlsdele, in which several generations of hyænas must have lived and died. Six Hasaid that he had himself since visited the cave, in company with Mr. B, and can testify to the accuracy of his descriptions; and he announced, that the Professor had recently examined several similar caverns in Germany, the phenomena of which have confirmed his former conclusions.

Two theoretical riews may be taken respecting the organic remains in question a one, that the animals were of peculiar species, calculated to inhabit temperate or suid climates; the other, that the earth has experienced a reduction of temperature. On the former hypothesis, we must suppose that the elegibert and rhimoceros of Britain may have been as different from those of the trapical regions, as our common cattle are from the musk ox of Siberia; but there are difficulties attending this view of the subject which induce the learned from them in incline to the latter supposition as the more probable of the two... He then entered into some general views on this interesting subject, and its converse creations of the chaotic state of the globs, the successive creations of living beings, and the early revolutions of our planet, until it because at the fitted for the babitation of the human race.

The scriptural account of the Delage may now be considered as apply established on geological grounds; but the science of geology, Sir H mainer taineds, should be studied in a manner altogether independent of the suthority of the Sacred Scripturen; for that these, as Bacon had, said long before, marely give some remarkable facts in the history of the globe, and not systems of plateophy. The latter were left to be framed by the industry of man, and the the exercise of his god-like faculty of season, which, in its higher subman approximates to revelation itself.

The discourse was concluded by some appropriate moral reflections arising out of the subject. The discourse was concluded by some appropriate moral reflections arising out of the subject.

PORTE TO

THE DREAM.

Tune .- ' Wounded Hussar.'

The mantle of midnight, in sable had shrouded Our ship, as she ploughed the calm ocean alone; And the star of the night, a bright bearm unclouded On the sea's curied surface in flickering beams show

All was peaceful and still, and no foam-creeted billow Rocked rudely my couch, while I sunk to repose; And scarce was my weary head laid on my pillow Till I slept, and a vision before me arose.

Methought, as we tode on the waves of the ocean, The sky all above us scowled lowering and red; Our vessel was tossed by the billow's dread motions Whilst the Angel of Death on the whirlwind sped

No pilot to guide,—o'er the deep we were driven; 'The foun o'er our ship, by the wind's fury dashed. From the dark thunder-cloud, 'mid the wild conflict.

The death-speeding lightning incessantly flashed.

I thought on my home, as if parted for ever: I thought on the friends that life's brightest charms gave:

And sad was the thought that those dear friends should never

Smooth the shroud on my cold clay, nor weep o'er my grave.

I saw through the darkness a beacon light, brighter Than watch tower e'er burned; whilst the water's wild roar,

And the tempest were hushed, and the heavens grew lighter,

As our ship neared a green island's peeble-decked shore.

A cloudless sun beamed with meridian glory, On the fruit-laten trees, and the emerald sod: "All was calm as the Isles famed in fabulous story, For its shores had by mortal foot never been trad.

I apring to our boat, to reach those elvalar.

Like ahores; but a beam of the rising sun shone;
I awoke; all was ited of my late lovely vision:

On the wings of the Angel of aleep it had gone.

, ALIQUA.

SONG.

My pulve is toom, I'm like to cry, I've lun in debt wi' a' body; But hang despair, I'm unco dry, Come gi e's a drink o' rum tody.

O hey for rum tody, O hey for rum tody,

There's mocht can cheer the weary mind Sue weel's a drap o' ruin tody.

Ye powers that mak mankind your care, And shower your gifts on a' body; O cash and wealth gie fools their share, But gie me routh o' rum tody.

O hey for rum tody, O hey for rum tody,

I carena what may be my lot, Gin I get waith o' rum tody.

RISHCP BOOK

SONG.

Tune- From thee, Eliza, I must go.

I sadly breathe a long farewell, Soul of my life to thee; This shortest hour hath told the knell Which parts my love from me. The language which those sunny eyes, So oft to mine betrayed, On mem'ry's page as breathy lies, As when 'twas first pourtray'd.

An image pure as thou art pure, Fond fancy vainly sought; Nor dream'd the treasure insecure, A captive heart had bought; But pleasure's most Illusive glow. Plays fittel round the heart; As summer flowers more sweetly blow To grieve us when they part.

I've aye been leal, I've aye been true, True still, to thee and thine; The heart thy amile could not subdie. Can claim nae kin wi'mine. Charm of my life, though doom'd to part. My soul it still with thine. The bather day that strikes thy heart, Shall pierce the core of Thine.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amicus is received. We have we will be able; in a abort time, to attend to the communications X. Y. E., W. D., Stylcols, Nellson. If D. D. would mend An restin on a bunch of feg., and the Lowing line, he would have a place X. soon. Osander is too lackataistest. Conversation is moderated to Gratitude has our thanks, but as it is a school-look story, he must parton us for and gluid a place. As we hate earnisalism, we burnt the Anthropophaginism to sake. We do not start to the sound of his own middle of the cound of his own middle of the cound of his own middle of the cound of his own middle.

The 1st, 3d, and 5th Articles, as also the Poetry of the present Number are Present at No. 111. page 34, line 23, for baneful read beneficial.

page 37, line 11, for dramatic writers read dramatic unities

Printed and published, Price 34d. every Wednesday, by Pravis & Avenue Lyco.

Court. Nelson Street.

Where Communications, not paid, may be addressed to the Editor
Sold by R. Griffitt & Co. Tubble Elbrary, Hutchesm Street, and by the Principal Booksallers, Columbian, Printer and Publisher, Stamp Office Closs, 221, High Street; John Anderson,
55, North Reidus Street, and by the Principal Booksellers, Edinburgh. Also of the Elbrary,
sellers: John Histon, Orsenock; John Dick, and M. Corneck & Cartie, Arr; Thesess Dick;
Robert Mathle, Kilmarsock; Malcorin Crivie, Port. Glasgow; D. Conde, Rothessy; James Hamilton; M. Dick, Irvine; and John Shearer, String.

LITERARY MELANGE:

OR,

Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts.

No. V.

WEDNESDAY, 29th January, 1823.

M'SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

SKETCHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

No. III.

THE ERA OF KING CHARLES II.

WHEN the giants of the reign of Elizabeth had passed sway, there was pause in the world of imagination. Exhausted nature stopped short, and did not recover herself till the time of Cherles I. In that reign was matured the childhood of the genius which had its youth under Cromwell, and its manhood under Charles II. The times gave a tone to their literature. From the reign of Elizabeth downwards, the nation had been gradually improving its larguage. Authors aimed at elegance; and, in the course of fifty years, specimens of composition were exhibited, which, for force and facility of expression, have never been surpassed. There was nothing awanting but lessure and quiet times to refine the literature of the country, and to make just taste correct the exuberances of genius. This, however, the disputes between Charles L and his Parliaments entirely prevented. At the very time when purity of feeling, elegance of manners, and correctness of thinking, began to spread over the nation, the civil wars commenced, and involved it in tumukt. The tide which hitherto relied. smoothly on, was agitated on every side. Factions usurped the place of usuaminity, and drew to their respective interests, not merely the wealth and influence of the country, but likewise its literature. Instead of being gradually refined by the bland atmosphere of time, the people were thrown an age back into burbanky; and their minds torn with the discordant jarrings of religion and politics. It might be imagined a priori, that literature would suffer in these agitations; and that the gloom of anarchy would have shadowed over the temperament of genius; but it does not appear that any such events took place: taste was the only sufferer. Genius bloomed as luxuriantly as ever. Milton, Cowley, Waller, and Dryden, and many others, appeared in these periods of agitation, and stamped a character of original talent upon them. Even in the time of Cromwell, when Puritanism was at its height—when the nation was split into sectaries, and when religion was used as a cloak to conceal the workings of reflied hypocrisy—genius suffered no pause. Neither the frowns of a glossy, religion, nor the lukewammess of an ignorant age, impeded its progress.— There was nothing awanting but a liberal court to enable literature to expand its wings, and sout through its legitimate empire with unbridled flight.

The restoration of Charles II. instead of reining in the licentiousness of the age, only gave it fuller scope. Educated in the dissoluteness of foreign countries, this gay prince brought along with him an immorality, a laxity of principle, and a viciousness of conduct which spread like an infection over his court, and finally over England. Obscenity, depravity, and wickedness filled the nation. Tired of the fanatical despotism of the Puritans, which prevailed during the Protectorate, the people seized, with gladness, the opportunity to escape, and rushed with violence to the other side. Instead of walking in a medium between the manners of the two governments, they threw themselves headlong into the scenes of vice and depravity introduced by their new

covereign.

The present day will not easily comprehend how a whole nation could be infected by the manners of the court—but in those times the court was allpowerful. It was the grand focus of morals and intrigue—the centre from which emanated the rays of moralty, feeling, thinking, and conduct, to the remotest ends of the kingdom. In these days, London was the only great city in the island. It received its tone from the court, and gave it to the nation. Every other quarter looked to the metropolis. At present the influence of the court on general morality is unfelt beyond its immediate boundaries. People feel and think for themselves many large cities have sprung up-Commerce has brought the population of all quarters of the empire into collision, and the manners of different places are amalgamated together; and adopted as the general medium of the age. Then, however, it was different. Every thing centered in the court. When the root of the tree was corrupted the branches could not be otherwise. Rochester, Dorset, and other men of rank, by patronising literature drew all the talent of the times into their ranks, and rendered it as debauched and vicious as the manners. Hence an universal depravity infected letters during this period. With the exception of Milton and Roscommon, there was searcely a poet of eminence who was free of the general licentiousness.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the bards gave themselves up to the full swing of imagination. They gave the rein to their feelings-revelling in boundless, endless, and immeasureable space. Their grossness, as we before stated, was the consequence of an age verging from barbarity to refinement. It was more the grossness of language than of sentiment. It was an impurity of style arising from letters yet in their infancy. It was the rudeness of vigour—the wild irregularity of genius redeemed by a thousand beauties. Men yet stood on the brink of chivalry. Their minds were full of its distant remembrances -they felt the glow of its expiring embers they were yet allve to all the divine fictions of romance. Poetry, and nothing but poetry, floated over the land. It was not the poetry of philosophy, which a riper age relished the Pope-nor the metaphysical poetry of Cowley-nor the harmomous poetry of Waller. It was the poetry of unadulterated fancy-it was borne up on a seraph's wings, and found an echo in every bosom, because it was understood by all. But in the days of Charles II. these feelings had vanished. The fite of romance was extinguished. Men dwelt no more in a land of poetry; they had descended to a region of real life. They were no longer the mere children of imagination, sustained on the breath of impassioned genius. They were philosophers, and wits, and humourists, who mingled poetry with their philosophy, and wit, and humour. They were the inventors of honied words and quaint sayings; and used poetry as a current medium to circulate their sweetness and their conceits.

In this age, attention began to be paid to versification or the mechanical structure of poetry. Waller, in his first efforts, attained a harmony of numbers unknown before. According to Dryden, he confessed himself indebted to the Tasso of Fairfax, for the smoothness of his style. Denham, after a variety of efforts, improved his numbers. Dryden succeeded, and surpassed them both—infusing into his poetry all their music and sweetness, together with a spirit and copiousness of diction they never attained. Prose reached perfection no less rapidly than verse. Milton's prose, with all its energy, was ragged and harsh. Sir William Temple may be considered the first who wrote with elegance, ease, delicacy, and purity of style. He was surpassed by Dryden, who infused into his prose the same energy of diction and variety of images which distinguish his poetical writings. It is surprising that Dryden should confess himself inferior, as a prose writer, to Archbishop Tillotson. Of the bard's superiority in that respect, over the great primate, there cannot be any doubt.

The quaintness which pervaded not only literature, but even common conversation and dress, was excessive. Puns and conundrums were considered the quintessence of wit. There was a perpetual play upon words—an unuatural jumble of ideas in almost every species of composition. Acrostics and poems, whose wit depended upon some peculiar structure of the verse, were universally admired. It was customary for lovers to write verses to their mistresses, the lines of which were so lengthened or abbreviated, that when the poem was finished, it bore in its shape a resemblance to some fanciful object, such as a heart, a fan, a hatchet. Poetry was often made by measure and rule—there was a refinement upon art. This contemptible conceit prevailed universally, and was not disdained even by several poets of the first order. Milton despiced it, and scorned to adopt, in his writings, a system not only opposed to nature, but inimical to the very soul and existence of poetry. In some of his earlier pieces Dryden was led away by the folly of the age; but in his latter years, he threw it off in disdain, and returned to the stores of unadulterated nature. Cowley, a man of unquestionable genius, was at the head of artificial poetry. In his hands it was something more than artificial. It was a mystery. Instead of touching the famey by a single stroke, he appealed to the reason. The merit of his poems lay in the ingenuity with which their meaning was hid in a mesh of inextricable paradoxes. He did not pride himself in giving natural pictures, or in showing resemblances between objects which should strike on the first view; on the contrary, he ransacked nature to her utmost limits—he explored thought and language to the very dregs, in search of the remotest and most discordant images, which, by the power of his peculiar talent, he made to harmonize. He showed resemblances which none but a logician could detect. His wit lay in bringing together a string of ideas which have no earthly resemblance to one another. His poems were riddlesthe triumphs of art over nature and common sense—an inextricable string of puns and quibbles, and paradones, brought together with consummate ingenuity, and brightened over by a fancy vitiated and obscured—but nevertheless truly predical and delightful. We wish those who think Gray unintelligible, would take the trouble of turning up Donne, or Cowley, or any of the metaphistical poets, and they would be probably cured of their opinion regarding the obscurity of the great lyrist.* Let not us, however, of the present day, be too severe on the mystery of Cowley—seeing that in many admired pieces of the age, an equal and even a greater degree of darkness prevails. A poem of Cowley's is like a difficult mathematical problem, which, by perseverance, may be solved and comprehended; but many of the works which issue from the take school, are utterly unintelligible to ordinary understandings, and not a few of them would puzzle Edipus himself. Lope de Vega on Penne the take poets may labour

under the same difficulty." But though this age was so depraved in its character, and though all sense of true beauty was lost, it nevertheless abounded in men of genius. Milton, the sublimest of poets, stretched forth his ample pinions, and soured to heights uttreached before, or since. Shut out from the visible world, his gigantic ficulties expanded his conceptions became more during, lofty, and sublime. Earth was narrow for the flight of his imagination—the remotest periods of written history too near at hand. 'He passed the flaming bounds of space and time," and soaring from the profundity of the 'lowest deeps' to the heights of heaven, went to the farthest limits of poetry. He formed a circle—a barrier in which all future poets must move—for they cannot go beyond it. compassed all that is compassable by the human imagination. He carried the highest of all poetical excellence—the sublime—to its utmost pitch. It could be carried no faither, or he would have carried it. This stupendous fabric reared by one man-is there any who may contest with him the palm of British poetry?" Even with the immortal name of Shakespeare quivering on our lips, we venture to answer NONE.

A multitude of writers adorned this age whom we might mention, but our business is with the general spirit of the times, not with their individual authors. We may, however, merely give the names of a few. Dryden was a man of splendid and universal genius. After the death of Milton, he was the literary demi-god of the nation. With all his faults, and these not a few, he was indeed glorious John Dryden, as Claud Halero calls him. Scated on the winter evenings on his armed chair, he dispensed literary honours at Wills' Coffee House to all the wints and authors who flocked around him—proud of his notice and his praises. His decisions were absolute. There was no tributed the founder of English criticism. The prefaces prefixed to his plays are wonderful productions for the age. He has given a more complete character of Shakespeare in half a page, than all his biographers and commentators have done since, in volumes. He wrote twenty-nine plays which may be

^{**}Our readers are requested to turn to Dr. Johnson's life of Cowley, for an admir'. shie account of the metaphisical poetry. If they are conversant with the writings of Cowley and Moore, it would be worth while to compare, the minor pieces of the latter, with the pieces of the former, and it may be, they will detect something more than mere imitation.

acre wal

considered poetical miracles, and dramatic failures. I He'is perhaps the most universal genius this country has produced since the days of Shakespeare. It is inconceivable how Johnson, in his parallel between Pope and Dryden, should feel any difficulty as to whom the palm of genius should be awarded. In our opinion Dryden, after Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, is the greatest poet England ever had. Waller was an elegant poet, and, as we stated, was the first improver of versification. Roscommon, Rochester, and Dorset, in the higher walks of life, distinguished themselves as poets. Butler acquired immortal reputation by his Hudibras. Lee and Otway, in the tragic walk of the drama, gained lasting honour. The first, however, with all his genius. abounded in fustian and rant; and the last, though the most pathetic of writers, is often grossly indelicate. Vanburgh and Farquhar, in comedy, distinguished. themselves by the vigorous sallies of wit and humour which abounded in their They have, however, more than an ordinary share of the impurity of the times. In truth, the refinement of this period was confined to language, In no period were sentiments more gross. The stage was in a deplopable condition for want of just taste, not for want of dramatic talent, for no age. except that of Elizabeth, could hoast a greater number of illustrious names in. the drama. During the reign of Cromwell, the austerity of the court was an effectual discouragement to the stage. No one who aspired to the reputation. of a quiet, orderly citizen would be seen in the theatre. The Puritans, who then ruled with absolute sway, proscribed the stage, holding it to be contrarg, On the restoration, these restraints were thrown off. The theatre became fashionable, and as it drew into its vortex the wit and genius. it likewise attracted all the immorality of the times. Collier at length, an enthusiastic independant, attacked its indecencies with incredible power and vehemence, and succeeded in banishing much of its licentiousness, and part in

The classical mania, or the rage for antiquity, which had begun in the former era, was at its full vigour in this. Not a poem—not even the shortest but contained some classic allusion. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Mercury, Apollo, and Venus, were familiar to every one as household words. This morn dinate fondness for antiquity infected not only poetry, but philosophy, and

even common discourse.

In this era, theology was much studied, and the height of elegance, and zeal, and argument, to which it was carried, shed a splendid lustre around the Church of England. The names of Tillotson, Stilingfleet, Barrow, and various others, will be remembered so long as the subjects to which thay devoted their geniuses are reverenced and understood. Clarendon was not less eminent as a statesman than as a historian. The dismissal of this illustrious minister by Charles I. was one of the most fatal and ill advised steps of that unhappy monarch. Shaftsbury and Hobbes threw the dazzling light off a false philosophy over the age. The splendid visions of the first was too lovely to be true in this state of existence, and it is to be hoped, that even here, the debasing principles of the latter cannot but be false.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the plays of Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, were preferred to those of Shakespeare. To such a pitch was taste degraded. In the second era things were little better. The conceits of Cowley and Waller were universally admired, while the divine writings of Milton were almost unknown. Shakespeare and Milton were doomed to delight other

A 16 15

ra arigina a

ages than their own. Dryden, we believe, had the honour of proclaiming the genius of the first, and Addison of the last. Even the greatest poets of the time of Charles were not free of the general want of just discernment. Milten could perceive no merit in Dryden—he considered him a rhymer, but no poet. Dryden long after passed a similar decision on Swift. Both were woefully mistaken. The anathemized poets, however, bore their sentences very differently. Dryden honoured and reverenced the genius of Milton; but Swift continued till his dying day to bear a grudge and dislike at Dryden for his plainness. On the whole, the era of Charles II. as it was the second in time, was likewise the second in splendour. It produced, at least, one name equal to any of Elizabeth's reign, and that is what no other age of our literature has done; and what, we frankly contess, we have no hopes the present one will do.

LETTER PROM JOHN LONGMUIN, FARMER, IN LANARESHIRE,

hopens on a my color To the Editor of the Melange,

Anent Sundry Grievances among the Farmers of said County.

In an en Sin min Though no scholar, and very ill-qualified to figure in letter writing, Lam pevertheless a substantial farmer—at least, so far as dull times will let a man be in our way. I have a wife and family, and thanks to good fortune, I have brought them up decently and creditably, according to my degree. Indeed, a brawer family a man need not set his een upon. Weel faur'd, gude natured, and very honest, I will uphold them to be; and as pious, in their way, as folk can weel be in these days of irreligion. They were really pleasand to look upon, and it was a great consolation to the like of me to have such a decent buirtly family about me. But, Mr. Editor, O'let no man depend on wife or bairns; when they are put in temptation's road. Gude kens they had listle of that either, but that little has turned them clean gyte. You must understand, then, that about twelve months since, an English ludy, a Mrs. Lee, arrived here, and her dochter, a very bonny lassie of eighteen, or thereahouts. So far as I can judge, they are gently born, and there can be no doubt they are gently bred, judging from their manners which are really very lady-like and becoming. I hear that they are in reduced circumstances; for what else could tempt genteel folk to leave such a country as England to dwell in a bit cottage, among the Lowthers? They are surely very braw people, for they have beat us all hollow in genteelness and neatness. The very richest among us are, downtight ploughmen compared with them; and that ye would think very queer; for, as far as we can see, they are ony thing but wealthy. Last year they rented a very neat cottage, and furnished it wonderfully weel, considering, their means. Before ane could say Jack Robison, they got removed all the ugly plats of grass and thistles which grew before the cottage, and made two very nest enclosures, one on each side of the door, in the manner of basket week, or wicker work as they called it. The broken panes of glass were repaired in no time, and the windows scoured as clear as the glass of a watch. When the old lady was going on at this rate, we did not know what to think of the matter. It was agreed on every hand, that there was no need in being so very particular; but some even thought that Mrs. Lee had gotten a crotchet 18881 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

. A. T. W. S.

in her head, and that she was not over-wise for this world. But I could never agree to this, for I ave thought her a very decent sensible woman, only a wee nick nacky as the English are. They are really very neat bodies, these English, and should really be imitated, though no just to the length they carry affairs. But there was something about her house that puzzled us confoundedly, and to tell the truth, we are no very clear about some of them yet. None of us for a long time could make out the use of the wicker enclosures. Some thought they were for potatoes; but this notion was knocked on the head, seeing they were scarcely twelve feet in digmeter. Others hinted that they were intended for kail yards, and this I acknowledge was my private. opinion, although for my part I thought they were laid out in a more particular way than in this country, and had as mony wee walks and hillocks, and bits of hot houses as might have done for Lord Douglas's gardens. Besides the young lady in dry weather often watered them, and what need was there for any such nicety about a pickle vegetables? However all our conjectures ended in vanity; for, when the summer came, instead of kail or potatoes, we saw two sweet little gardens, where violets, and likes, and tulips, and wall-flowers, raised their laughing heads to the sun, within their honnywalls of wicker works:

But the exertions of Mrs. Lee, in clearing up the incide of her house, were eyen more extraordinar. She had a score of dirty pictures, that were pasted on: the rooms, torn off, and the walls elegantly white-washed, and she had the floor as tightly scoured as hands could make it—and gude kens that was made easy matter. It looked as if it had not been touched since the house was: built. The parlour floor was neatly carpetted—the mantle piece addined with shells, pictures, and other ornaments, and a number of very pretty bite of. flower-pots placed at the window. To be sure, we did not at first a thegittler. approve of such whigmaleeries, but by and by we were brought in, and at lastit was allowed, that if the Scotch were a superior people to the English, the latter were, at least, very cleanly bodies for house management. If Mrs. Lee was a proud, conceited body, all this nicety would have been laughed at; but she is. far from having any thing like vanity, and has at last so completely won upon. us, that no kind of house-keeping will go down but Mrs. Lee's: Her dochter, Mary, is a very pretty sweet-tempered lassie, and has a tongue which, for sweetness, cows a' I ever heard before. The words drop from her lips like: honey. Her bonny English accent is perfectly musical. Ye never heard the like o't. The very ploughmen are lifted off their legs when they hear bet-It would be a sin to compare her speech to the singing of the mavis. Deil a mavis, or blackbird, or linty either, had ever a tongue like Mary Lice. manners, or gait, or appearance, the brawest lassies here are nacthing to her. I wish she was not half so bonny, or her mither half so much of a lady; for between them, they are turning the heads of all the lasties and wives in the country side. They are all imitating them-bonny and ugly-thick and thin -old and young. Now this is what I am complaining of. If our wives and dochters would imitate the strangers in things really useful and attainable, it would be a blessing to themselves and their families. If they pay as great attention to their houses—dress as neat and trig, and learn something like manners, it would be pleasant to see them—but they do not stop heres. Nothing now will content them, but they must have the fronts of their houses ornamented with the wee gardens I spoke of. They must have a carpet to

their parlour, and nothing less than cushioned chains to sit more easily upon in an afternoon. My wife vesterday has been throwing out hints about a soft and a forte piano, All the women must now wear gloves to make their flugers delicate and lady-like; but in epite of all they can do, their paws are as thick: and carretty as even. They have gone the length of wearing stays and coverts to reduce their waists to something less than a fithour in circumference; and I know, for a certainty, that many of them have their ancles bundaged sightly all night, to squeeze them as thin as possible. But they may as well try to squeeze a cart horse into a racer, as to convert themselves into ladies by any such managures. Two thick-waisted hussles fainted lately in the kirk-a thing which never occurred before, and on examining, it was found to arise from the unconscionably tight lacing of the stays. I am at a loss whether to pity or laugh at the women now. They look, for a' the world, as if they were in a perpetual stifle for want of breath. A doctor chiel who was here lately thought they were all labouring under an asthma. Gude kens where it will end I but if some or other of them do not slip off in a stifling fit, I am far

My dochters Peggy and Jeanie used to milk the kye day about, but feint a hand will they turn to this now. They alledge that it is desperately vulgar, and not a business for no farmer's dochter to be engaged in. What think ye of the creatures? they have turned up their noses at spinning and knitting. and will work at nothing but making cambric ruffles for their necks, and dressing themselves at their glass. They are not near so hearty as they used to be—they neither laugh so loud—nor speak so much nonsense—nor allow themselves to be kissed and kittled as heretofore by the country chiels. Na: na, say they, ' sic vulgarities may do weel enough for servants, but no for farmer's dochtera. Their mither, I dinna doubt, has put all this folly into their heads. When her time of life is considered, she is worse than them. (She is fifty neat.) For instance, she used to ride to the kirk behind me on the grey mare; but now she insists on having an entire horse to herself, and as my other riding beast is lame, I am obliged to walk twice to the kirk on Sabbath; and as the distance is two miles, such a thing is no small hardship to a man, who, like me, has to keep up a station. She formerly wore a red cloak, but now she has a searlet mantle thrown over her shoulders, and she has been speaking lately of getting something she calls a riding habit: My son Archy in not a his better. At the plough and cart he was as quiet orderly a lad as could be seen, but now he is turning up his pose on some of our fushions, he is pleased to call barbarous. Every week he is at Lanark, learning to dance. and bow, and scrape, and Lord knows what else. He cocks his hat in a Frenchified style upon his head wears yellow gloves when he goes to the kirk-touches his scraper to Miss Lee in the most puppyish way imaginable, and has even gone the length of speaking English. He begins every sentence. with the word demme, to the great profanation of the scriptures. If he dislikes. any thing, he does not care a dem for it. He does not care a dem for any man living he does not care a dem for brose or bannocks.....he does not even' care a dem for our worthy old minister. What he cares a dem for is more than I can tell, unless it be for dress and affectation. It will not do to call, him Bouldy—he is Mr. Archibald. Nothing less than a cane and snuff-hox. will now serve the gentleman. He has been lately complaining of a weakness. in his eyes, and speaks of getting a multiphyidge phase of strengthed 411 so http://
Such a total transmognification of a country lattic into whinished gentleman; which is program in the whole country side avstaring. Principled gentleman, which is naccountry like that then it drike the stell in peacock. I cannot sell what he by for he is necessarily below a gentleman nor a ploughman.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is of all these things that I are complaining and I really dinna know whether to be angry with Mrs. Lee for all this nonsenses Poor, body, I am sure if shie knew the whimsies she and her distinct have been the means of putting into the heads of our women, she would be very serry. She does not obtrude her fashions on any hody; but she lelives overy body to follow his or her own inclination-but confound it, every body liefe is imitating her, and she is the innocent cause of the thischief: "This is no a time! for farmer's wives and dochters to be casting in their heads, and effering their hinder-ends wi' silks, instead of ginghams. The very thought is Ille to drive a body stark mad. As to Archy, I will soon bring him to his sensed with " good rung, and teach him what it is to behave like an ape, instead of mindfully the farm. My object, in writing to you; is to beg to know what I should do with my wife and dochters. I am not quite clear whether I should tenture to apply the beetle to their shoulders. If you can give me any bidyles in such circumstances, you will oblige your humble, but perplexed servint, 12 of 10 or ald guidayonn Bongwir.

P. S.—If ye would just give the folk about the Lowthers a give screet in the Melange, I think it would promote your sale, for we are very book-learned hereabouts, and read ye regularly. A bit skit by you, or any of your friends; would gar them look a wee blue. For any sak, do not fixed to give me your advice. I have got some prime cheese, which will be no Glasgow next market day. I'll hand one up to the office for your acceptance, but keep it out of the way of your devils. Are ye fond of ever milk cheese

Loothers, January 24th, 1823.

and as the orthogological property of a

chet riding her take

FAULTS TO BE AVOIDED IN CONVERSATIONED and won

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but with point out such faults in discourse as render the company of half mankind rather tidious manusing.

amusing.

It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find its side of the greatest perfection—among persons of fashion. There it is almost annihilated, by whit wersal card playing, insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genticle contestly? that out which will be and the four honours; and it is no less a maxim with the votages of which there are greated to society as the talking spoils company. Every one endeavours to make these as agreeated to society as her talking spoils company. Every one endeavours to make the season who may be a succeed, it is an annexation, over-shoot their mark: Though a man succeed, lie should not as in grequently the case, engross the whole talk to himself, for that destroys the view states.

Mr. Longmuir probably meant a quixing glass. Our worthy friend mand bands very primitive character. He has never heard of the genus Dandie, or the Daddiens or he might have saved himself the trouble of the above description, by simply informities us that his son Archy was turning an Exquisite.

11 th a straight the term

of conversation which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a hall bandied to and fro from one to the other.

Fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves; and drive it before us like a foot ball. We should likewise be cautious to adopt the matter of our discourse to our company, and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new fur-below to a

meeting of country justices.

and the still the self and the self.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdates in a striking light, it is my presaid purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first, I shall take notice of those buffons in society, the attudinarians and face makers. These accompany every word with a particular grimace or gesture. They assent with a nod, and contradict with a twisting of the neck. Are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or minute step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their swells of elegance are taken from the posture master. These should be condemned to converse in dumb show, with their own in the looking glass, as well as the smirkers who so prettily set off their faces together with their words; by a grim of dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of minists, who are constantly talking off the peculiar tone of voice or getters of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched initiators that, like ball palanters, they are frequently farced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness. Next to these whose elecution is absorbed in action, and what converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers.

And first, the emphatical, who squeeze and press down every word with excessive vehemence and energy; these orators are remarkable for their distinct elecution and force of expression. They alwelt on the important particles or and in, and the significantreoniunctive AND, which they seem to force up with much difficulty out of their was throats, and to cram them, with no less pain into the ears of their anditors. There should be suffered only to syringe, as it were, the ears of a deef man through a bearing truinjet, though I must confess that I am equally offended with the whisperers or less speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you that they may be said to measure noses with you : I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the wall of a whispering gallery. The wits who are alway quibbling and punning, and the whistlers or tune hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very exceeding together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals, I would also add the sounding brass. The bawler who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town crief. The tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the coft parts of conversation. make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice, and coarse features, mere nonsence is as harsh and dissonant as a jie from a hurdy gurdy. The gothic humbuggers, and those who ' nickname god's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab a queer cub, or an odd fish, should never come into any company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of society, nor dwell particularly on the sensibles, who prenounce dogmatically on the most tripial points, and speak in sentences. The wonderers. who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or whether it will rain or not, on wondering when the moon changes.

The phrescologists who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this, and that, and rather; and lastly, the silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths lest they should catch cold, and latterly observe the precept of the gospel by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, may.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principle distinctions of the brutes. We should, therefore, endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instrument of understanding. We should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any triffing or ridiculous habits, which tend to leasen the value of such an inestimable prerogative.

It is indeed imagined, by some philosophers, that even hirds and beasts, though without, the power of articulation, perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different

nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes, as any Signior or Signiora for an Italian air; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the patives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human

creatures, as imitating the language of different animals."

This, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and pratters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs. Snarlers are curs that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire passionate, are a sort of wild cats that will not bear streaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech owls; and story-tellers always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their cars at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics, in general, are venemous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no better than magpies.

A CONNOISSEUR.

GLANCES AT HUMAN LIFE.

I see two persons entering a handsome apartment, and advancing to cent themselves by the fire; the one, a man in the prime of his, with a disturbed countenance, but assumed gravity of demeanour, makes an attempt to appropriate to himself the chair which stands with its back to the light; but his female companion, though pale with agitation, retains presence of mind, and address sufficient to circumvent his design, possesses herself of the sheltering seat, and condemns him to occupy the one opposite her," and opposite the window. Women are generally duped by men in the great interests of life, but seldom outwitted in little matters. They are silent. Looks of high displeasure are exchanged; each, as with determined malice, seeks to accrevate the embarrassment of the other. Each affects a disdainful unconcernwhile words of bitter represent rise from the heart, and tremble on the lips of each. They are silent, but theirs is not the silence of timidity, of languir, or of conscious, satisfied, confiding tenderness-when but to gaze on and breathe the same air with the object beloved, is to be happy: their silence is like the assiful pause of nature between the load rushing of the preluding winds that announce a thunder storm, and the first flash that heralds the deep continuous peal c there is no kindness in their mutual examination, no soothing in the restrained gestures that denote the intolerable impatience of suspense, There, is no hope in their expectation.—Certainly they are bitter enemies. No. they are lovers! Each madly dotes on the other, each to the other makes up the measure of all that gives interest and value to existence : passion, intense, ungovernable passion binds them to each other. Pride, jealousy, and suspicion, render them wretched in a union oft broken, oft renewed, and always full of anxiety and agitation. They parted in agonies of grief, fresh causes of uneasiness arose during absence—they now, meet in order to part for ever Will they part ?-will they rounite? I see a tear glisten in the eyes of the female; but the wan cheek, and compressed lips of the man, show that he is weary of suffering. Let him speak for himself:

You cannot be surprised, Madam-

No, Sir, I have long ceased to be surprised at any thing on your part? "I am well aware of the superiority of your understanding, and perhaps ought to apologise for the folly of supposing that any thing I can say, can

excite any feeling, but that of impatience in your mind. I am unwilling to engross much of your time, but cannot forbear to—to—.

' Pray, Sir, proceed; my time is at your command.'

' Your politeness never forsakes you.'

You will convince me of yours by forhearing any expressions of gallantry;

they cannot be worse-timed or worse-addressed.

The reproof is unmerited, but I will not cavil for words. After those that have escaped you concerning me, of course, every engagement between us

is amuffed, and we part for ever.

- back is my intention, Sir. You might have employed milder terms, and had resource to more generous measures; but such would not have gratified your wishes—I disdain the hypocrisy of pretending to be indifferent to your conduct. You have endeavoured to destroy my happiness, and you have succeeded. Not indeed to the extent of your aim.—I am injured and offended; bitterly injured; and mortally offended; but I am not disgraced; except by the folly of having loved and trusted a person unworthy of love or trust; and I am not hambled—I am still proud in the consciousness of my own innocence.
- We are, I would rather die than think otherwise of you: but are you innocent of cold, deliberate, incorrigible vanity?—of wronging the heart of one who loved you, to gratify an insatiate thirst for the admiration of a crowd?—of lending your ear lightly to injurious tales, and confiding your unjust suspicious to the very persons to whom my fame should have been sacred?—You have wounded me in every thought and feeling. You have wrought me, by long suffering, to this pitch of resolution—but I beg your pardon for taking up your time.—Allow me to return these letters, and to request those you permitted me to write to your: (She rises and sits down again.) At some other time perhaps, when you are more at leisure.

O! Sir, my life will be ull leisure now.—This has been all my business

there they are -- take them.' .

44 Here is a mistake; you are giving me back yours.

'Indeed! I did not mean that a now there can be no mistake.' (She throws the packet of her letters in the fire.)

Why did you do that?

What should I keep them for?

What can you mean? Let them go __rour hand is all scorched.

O. It is what you are going to say. You are going to say Farewell, Adieu for eyer,

No, I cannot say it, not till you send me away.

'But you do not believe me.—As soon as we have parted, you will suspect me again.'

'Then let us never part.'

And they did not part.—Gentle reader, I will not venture to say, in the words of a fairy tale, that they 'lived happy ever after.' But they lived as most people of much feeling, and little wisdom do—very often very uneasy, and sometimes so happy that they forgot the past, in the exquisite enjoyment of the present, and lived years in moments.



TO MR. EPHRAIM BOREHEAD.

DEAR BROTHER, -I was no less delighted than surprised, on reading your very able letter in last Melange-delighted brother, that we should, in our poor dear neighbourhood, be honoured with a soul capable of writing such excellent imitations of Byron, and of criticising, with so much ease and indifference, the productions of a man to whom the greatest and wheest of the nation look up as the ne plus ultra of English poetry. I was moreover astonished, brother, that this same person, who is capable of forming such exquisite ideas, should be so foolish as look down with so much contempt on poor Byron, merely because he is himself capable of rhyming so delightfully. As a very, particular favour, I would, 'for myself and brethren's sake,' request he would, before taking up Moore, with whom I, and my foresaid brethren, are not so well acquainted, give us some few imitations of the beautier of Byron—yes, brother, beautier, for both your and he must admit that Byron's works contain much that is beautiful. If he suncessis, as well with the beauties, as he has done with the defects, he may make as much noise, in the world, as ever the Inchbelly road toll business did in our quarter. Should he ever get the length of publishing his productions, I, and my foresaid brethren, will readily become subscribers, even although the expense should oblige us to live on Missis Kull fir! a month after. Wishing you and he much success in your next attempt, which I trust will be soon, -I am,

Dear Brother, Your sincere well-wisher,

A DESGATE WEAVAR.

SCIENTIFIC.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZE QUESTION.

The following was proposed by the class of mathematics of the Royal; Academy of Sciences of Prussia: - To give a complete mathematical theory of the luminous or coloured circles which form around the Sun and Moon and such an one as will equally agree with the results of observations, and with the known properties of light and the atmosphere.' The possible influence of the; inflection and polarization of light is to be considered. Memoirs must be sent in before the end of March, 1824. The prize is 50 ducets.

IMPROVEMENT IN METALLIC CASTING.

Iron and metallic casts are said to be very much improved by subjecting the metal, when in the moulds, to pressure. This is done by making a part of the mould of such a form as to receive a piston, which, on the metal being introduced, is made to press on it with any required force. It is stated, that castings obtained in this way are not only free from the common imperfections, but have a peculiar soundness of surface, and closeness of texture; qualities of the utmost importance in ordnance, flatting cylinders, &c. The improved ment belongs to Mr. Hollingrake, who obtained a patent for it.

TREAD-WHEEL APPLIED TO CANAL NAVIGATION.

The object is to obviate the necessity of employing horses in drawing barges. on canals. The apparatus is made light, and separable from the barge; two men can propel a harge by it at the rate of five miles an hour. The saving in the expense of horses and towing-paths promises to make this an important, application of human power. M. Van Heythuysen is the person who has adopted this apparatus.

Digitized by Google

with the The same to be seen DAMP WALLS.

The following method is recommended to prevent the effect of damp walls on paper in rooms:—Line the damp part of the wall with sheet lead, rolled very thin, and fastened up with small copper nails. It may be associately covered with paper. The lead is not to be thicker than that which limit has chests.

Query. Will damp walls, treated in this way, ever get dry?

CRITIQUE-CIRCUS-ROBERT BRUCE-TREAD MILL

To the Editor of the Melunge.

STRIP As you were good enough, on some former occasions, to insert some of our loose remarks on the performances at the Circus, we have taken the Hiberty of sending you a few on the Melo-drama of 'Robert Bruce,' and the piece called the 'Tread Mill.' To give the Melo-drama unqualified praise (would be impossible, as the language is not fine, nor the plot regular, to speak in a certain manner. It lacks dramatic unity, but it abounds with interesting situations, and affords great scope for the exercise of an actor's ability. Damley, as Bruce, never appeared to greater advantage; his athletic figure corresponded with our ideas of the hero who gave liberty to the land of our sizes. We said, on a former occasion, that he looked more like a Hercules than an Apollo, and his figure in the Highland garb is certainly much more Gothic than Corinthian. The best character in the piece is that of the traitor Comm. if justice had been done it, it would have been very interesting. It is entirely out of the line of Phillips; and did we say that he played it well, he would laugh at us for the compliment. Walter Ross, (Makeen) is another good character, well calculated to excite interest; but we think it was much overdone, outstripping nature far. In some places he is forced in, as it were, to fill up a vacuum; and there is far too much pantomimic display, which, on one or two occasions, cannot be relished. The rest of the male characters were performed en ordinare, and passed without creating much applause or disapprobation. Mrs. Makeen, as Alexandria, performed in her usual menner. We would advise her, however, to pay a little more attention to the author, as we marked some very ungrammatical expressions. In disguise the son of the Red Riever, she looked uncommonly well. Her dress was remarkably suitable and splendid. The Scenery is very beautiful; the Mill, by moonlight, was very effective; the conflagration, grand and appalling; the sea storm was also fine; this, in our opinion, is the most interesting scene in the piece, and was pretty well kept up till the close.

We are sorry that we have had no opportunity of seeing Miss Enscoe in a character of any importance. We heard her sing in the extravaganza of the Bears; her voice is weak, but very sweet and plaintive. She also dances well, if not so well as Miss Newcombe, at least, with much more modesty and simplicity. Whatever be the reason of her being kept so much in the back ground is best known to the manager. From the opinion we have formed of

some of the other actresses, we think she is overlooked.

The piece called the ' Tread Mill,' is a severe satire on the gaming estab-

lishments in London; a kind of sequel to 'Tom and Jerry.' We are first introduced to the company of modern Turks or Nahmen, who are busily employed in consulting on the means of procuring an entrance to one of the gambling haunts. We are next introduced to Volatile, Sapskull, and another on the street at night, before the door of a celebrated temple of mischance. A kind of Masonic caution is used before they are allowed to enter. They are dogged by the Nahmen, who effect their entrance, sans ceremonie, by the assistance of a ladder, through a window. In the next scene, we see the votaries of fortune at work. Sanskull losing at every attempt, till all his money is gone. He is asked if he has any valuables about him. His watch, as a dernier resort, is sported. Set up by auction, and knocked down at a third of its real value. Sapskull sinks this also; loses just as the Nahmen make an imprudent entre into the gaming room. A scene of confusion; ensues -Volatile hides below a table-Sapskull goes up a chimney-the rest are nabled, and taken off by the officers. The next scene is the street-Volatile and Sapskull meet—the latter in a sweet pickle with sooty houours—his clothes torn, and half-frantic with his situation-Volatile consoles him, by promising to take him to see the-tread mill at Brixton. Thither they go, and are introduced to this famous machine for improving morality, while the prisoners are at work. No skulking is possible here, or the shins must suffer. It is rare work indeed for humbling turbulent minds. The dull uniformity must be very galling to those who have been accustomed to live a busy life; but whether it is calculated to improve the vicious, we will not venture to assert. It must have cost a very large sum. We heard Mr. K. say to a gentleman in the lobby, that the model cost him five pounds.

We will conclude our remarks, by giving a copy of a song sung by the prisoners while at work. We were favoured with this by a gentleman who pro-

cured it in London, as sung at one of the theatres there.

Tune-We're a' Noddin'.

CHORUS.

We're all treading, tread, tread, treading, We're all treading at this confounded mill.

SOLOS, BY A LOW THIEF. .

Twe got into good company, though much against my, will; i_1, \dots, i_{100} . Thus the ups and downs of life may be seen at the mill, i_1, \dots, i_{100} .

For we're all equal, equal, equal, equal; We're all equal at this confounded mill.

BY A SWELL.

The devil take the chance, that has brought me to this level; 10 11 11 I would rather be at freedom that be equal with the decision.

For we're all fretting, fret, fret, freting; We're all fretting at this confounded mill.

BY A BLACKLEG.

Thus the world to the end of the chapter is improving; Now much against my flesh is the motto, keep moving. For we're all wearied, wearied, wearied.

We're all wearied of this confounded mill.

BY A HIGHWALMAN.

How hard is my fate, I that used to command, Would give half the world to be put to a stand.

For we're all moving, moving, moving, moving; We're all moving at this confounded mill.

BY A PRENCHMAN.

Sacrez mille tonnere, dis is von new kind of dance, Vich, par le grace de Dien, vill ne et be teach in France.

For tis de ver diable, diable, diable, diable;
'I is de ver diable dis confounded mill.

OMNES

Were we once more but free from this peril and pain, 'I hey'll be clever indeed who will nab us again.

For we've all caught it, caught it, caught it; We've all caught it, at this confounded mill.

THEATRICUS.

T.

POBTRY.

A FRAGMENT.

Loted raits the wind; the angry surges roar,
And heaves their framing heads high in the air;
Then on the rocky, tempest-besten shore,
Lash with resustless force—and now the glare
Of lightning shoots across the sky. No more,
For the hearts-rolling thunder, can we hear
The ery of those who perial. None can save!—
"Its night, dark night—they sink into the rockless
wave."

But by the billow, on the shore is cast,
More fort liste than the test, a youth, the seems
Of more than common rank; the how his sister
Blows o'er him as he lies; the water streams
From his drench of garmenta. Long helies; at last
He moves:—Livia! he cries—wild his eye glozma.
He looks around,—but ah! he looks in vain—
ishe's gonet he cried, and plunged into the deep again

Edinburgh, Dec. 1882.

INCO WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S

Fair owner of this little book, May'st thou ne'er see that hackless hour When the proud, cold, regardless look, Problems that eye to have lost its power.

Long may'st thou bask in beauty's sun, And revel in a immund's leve; And when thy mor below is run, Mount upon wings of blins above,

If after many a distant day.
Those should'st inquire distribut's faste;
He was—a mass of living lim—
He is—It know not what,

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amisua must be write his first page. Aliquisplam is received. N. and Publius Mercetor are too learn-winded. Nicholas Nuraskull has a very appropriate designation. If Philasterous will permit us to take out his two episodes we will give him a place. To Hamonicus we say, though music be the fined of laws we will not sing on. As one good curry descrives another two put Timothy loudines M.S. to the disa. Mary as soon as we cam, also Nector, The Greenwood, and Tittle Phitle. We hope the good analysed Phito will not lose his temper by our astjing, that he is a Bove. Essay un nomenta is received. As we have not made Phrenology our study, litumpus will excuse us. We cannot insert R. He will find a letter for him.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 7th Articles, as also the Poetry, of the present Number are Original.

Printed and published, Price 31d. every Wednesday, by PURVIS & AFFERN, Lyceum Court, Nelson Street,

Where Communications, not paid, may be addressed to the Editor.

Beld by R. Griffin & Co. Public Library, Phitcheson Street, and by the Principal Beolegatien, Glatgon,
By T. Colquboun, Printer and Publisher, Stamp Office (loss, 22), High beauty 5 Soin Anderson, Jun.

55, North Bridge Street, and by the Principal Booksellers, Edinburgh. Also of the Saltowing Booksellers: John Histop, Greenock; John Dick, and M'Cormick & Carthee, Ayr; Thanks Dick, Peisley;
Robert Mathle, Klimarnock; Malcolm Currie, Port-Glaggow; D. Conde, Kothessy; James Thomson,
Hansilton; M. Dick, Isrine; and John Speacer, Striffing.



